THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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J. C. SNAITH—EUGENE P. LYLE, Jr.—WILL IRWIN—EDWIN LEFÈVRE
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JACK"

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"Oh, Bess! It's here! Lovely! But I've promised Jack never to hint again—until I want some more COMMUNITY.

BARBARA."

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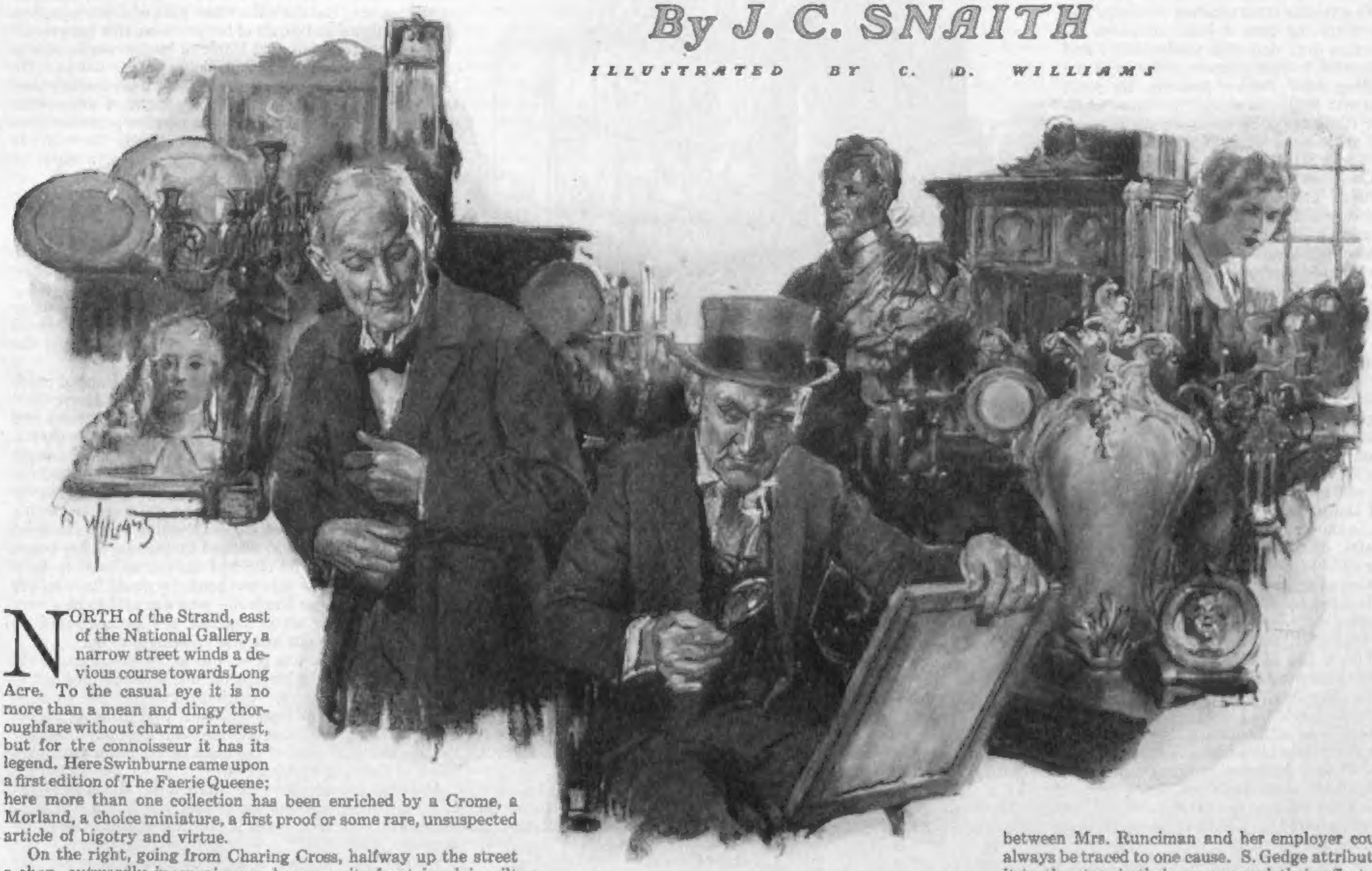
THE VAN ROON

By J. C. SNAITH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



"Tell Me, Mr. Thornton, If We Happened to Come Upon the Signature of Hobbema Down There in That Left-Hand Corner—in That Black Splotch—What Do You Suppose It Might be Worth?"

NORTH of the Strand, east of the National Gallery, a narrow street winds a devious course towards Long Acre. To the casual eye it is no more than a mean and dingy thoroughfare without charm or interest, but for the connoisseur it has its legend. Here Swinburne came upon a first edition of The Faerie Queene; here more than one collection has been enriched by a Crome, a Morland, a choice miniature, a first proof or some rare, unsuspected article of bigotry and virtue.

On the right, going from Charing Cross, halfway up the street a shop, outwardly inconspicuous, bears on its front in plain gilt letters the name, "S. Gedge, Antiques."

A regard for the *mot juste* could dispense with the final letter. S. Gedge, Antique, was nearer the fact. To look at, the proprietor of the business was an antique of the most genuine kind, whose age, before he was dressed for the day, might have been anything. When, however, he had tidied himself up to sit at the receipt of custom, a process involving a shave, the putting on of collar and dickey, prehistoric frock coat, new perhaps for the Prince Consort's funeral, and a pair of jemimas that also were of the period, his years, in spite of a yellow-parchment countenance of an incredible cunning, could at a conservative estimate be reckoned as seventy.

On a certain morning of September, the years of the proprietor of S. Gedge, Antiques, whatever they might be, sat heavily upon him. Tall, somber, near-sighted, with the look of a molting vulture, a razor had not met a grizzled chin for nearly a week; tattered dressing gown and chessboard slippers lent a touch of fantasy to his look of eld, while the collar and dickey of commerce still adorned the back-kitchen dresser.

Philosophers say that to find a reason for everything is only a question of looking. The reason for the undress of S. Gedge, Antiques, so late as eleven o'clock in the morning was not far to seek. His right-hand man and sole assistant, who answered to the name of William, and who was never known or called by any other, had been away for an annual holiday of one week, which this year he had spent in Suffolk. He was due back in the course of that day and his master would raise a pæan on his return. In the absence of William the indispensable, S. Gedge, Antiques, was like a windjammer on a lee shore.

There was a further reason for his lost air. He was at outs with Mrs. Runciman, his charwoman, a state of affairs which had long threatened to become chronic. An old and, in her own opinion, an undervalued retainer, the suspension of diplomatic relations between Mrs. Runciman and her employer could always be traced to one cause. S. Gedge attributed it to the stars in their courses and their effect on human kind; but the real root of the mischief was Mrs. Runciman's demand for a raise in her salary. For many years past the lady had held that her services were worth more than half a crown a day and her grub. The invariable reply of her master was that he had never paid more to a char all the time he had been in trade, and that if she wanted more she could keep away. This Thursday morning, according to precedent, when matters came to a head, Mrs. Runciman had taken him at his word. The old man knew, however, that her absence would only be temporary. A single day off would vindicate the rights of woman. As sure as the sun rose on the morrow Mrs. R. would return, impenitent, but in better fettle for charring. But as he made a point of telling her, she would play the trick once too often.

Charless for the time being, assistantless also, this morning S. Gedge was not only looking his age, he was feeling it; but he had already begun to examine the contents of a large packing case from Ipswich which Mr. Carter Paterson had delivered half an hour ago at the back of the premises by the side entry. Handicapped as S. Gedge, Antiques, at the moment was, he could well have deferred these labors until later in the day. Human curiosity, however, had claimed him as a victim.

By a side wind he had heard of a sale at a small and rather inaccessible house in the country where a few things might be going cheap. As this was to take place in the course of William's holiday the young man had been given twenty pounds to invest, provided that in his opinion the goods were full value. By trusting William to carry out an operation of such delicacy his master, whose name in trade circles was that of a very keen buyer, was really paying him the highest compliment in his power. For the god of S. Gedge, Antiques, was money. In the art of picking things up, however, William had a lucky touch. His master could depend, as a rule, on turning over a few shillings

on each of the young man's purchases; indeed, there were occasions when the few shillings had been many. The truth was that William's flair for a good thing was almost uncanny.

Adroit use of a screw driver prized the lid off the packing case. A top layer of shavings was removed. With the air of a *dévot* the old man dug out William's first purchase and held it up to the light of New Cross Street, or to as much of that dubious commodity as could filter down the side entry.

Purchase the first proved to be a copy of an engraving by F. Bartolozzi: the Mrs. Lumley and Her Children after Sir Joshua Reynolds. An expert eye priced it at once a safe thirty shillings in the window of the front shop, although William had been told not to exceed a third of that sum at Loseby Grange, Saxmundham. So far so good. With a feeling of satisfaction S. Gedge laid the engraving upon a chair of ornate appearance but doubtful authenticity, and proceeded to remove more straw from the packing case. Before, however, he could deal with William's second purchase, whatever it might be, he was interrupted.

A voice came from the front shop.

"Uncle Si! Uncle Si! Where are you?"

The voice was feminine. S. Gedge, Antiques, crusted bachelor and confirmed hater of women, felt a sudden pang of dismay.

"Where are you, Uncle Si?"

"Com-ming!" A low roar boomed from the interior of the packing case. It failed, however, to get beyond the door of the lumber room. "That girl of Abe's," ruminated the old man. He had almost forgotten, in the stress of affairs, that the only child of a half brother was coming to London by the morning train.

"Uncle Si!"

With a hiss of disgust worthy of an elderly cobra, he writhed his head free of the straw. "Confound her, turning up like this! Why couldn't she come this afternoon when the boy'd be home? But that's a woman. They're born as cross as Christmas."

A third time his name was called.

S. Gedge, Antiques, unshaven, beslippered, bespectacled, slowly shambled from the decent obscurity of the back premises into the fierce publicity of the front shop. He was greeted by a sight of which his every instinct profoundly disapproved.

The sight was youthful, smiling, fresh complexioned. In a weak moment, for which mentally he had been kicking himself round the shop ever since, he had been so unwise as to offer to adopt this girl, who had lost her father some years ago, and had lately buried her mother. Carter Paterson had delivered her trunk along with the packing case from Ipswich, a fact he now recalled.

Had S. Gedge had an eye for anything but antiques he must have seen at once that his niece was by way of being a decidedly attractive young woman. She was nineteen, and she wore a neat, well-fitting black dress and a plain black hat, in which cunning and good taste were mingled. Inclined to be tall, she was slender and straight and carried herself well.

Her eyes were clear, shrewd and smiling. In fact, they appeared to smile quite considerably at the slow emergence from the back premises of S. Gedge, Antiques.

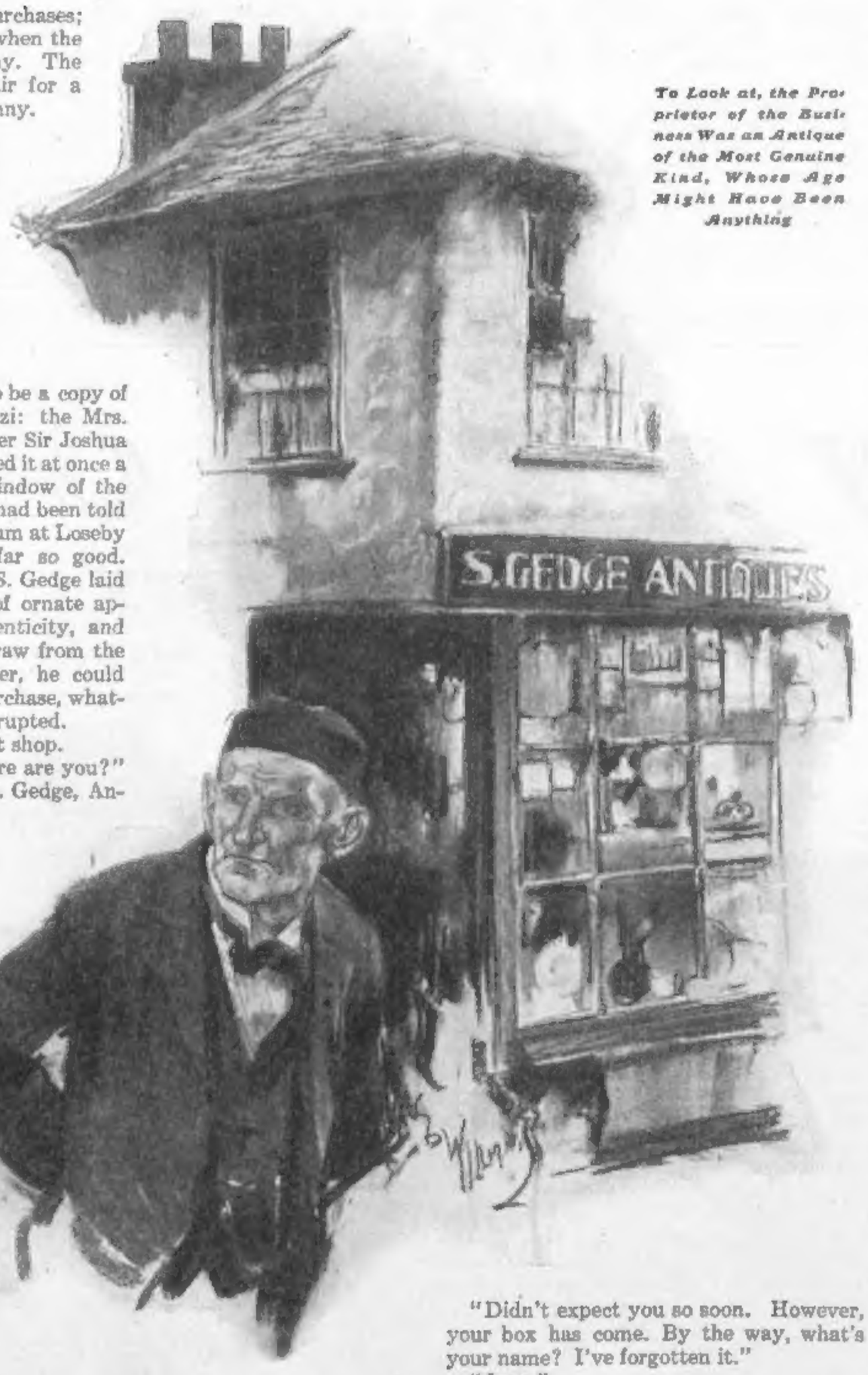
In the girl's hand was a pilgrim basket, which she put carefully on a gate-legged table marked "£4.19.6, a great bargain," and then fearlessly embraced its owner.

"How are you, niece?" gasped the old man, who felt that an affront had been offered to the dignity of the human male.

"Thank you, Uncle Si, I'm first-rate," said the girl, trying for the sake of good manners not to smile too broadly.

"Had a comfortable journey?"

"Oh, yes, thank you."



To Look at, the Proprietor of the Business Was an Antique of the Most Genuine Kind, Whose Age Might Have Been Anything

"Didn't expect you so soon. However, your box has come. By the way, what's your name? I've forgotten it."

"June."

"June, eh? One of these newfangled affairs." S. Gedge spoke aggrievedly. "Why not call yourself December and have done with it?"

"I will if you like," said June obligingly. "But it seems rather long. Do you care for De, Cem or Ber for short?"

"It don't matter. What's in a name? I only thought it sounded a bit sloppy and newfangled."

The eyes of June continued to regard S. Gedge, Antiques, with a demure smile. He did not see the smile. He saw only her, and she was a matter for grave reflection.

II

S. GEDGE, ANTIQUES, peered dubiously at his niece. He had a dislike of women, and more than any other kind he disliked young women. But one fact was already clear. He had let himself in for it. Frowning at this bitter thought he cast his mind back in search of a reason. Knowing himself so well he was sure that a reason there must be, and a good one, for so grave an indiscretion. Suddenly he remembered the charwoman and his brow cleared a little.

"Let me have a look at you, niece." As a hawk might gaze at a wren he gazed at June through his spectacles. "Tall and strong seemingly. I hope you're not afraid of hard work."

"I'm not afraid of anything, Uncle Si," said June with calm precision.

"No answers," said S. Gedge curtly. "If you intend to stay here you've got to mind your *p*'s and *q*'s, and you've got to earn your keep."

He sighed and impatiently plucked the spectacles from his nose. "Thought so," he snarled. "I'm looking at you with my selling spectacles. For this job I'll need my buying ones."

Delving into the capacious pockets of his dressing gown the old man was able to produce a second pair of glasses. He adjusted them grimly.

"Now I can begin to see you. Favor your father seemingly. And he was never a mucher—wasn't your father."

"Dad is dead, Uncle Si." There was reproof in June's strong voice. "And he was a very good man. There was never a better father than dad."

"Must have been a good man. He hardly left you and your mother the price of his funeral."

"It wasn't dad's fault that he was unlucky in business."

"Unlucky!" S. Gedge, Antiques, gave a sharp tilt to his buying spectacles. "I don't believe in luck myself."

"Don't you?" said June with a touch of defiance.

"No answers!" Uncle Si held up a finger of warning. "Your luck is, you're not afraid of work. If you stop here you'll have to stir yourself."

June confessed a modest willingness to do her best.

S. Gedge continued to gaze at her. It was clear that he had undertaken an immense responsibility. A live, sharp girl, nineteen years of age, one of these modern hussies, with opinions of her own, was going to alter things. It was no use blinking the fact, but a wise man would have looked it in the face a little sooner.

"The char is taking a day off," he said, breaking this reverie, "so I'd better give you a hand with your box. You can then change your frock and come and tidy up. If you give your mind to your job I dare say I'll be able to do without the char altogether. The woman's a nuisance, as all women are. But she's the worst kind of a nuisance, and I've been trying to be quit of her any time this ten years."

In silence June followed Uncle Si kitchenwards, slowly removing a pair of black kid gloves as she did so. He helped her to carry a trunk containing all her worldly possessions up a steep, narrow, twisty flight of uncarpeted stairs to a tiny attic, divided by a wooden partition from a larger one, and lit by a grimy window in the roof. It was provided with a bedstead, a mattress, a chest of drawers, a washing stand and a crazy looking-glass.

"When the boy comes he'll find you a couple o' blankets, I dare say. Meantime, you can fall to as soon as you like."

June lost no time in unpacking. She then exchanged her new mourning for an old dress in which to begin work. As she did so her depression was terrible. The death of her mother a month ago had meant the loss of everything she valued in the world. There was no one else, no other thing that mattered. But she had promised that she would be a brave girl and face life with a stout heart, and she was going to be as good as her word.

For that reason she did not allow herself to spend much time over the changing of her dress. She would have liked to sit on the edge of the small bed in that dismal room and weep. The future was an abyss. Her prospects were nil. She had ambition, but she lacked the kind of education and training that could get her out of the rut; and all the money she had in the world, something less than twenty pounds, was in her purse in a roll of notes, together with a few odd shillings and coppers. Nothing more remained of the sum that had been realized by the sale of her home, which her mother and she had striven so hard to keep together. And when this was gone she would have to live on the charity of her Uncle Si—who was said to be a very hard man and for whom she had already conceived an odd dislike—or go out and find something to do.

Such an outlook was grim, but as June put on an old house frock she shut her lips tight and determined not to think about tomorrow. Uncle Si had told her to clean out the grate in the back kitchen. She flattered herself that she could clean out a grate with anybody. Merely to stop the cruel ache at the back of her brain she would think of that and nothing else.

In about ten minutes June came down the attic stairs, fully equipped, even to an overall which she had been undecided whether to pack in her box, but had prudently done so.

"Where's the brushes and the dust pan, Uncle Si?"

"In the cupboard under the scullery sink." A growl emerged from the packing case, followed by a gargoyle head. "And when you are through with the kitchen grate you can come and clear up this litter, and then you can cook a few potatoes for dinner—that's if you know how."

"Of course I know how," said June.

"Your mother seems to have brought you up properly. If you give your mind to your job and you're not above soiling your hands I quite expect we'll be able to do without the char."

June, her large eyes fixed on Uncle Si, did not flinch from the prospect. She went boldly, head high, in the direction of the scullery sink, while S. Gedge, Antiques, proceeded to burrow deeper and deeper into the packing case.

Presently he dug out a bowl of Lowestoft china, which he tapped with a finger nail and held up to the light.

"It's a good piece," he reflected. "There's one thing to be said for that boy—he don't often make mistakes. I wonder what he paid for this. However, I shall know presently." And S. Gedge placed the bowl on a chair opposite the engraving after Bartolozzi.

His researches continued, but there was not much to follow. Still, that was to be expected. William had been given only twenty pounds, and the bowl alone was a safe fiver. The old man was rather sorry that William had not been given more to invest. However, there was a copper

coal scuttle that might be polished up to fetch three pounds, and a set of fire irons and other odds and ends, not of much account in themselves, but all going to show that good use had been made of the money.

"Niece," called Uncle Si when at last the packing case was empty, "come and give me a hand here." With cheerful and willing efficiency June helped to clear up the débris and to haul the packing case into the back yard.

Said the old man at the successful conclusion of these operations, "Now see what you can do with those potatoes. Boil 'em in their skins. There's less waste that way and there's more flavor."

"What time is dinner, Uncle Si?"

"One o'clock sharp."

S. Gedge, Antiques, having put on his collar and discarded his dressing gown for the frock coat of commerce, shambled forward into the front shop with the air of a man who has no time to waste upon trivialities. So far things were all right. The girl seemed willing and capable, and he hoped she would continue to be respectful. The times were against it certainly. In the present era of short skirts, open-work stockings, fancy shoes and bare necks, it was hard, even for experts like himself, to say what the world was coming to. Girls of the new generation were terribly independent. They would sauce you as soon as look at you, and there was no doubt they knew far more than their grandmothers. In taking under his roof the only child of a half brother who had died worth precious little, S. Gedge, Antiques, was simply asking for trouble. At the same time there was no need to deny that June had begun well, and if at eight o'clock the next morning he was in a position to say, "Mrs. R., you can take another day off and get yourself a better billet," he would feel a happier man.

A voice with a ring in it came from the shop threshold. "Uncle Si, how many potatoes shall I cook?"

"Three middling size. One for me, one for you, one for William if he comes. And if he don't come he can have it cold for his supper."

"Or I can fry it," said the voice from the threshold.

"You can fry it?" S. Gedge peered towards the voice over the top of his buying spectacles. "Before we go in for fancywork let us see what sort of a job you make of a plain b'ilin'. Pigs mustn't begin to fly too early—not in the West Central Postal District."

"I don't know much about pigs," said June calmly, "but I'll boil a potato with anyone."

"And eat one, too, I expect," said S. Gedge, severely closuring the incident.

The axiom he had just laid down applied to young female pigs particularly.

III

S. GEDGE, ANTIQUES, feather duster in hand, began to flick pensively a number of articles of bigotry and virtue. The occupation amused him. It was not that he had any great regard for the things he sold, but each was registered in his mind as having been bought for so much at So-and-So's sale. A thoroughly competent man, he understood his trade. He had first set up in business in the year 1879. That was a long time ago, but it was his proud boast that he had yet to make his first serious mistake. Like everyone else, he had made mistakes, but it pleased him to think that he had never been badly let in. His simple rule was not to pay a high price for anything. Sometimes he missed a bargain by not taking chances, but banking on certainties brought peace of mind and a steady growth of capital.

Perhaps the worst shot he had ever made was the queer article to which he now applied the duster. A huge black jar, about six feet high and so fantastically hideous in design as to suggest the familiar of a Caribbean witch doctor or the joss of a barbarous king, held a position of sufficient prominence on the shop floor for his folly to be ever before him. Years ago he had taken this grinning, wide-mouthed monster, shaped and featured like Molech, in exchange for a bad debt, hoping that in the course of time he would be able to trade it away. As yet he had not succeeded. Few people apparently had a use for such an evil-looking thing that took up so much house room. S. Gedge, Antiques, was loath to write it off a dead loss, but he had now come to regard it as a hoodoo. He was not a superstitious man, but he declared it brought bad luck. On several occasions when a chance seemed to arise of parting with it to advantage, something had happened to the intending purchaser; indeed, it would have called for no great effort of the imagination to believe that a curse was upon it.

By an association of ideas, as the feathers flicked that surface of black lacquer, the mind of S. Gedge reverted to his niece. She, too, was a speculation, a leap in the dark. You never knew where you were with women. Now that the fools in Parliament had given females a vote the whole sex was demoralized. He had been terribly rash; and he could tell by the look of the girl that she had a large appetite. Still, if he could do without that woman it would be something.

The picture, however, was not all dark. A flick of the feathers emphasized its brighter side as William recurred suddenly to his mind. Taking all things into account, he was ready to own that the able youth was the best bargain he had ever made. Some years ago William, a needy lad of unknown origin, had been engaged at a very small wage to run errands and to make himself of general use. Finding him extremely intelligent and possessed of real aptitude, his master, with an eye to the future, had taught him the trade. And he had now become so knowledgeable that for some little time past he had been promoted to an active part in the business.

If William had a fault it was that in his master's opinion he was almost too honest. Had it been humanly possible for S. Gedge, Antiques, to trust any man with a thousand pounds William undoubtedly would have been that man. Besides, he had grown so expert that his employer was learning to rely more and more upon his judgment. The time had come when S. Gedge, Antiques, had need of young eyes in the most delicate art of choosing the right thing to buy; and this absolutely dependable young man had now taken rank in his master's mind, perhaps in a higher degree than that master recognized, as an asset of priceless value. Sooner or later, if William went on in his present way, the long-deferred rise in his wages would have to enter the region of practical politics.

For example, there was this packing case from Ipswich. Without indulgence in flagrant optimism—and the old man was seldom guilty of that—there was a clear profit already in sight. The bowl of Lowestoft might fetch anything up to ten pounds, and even then it would be "a great bargain at clearance-sale prices." Then there was the engraving. William had a nose for such things; indeed, his master often wondered how a young chap with no education to speak of could have come by it.

At this point there was heard a quiet and respectful "Good morning, sir!"

S. Gedge, standing with his back to the shop door, the china bowl again in hand, was taken by surprise. William was not expected before the afternoon.

That young man was rather tall and rather slight; he was decidedly brown from the sun of East Anglia; and some people might have considered him handsome. In his left hand he carried a small gladstone bag, and beneath his right arm was an article wrapped in brown paper.

"Ah, that's the bowl!" said William eagerly. "A nice piece, sir, isn't it?"

"I may be able to tell you more about that"—the cautious answer—"when I know what you gave for it."

William had given thirty shillings.

S. Gedge, Antiques, tapped the bowl appraisingly. "Thirty shillings! But that's money."

"I'm sure it's a good piece, sir."

"Well, you may be right," said S. Gedge grudgingly. "Lowestoft is fetching fair prices just now. What's that under your arm?"

"It's something I've bought for myself, sir."

"Out of the money I gave you!" said the old man with the swiftness of a goshawk.

"No, sir," said William with great simplicity. "Your money was all in the packing case. I'll give you an account of every penny."

"Well, what's the thing you've bought for yourself?"

(Continued on Page 61)

"I Couldn't Think of Taking a Penny of Your Money," He Said Shyly. "But as You Love It So Much I Hope You Will Allow Me to Give It to You"

THE JAZZ BABY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HAD a stranger seen Elsa Merriam sitting at the piano in her drawing-room at dusk on this spring evening, with the lamplight falling on her cheek and her golden hair, he might have guessed her ten years younger than her actual age; but had he told her of his guess she would not have thought him sincere, for it was a part of Elsa's charm that when people spoke admiringly of her girlish figure, the fine texture of her skin, the delicacy of her coloring, or when on meeting her with the stupendous Lindsay they voiced amazement that she could be his mother, she saw in their utterances only efforts to be tactful.

Her fingers touched the keys softly; she was listening not so much to her playing as for the sound of the front door, for the Easter holidays were here, and Lindsay was coming home this afternoon from college, bringing a friend with him.

"Chet Pollard's family's in Europe or some place," her son had written, "so he can't go home this vacation. He's a good egg, terribly smooth and talented musically."

When presently from the hall below came the dull sound of the front door closing, she stopped playing and rose from the piano, but on hearing a sedate tread upon the stairs sat down again. The step was not Lindsay's, but her husband's.

"Hello, dear," he said on reaching the doorway. "Lindsay not home yet?"

"No, but I've sent the car to the station."

Her husband came in, kissed her on the cheek, and having performed this customary rite, turned to leave the room.

"Been playing?" he asked casually over his shoulder as he moved away.

"Yes, I've found a Grieg sonata with a nice cello part for Lindsay, and I've been brushing up on some of our old Beethoven duets."

"H'm, he likes Grieg and Beethoven, does he?" he inquired vaguely, heading for the stairs.

She was smiling as she resumed her playing. It seemed impossible that Hobart Merriam should not know that his son liked Grieg and Beethoven.

Again the sound of the front door, but this time a distinct concussion followed by a tumult of voices, boyish laughter, the noise of something scraping the banisters, then as she was halfway across the room, Lindsay in the doorway, wearing the shy affectionate grin with which he always greeted her. He let his suitcase fall with a thud to the floor, but with a second piece of baggage was more careful, depositing it gently upon the carpet; then taking his mother by the shoulders he leaned far down and kissed her, while she marveled, as she always did when he reappeared after an absence, that this gigantic college creature was identical with the helpless infant of a few years ago.

"Mother," he said as he straightened up again, "I want you to meet—I mean, this is my friend Mr. Pollard."

Mr. Pollard was a handsome youth almost as tall as Lindsay, with brilliant dark eyes and a complexion like a dairymaid's. Why, Elsa wondered, were the young people of this generation so much taller? Certainly in her girlhood, boys of this height were exceptions.

As she welcomed her son's classmate his manner was that of one overtaken by mirthful recollections.

How Often She Had Secretly Visioned Him Playing to Just Such a Hushed Audience as This!

"Huh-huh! I'm sure it was very kind of you—huh-huh—to invite me here for the vacation, Mrs. Merriam."

Lindsay also began to laugh in the same nervous manner; the two stood chuckling together as if at a secret jest. Desiring to help them regain their composure she spoke gravely of practical affairs. Had their train been on time? Had the chauffeur found them without difficulty? But though Lindsay became calmer his friend continued to laugh his replies. Trying to pacify him was like trying to haul down a captive balloon in a high wind.

"Lindsay tells me you're fond of music," she said.

The young man chuckled that he was, and she turned to her son.

"I didn't have time to write about it," she told him, "but there's a splendid symphony concert tonight with Lazlof playing the cello part of a Grieg sonata I've just bought for us to do. I got three tickets on the chance that you and Mr. Pollard would be able to go with me."

Abruptly the laughter ceased; a profound solemnity overtook the two boys; they stared at each other, evidently exchanging wireless messages which resulted in the nomination of Lindsay to be spokesman.

"Look, mother," he began, "it certainly was good of you. We certainly appreciate it and everything. But now look—Chet thought—at least there's a girl—I mean a couple of girls—they were down at the prom—and this girl's mother is a friend of Chet's mother, and she wanted him to be nice to her when he came to New York, so we kind of arranged to take them to the theater tonight—only we haven't called up yet, so of course they might not be able to go, and ——"

Here Pollard seemed to think best to break in.

"Oh, they'll be able to go all right," he said with the air of one sure of his women.

Mrs. Merriam was quick to help them out of their embarrassment.

"I thought it likely you'd have an engagement," she said, "but I got tickets on the off chance. I'll probably be able to get Cousin Ellen and Aunt Fannie to go with me."

"Gosh!" said Lindsay sympathetically.

"I admit I wish Dorothy Hallock were at home," said his mother.

"We went to lots of concerts last year. I always have a fine time with Dorothy, she's such a sweet girl."

"Yes," her son replied, "sweet's the word; sweet means dopeless."

"Indeed? And what does dopeless mean?"

"Just what Dorothy is—unsophisticated."

"I should hope so!" she said with a little baffled sigh. "Well, dear, hadn't you better be seeing about your theater seats?"

"I'll call up Bea and Midge," Pollard said, and Lindsay forthwith led him to the telephone closet in the hall.

Mrs. Merriam was at the piano when her son returned alone to the room.

"Here's that Grieg sonata," she said. "Bring your cello and we'll run through it before dinner."

"Look, mother," he answered uneasily, "I didn't bring my cello this time. You see, the vacation's so short, and it's such a job lugging it around."

It was the first time he had failed to bring his cello home, and she was keenly disappointed; perhaps he read her disappointment in her face, for he went on: "I would of brought it, mother, but it's so darn bulky and I had two other things to carry."

"I suppose you couldn't, then," she said.

From early childhood Lindsay had loved good music and she prized the taste as his most valuable inheritance from her. As a girl she had dreamed of becoming a professional pianist; at fifteen she was sufficiently advanced to study under a great master; two years later, however, her mother had died, and just then, when she felt so alone, she had met Hobart Merriam and married him. At the time there was some talk of a resumption of her studies, but it was prevented first by Hobart's complete indifference to music, then by the birth of Lindsay. Lindsay more than made up to her for the loss of her career; he was worth a thousand girlish dreams; deep down in her heart she acknowledged to herself that, good and kind though Hobart was, her real companion was her son.

Early she had begun to give him rudimentary musical instruction; at seven he had a little cello, and within a few years he had so far progressed that she began to harbor visions in which her early ambitions for herself came to

fruition in him; visions in which she saw him seated with his cello on a stage, playing to a hushed audience.

Because of the boy's talent she would have preferred to keep him at school in New York, where he could continue his musical education under the best teachers, but his father had other plans for him. His own parents had been poor, and he was determined to give Lindsay the advantages of boarding school and college, which he had been denied. Elsa fought off the selection of a school as long as she could, and when compelled to decide, chose one in which the head master was musical. Occasionally she would go up and hear the school orchestra, in which Lindsay played, and all through the school year she looked forward to the summer vacation at Westfield, in the Berkshire Hills, where they had time to play together a great deal, working up difficult duets, and also trios—for Dorothy Hallock often joined them with her violin.

Summer residents were wont to speak of Westfield as unspoiled, by which they meant that the same families occupied the same houses every season, that the country club was simple, and that there was no flamboyant hotel to attract social gypsies. The automobile, of course, did tend to bring to the country-club dances young people from the smarter settlements near by, giving Westfield occasional glimpses of the genus flapper, but such glimpses served only to heighten local conservatism.

The Hallocks were typical of the place; old New Yorkers whose residences in the city and the country dated from an era of architectural ugliness; but they were spacious homelike houses, and their owner and his wife were old-fashioned enough to be attached to them, and moreover to have a family large enough to keep them comfortably filled. With her music and her quick intelligence, Dorothy, the youngest of the Hallock children, seemed to Elsa the most attractive girl in Westfield, and it flattered her that despite the difference in their ages Dorothy so evidently enjoyed being with her. It was nearly a year now since Dorothy had gone to school in Paris, and the elder woman had genuinely missed her.

Lindsay, too, had missed Dorothy, Elsa thought; for during the summer of her absence he spoke often of their need of a violin, and showed a restlessness she had never seen in him before. Until that summer he had always been satisfied to stay in Westfield, but he now began to take nocturnal motor trips to dances at neighboring resorts. Of course, though, he was at the restless age.

Often when they were playing she spoke of Dorothy.

"Sure I miss her," he once told her. "She's an awfully nice kid, but I wish they'd get some new girls in this place."

"Why, Dorothy isn't a kid. She's only a year younger than you are."

"Nearly two years," he corrected. "She's sixteen."

"She'll be seventeen this summer."

"Well, anyhow," he said, "I couldn't get interested in her; we know each other too well. Look, mother, can I have the motor tonight? There's a dance over at Arlington. And I need twenty-five dollars."

A little after that he left for college, and she was overjoyed when presently he wrote that he had made the college orchestra. During his Christmas holidays they played but little, most of his time having been given to social activities. She supposed it was only natural that a college boy should want a lively vacation, and she prized the more such odd moments as he spent with her.

And now, after what seemed a trifling interval, the Easter holidays were here. Time went faster and faster. After another little interval it would be summer and they would go again to Westfield. Before long he would be out of college; then presently he would marry and she would lose him. She must make the most of the few remaining years. Ah, how she wished that he had brought his cello home!

II

CHET POLLARD was still at the telephone when Mr. Merriam came downstairs.

"Well, Lindsay," was his greeting to his son, and the two shook hands, Lindsay giving a jerky little half bow. He always seemed a trifle ill at ease when he greeted his father; Elsa believed it was because both were conscious of the fact that two or three years ago they would have kissed.

"I believe you're taller than ever," Mr. Merriam said.

"No, I've stopped growing but I'm putting on some weight. If I can put on about twelve pounds I've got a chance for the crew."

The father made no comment upon this, but remarked: "Your mother and I were pleased that you passed your uniform tests."

"Believe me, I was pleased!" said Lindsay, grinning. "I was half expecting to get on pro. Spanish and French saved me; they're gut courses."

"They're what?" his mother asked.

"Gut—soft—easy," he elucidated.

"H'm," said his father. "Better have your bags taken upstairs. I tripped over one of them in the hall."

"You did?" Lindsay looked agitated. "You didn't trip over that long black one, did you? Gosh! I wouldn't have anybody trip over that!"

"It might be a good idea, then, not to leave it in the center of the hall."

"Gosh! Did I leave it there? Well, I'll take it up to my room right now!"

He started for the door, but his mother interposed.

"Just ring for Wilkes," she said. "He'll take them up."

"Not on your life!" Lindsay answered with great earnestness, as he picked up the suitcase and the long black box. "Not this thing. I'll carry this myself."

"What you got in it you're so particular about?" his father asked.

"Well," replied the boy obscurely as he started for the stairs, "it's something I can't afford to have broken."

"But look here," persisted his father, "why are you so careful about that box? What you got that's so breakable?"

Lindsay, who was now halfway up the stairs, stopped, and looking over the balustrade laughed down at the anxious upturned faces of his parents.

"Oh, it's not hooch—if that's what you mean. No, dad, nothing like that. It's just something—something that I—well, I wanted to ease it to mother, but I guess I might as well show it to you now."

He descended, let the leather bag plump to the floor again, and carried the mysterious black case to the drawing-room, where he placed it carefully upon a couch. Then without moving to open it he turned and earnestly addressed his parents.

"Now look," he said, "in the first place I want you to realize I got this thing at a wonderful bargain. Probably you could go from one end of this country to the other and you'd never see a bargain like it again. Probably there aren't five others like this one I've got here, in the whole country. I want you to realize, mother, what a perfectly unprecedented ——"

"You haven't told us what it is, yet," his father broke in.

"I was just going to tell you," the boy returned, "but first I want to make absolutely sure you understand what a wonderful bargain I've got."

"It seems to me," remarked his father dryly, "that you have succeeded in impressing that point upon us. What is it?"

"But first," continued Lindsay—"first you must realize that it's quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate. If you understood about these—these things, why, you'd know they don't *make* 'em that way—not except when they get a special order. And even then you'd have to wait weeks and weeks before you'd ——"

(Continued on Page 73)

"Oh, Swing Me Through the Trees, Beneath the Moon Serene. You're My Gorilla-Man, and I'm Your Jungle Queen"

THE WATER FIGHTERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY U. S. ENGINEERS AND ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. CO.

Convict Laborers at Fulton Lake, Arkansas. Sacks of Sand are Fed Down the Chutes and Land Along the Base of the Threatened Levee

IN THESE postwar days of floundering and inefficiency, of clock watchers and grumblers and grafters, it makes the heart beat faster to see a man sized job bravely tackled and honestly well done. During our high water fight along the Mississippi River we saw an exhibition of human courage and tenacity that gave a sparkle to the eyes of men. Ten years ago I wrote for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a story of failure, of broken levees, and disaster. Now I joyfully record a success. The world is not lost while men can yet stand resolute. Confronting their ancient enemy, our valley dwellers assembled with such an organization and sturdy work that old Jonah Q. Grouch himself now admits a possibility of hope for the republic.

The average river dweller is an incurable optimist, undismayed as the peasant who rebuilds his home upon the volcanic slopes of Vesuvius. Like his pioneer father before him, Colonel Damascus Swampwood swats mosquitoes, borrows money to ration free negroes, puts all his credit into growing cotton, and starts over again when the Mississippi runs amuck and washes away everything except his mortgage. Being a dead-game sport the colonel never whines over spilt milk, but plasters his property with a second mortgage to some innocent financier, patches up his levee, corrals more negroes and plants more cotton, all in the sublime assurance that one good crop will land him on Easy Street. Two bumper crops in succession would make the colonel disgustingly rich, which he doesn't crave. All he wants is plenty for himself and his friends.

Overflows and hope deferred have taught Colonel Swampwood to be a long-shanked wader and a cheerful loser. In lean years he eats corn bread with the same grace that next season he smashes European speed laws. He believes in the valley, and sticks to it. "Consider the postage stamp, my son; its virtue consists in sticking to one thing until it gets there." His country has a glorious future, forty feet deep in fertility from the erosions of a continent. When the river has become a servant instead of a master, and drainage an established fact, then the two-legged world must wear his cotton breeches and pay tribute to the colonel. Until that sure millennium arrives he swears by his country, and swears at it. In drought years he cusses high whisky, and in wet years he cusses high water.

This has been a wet year. The colonel has cussed and fought, and beat the Mississippi to a fare-you-well. Today, May twenty-fourth, the whipped river is running away, and folks who perch upon the mountain tops must pardon us if we strut a bit, and flirt our tail feathers free from mud. I say "we," because everybody did it. We forced our levees to serve our turn long after they were gone; when water towered two feet over their tops we halted it, and held a fighting line four times longer than the battle front in France.

For the past five years old Father Mississippi has behaved himself pretty decently, with only local outbreaks. Waterspouts in Wyoming, torrents in the Yellowstone, and chunk floaters in Western Pennsylvania all subsided like a village hell-raiser in New York City when they got lost in a vaster channel. Little streams cut up mightily at home, but died before they reached first base. One at a time they have no more effect upon the lower Mississippi than squirting a garden hose into the Atlantic.

This year, however, they all seemed to synchronize their watches and agree upon a zero hour. The Monongahela and the Platte, the Cumberland, Arkansas, Missouri, Ohio and Tennessee—all went over the top together. Deluges from Denver, Buffalo and Winnipeg, wave upon wave, crest upon crest, came raging down the valley.

"Told ye so! Told ye so!" Old croakers gleefully shook their heads and based predictions of calamity upon their observation of crawfish prophets.

Colonel Swampwood tightened his belt and realized what a general overflow would mean. Under present business conditions the best he can do is to hang on by his eyelashes, stave off taxes, extend his notes, and draw three cards. With ten feet of water blanketing his plantations

Saving the End of Ashbreak Spur. Thousands of Sacks, Filled With Gravel, are Held in Place by Wire Cables. To the Right is Seen

By HARRIS DICKSON

Land Side of Levee in Front of Arkansas City. The Logs are on Barges Placed There to Prevent Wave-Wash. Note the Height of the Water Level

the tenants must swim out, and keep swimming; for unless they make a crop this year none of these negroes can get a dollar until Santa Claus comes down his chimney in 1923. If the levee broke, it would depopulate the country. The levees must be held

A delusion exists in certain unfortunate cities which are so far distant from Vicksburg that they cannot be expected to know much -a delusion that our levees are huge dams of stone or concrete, reënforced, buttressed and impregnable. When Colonel Swampwood takes his rightful seat in heaven he'll plunk his harp in peace behind a levee like that; but in this vale of tears and swears he fights to hold a ridge of dirt so very soft that it melts in his mouth. And his mouth gets hot enough to melt anything.

Our valley is built up of material brought down and deposited by the river; and Father Mississippi had more gumption than to fetch stone or concrete that could be used to bar him from his happy playground. He brought only the mushiest kind of stuff that levees are made of.

Near two thousand miles of these ridges barricade the river on either bank; and every inch is a danger point; when floods stand for weeks against it, not even the strongest levee can be left unguarded.

Our present trouble lies in a lack of uniformity in height and strength, because the system itself is an evolution.

Originally the colonial planter threw up his private embankment to protect his own tater patch; a neighbor joined him, and another, the community, the county, the state—and a system developed. Independent levee boards cherished different ideas as to dimensions, or piled up dirt as far as their dough permitted—until the Federal Government became a partner, and the Mississippi River Commission established its standard designed to keep off any water. Learning the lessons of failures and success, one fact stands forth: A levee constructed according to specifications of the river commission will hold off the highest known water, and everybody is now struggling towards bringing our dikes up to "commission grade and section"—a standard phrase for a standard levee.

This cannot be accomplished in a day. The work itself can be pushed only during fair weather, and as far as the money will stretch. Frequently we see a huge levee machine standing idle, because of rains or failure of appropriations, an abandoned and futile thing gazing upon the tragedy of its unfinished task.

Up to the point where it stopped we walk along a stalwart dike, proof against any flood, and beyond it tremble at the weakness of a temporary sacking. The thick dike gives no anxiety, but thousands must labor upon the thin one.

During overflow after overflow we suffer through this agony, when Federal appropriations are not sufficient and the larger funds raised by local taxation have become exhausted. Much of this money is expended in emergency work, the cost of which sometimes runs as high as ten thousand dollars a mile; all wasted, for it must be torn away when standard levees take its place. The pity of it is that losses from a single crevasse would probably pay for completion of a system that insures immunity, confidence and increased production.

However devoutly we might wish it otherwise, lower and weaker levees do join the standard levees, and are first threatened by the floods.

When the waters rose this year they found a small and experienced force already at the front; and as weak points developed the cry for help went out. With the Anglo-Saxon genius for organization this help assumed the form of a feudal military system. In brave days of old the barons, earls and dukes marched to war with their king, followed by retainers in proportion to the lands they held. So did plantations and towns now furnish labor. If a planter objected to diverting labor from his crops he was bluntly reminded that unless the levees were held he'd get twenty feet of water. So the labor came.

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the End of the Crumpled Dike, Before the Sacks Were Sunk. To the Left the Bending Trees Show the Force of Rushing Water

THAT NAME MARY

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"Women of the Future Will Never Be Slaves to Men's Whims the Way the Poor Things Used to Be," She Calmly Announced

PROLOGUE

OCCASIONALLY in the quiet night Kenneth Andrews heard his mother crying—soft muffled sounds that seemed a part of the very darkness. Sometimes he stole out of his warm bed and stood shivering by her doorway. But he never went into her room. A strange intuition told him that he had no power to comfort the shame of her loneliness. She could better endure it alone. So he always crept back to his bed, excited into intense wakefulness by bitterness against his father, until his fierce determination to make it up to her would quiet him into deep sleep. Then:

Oh, come! Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come to the church in the wildwood!
Oh, come to the church in the vale ——

Morning; and his mother singing in the kitchen. She was getting his breakfast. Already her day's baking of bread was in the oven. He would deliver the warm brown loaves to the neighbors on his way to school. He had a nice big regular man's purse to hold the thin precious dimes. Mr. Tom Jennison had given it to him one evening when, whistling on his way home from his office, he had found Kenneth trying to recover a dime he had dropped through a crack in the sidewalk.

No-o spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale!

His mother's voice was like dance music—even when she sang about a church. She made the little brown church in the vale sound like a very gay place indeed. It was the song she always sang to wake him up.

When he heard it he could scarcely believe the crying in the night. He would watch her furtively, curiously, when he went into the warm kitchen to dress; and there was a smile on her lips and a song in her throat and an affectionate pinch in her fingers as she hurried him in his slow dressing.

It was this knowledge about her—which she never knew he possessed—that became the outstanding influence of his boyhood and gave him an immense regard for womanhood—that sound of smothered sobbing in the night, and then the brave morning with its singing and the smell of fresh good bread.

I

THE party was on. The big dining hall was a melody of lights and liquor and ladies and laughter. Legions of food had come—and gone; but better things than home-brew flowed on forever; and flowed legally, for the hospitable owner of them was properly registered, taxed and appreciated. Yet the members of the Bigger Boomton Committee were in no sense grateful for their lavish entertainment, arranged for them by their rich Eastern host and his associates. They were too proud of themselves. They were men of perspicacity and persuasion. They had come to this rich city to procure a million dollars with which to develop Boomton's adolescing coal mines and, thanks mostly to Tom Jennison's leadership, they were going home with seven million. It was more than success; it was achievement. They were indeed the fathers of a Bigger Boomton.

The only member of the committee who was not taking full pleasure from this merited merriment was Kenneth Andrews, the handsomest and one of the youngest men there, who normally should have been the life of the party. For while the older men could be proud of Boomton, the young Western city of their own making, Boomton could well be proud of Kenneth Andrews, one of its first native sons and of the state's best lawyers, whose slight limp, which he had brought back from France, was a matter of more municipal pride than the new city hall and the drinking fountains on Broadway.

Andrews hadn't wanted to come on this business trip. He had been home only a month. He had wanted to attend to his own affairs and to marry Mary Winsor. But the older men had insisted, and here he was; at least his body was here. His mind seemed, bewilderingly, to be everywhere except here. He wondered if perhaps he were getting drunk, but the idea lost weight with reflection, for the other time he had got drunk his hilarity had made regimental history, while tonight he felt as dejected as a fly with its feet fast in a honey jar and its free wings wearied with futility. Try as he would, he was unable to beat down the confusions that depressed him, shamefully sentimental though they were.

In the first place, the keen insistent memory of Mary Winsor intruded itself every time he turned to listen to the devilish funny things the woman at his side was saying. The woman's name was Snowball—so she said. Like the rest of the party she had been arranged for. She danced, she had told him, on a roof somewhere. To overcome his mood he originated a humorous classic about her name, which convulsed their table neighbors. Even Tom Jennison withdrew his attention from the beauty of the banquet, whose party name was Cleopatra, to join in the appreciative laughter. It was pleasant to be appreciated by Tom Jennison, despite the incredible fact that his straight, firm gaze was wavering into silliness under the wiles of woman.

Jennison was the chairman of the Bigger Boomton Committee. He had never been mayor of Boomton or even on the city council. He preferred to be merely one of its influential business men. That he was influential there was no doubt. He had street-carred Boomton, watered it, and gas-and-electrified it—not altogether to his own disadvantage, it must be admitted. Now he had been chiefly responsible for the greatest thing that had ever happened to Boomton. His elation struck deep. "First time he's acted human since the war," his friends whispered to one another. For the loss of his two oldest sons had done queer things to Tom Jennison. It had changed his serenity to bitterness. But tonight he was exhilarated — exultant. His triumph possessed him.

"Good boy, Kenneth!" he called across the table into the laughter Kenneth had created. "It's about time you came to the party." Then he returned to the flattering attention of the gay woman beside him.

Young Andrews swallowed hard. He realized that the words held a subtle reprimand, a call to buck up and show these Easterners what good sports they were. He made a determined effort to establish himself in the festivities, encouraged by vigorous punches from Snowball's elbow. She had just changed her name from Snowball to Tiger Lily, and they were clamoring for him to coin another capricious classic. He did, for wit was born in him from his Irish mother, and they laughed uproariously.

Then for a time they left him free again, and he watched Tom Jennison through half-lowered lids and wondered about Mary Winsor and the promise he had made himself—the clean boyish promise born of the faith he had had in Tom Jennison. Tiger Lily politely brought him back to the party by pricking him with an ice-cream fork in an endeavor to gain his ears for her other neighbor, Evans Hall, who was trying, sputteringly, to whisper something to him. There was the same jovial triumph in Hall's eyes that rested in the meaningful glances of the other men over this reducing of Tom Jennison to vulnerability. Evans Hall was Boomton's leading real-estate man. He had been educated in the Middle West for an English teacher.

"Hi, Andrews!" he was hissing across Tiger Lily's uncomprehending face. "This is the time Galahad's hit in the heel, all right, ain't it?"

Though his tremulously delighted glance indicated Tom Jennison, it was evident that his metaphorical error meant nothing to Tiger Lily, who regarded them with puzzled respect. "Galahad wasn't the guy," Andrews corrected heavily; "it wasn't his heel."

"Why, sure it was! 'Galahad—the pure, the true, the lovable.' You can't fool me on classical stuff. I tell ——"

Tiger Lily settled this literary controversy by filling Hall's erudite mouth with a small mountain of ice cream, and Andrews returned to his fascinated gaze of the beautiful woman opposite him, whose languid eyes seldom lowered their compelling gaze from the surrendering one of Tom Jennison.

"Say, Gloom," Tiger Lily finally complained, "what's the matter? Are you sore because you drew a brunette for this party—or what?"

"Why—why, surely not. Brunettes for me every time," he said stiffly. Mary Winsor was a brunette. He must stop thinking about her.

"Well, if your head aches," Tiger Lily persisted kindly, "I've got some stuff in my slipper that'll buck you up."

Andrews caught her hand, which had started on a willing search for the tablets, and disciplined himself into kissing the five pink finger tips as an expression of gratitude. She looked at him curiously, as if she wondered if she were perhaps assisting at an initiation. He hated to be thought provincial, young—so he kissed her lips.

"You're a good little scout, Mary," he muttered.

She started to raise a clamor at this, and in the desperate necessity of mending the unforgivable slip of his tongue he drowned her out by vociferously gathering an audience and putting forth another joke suggesting that his companion's name be changed to Deadly Nightshade. Their neighbors accepted it charitably but with lesser ardor, for someone at the head of the table had started toasts, which offered fresher diversion.

Andrews was dully relieved. Now he could watch Tom Jennison, undisturbed. He was mesmerized by this thing before him—this seeing the winged feet of an ideal change to ordinary clay, for Tom Jennison had been the outstanding figure of his life. His valiant mother had reared faith in this man, who was at the moment delightedly patting Cleopatra's cheek, into his very bones.

And now, stumblingly, as if held back by her dead hands, he lost himself from the noisy table and went back into the years, hunting out the reasons for the seeds of Tom Jennison's influence having taken such deep root in his life.

Bacchus is a capricious master. He ordinarily endows his quiet conscientious followers with fantastic feet and ribald tongues. And had Kenneth been more of a Bacchanalian or less in love, this might have happened to him. As it was, he secreted himself in a solemn massive introspection.

II

HE FIRST remembered Tom Jennison as the big big man with the big big voice who wore big big hats and lived in the big big white house in front of their little white one. He had used to wonder if his father would ever grow to be as big as Mr. Jennison. Once he had asked him. His father had laughed.

"I guess not. Not in your mother's opinion, at any rate," he had said.

"It's for you to put on the shoes that fit you!" his mother had flashed back.

"They'll never be Jennison's clodhoppers, my dear. A little dancing keeps the feet young," his father had laughingly answered her challenge. His teasing laughter and his loosely knotted scarf ties—he was a newspaper man—were the two things Kenneth remembered most clearly about his father; those, and his indescribable way of making you love him. He was the type of man who is given by his very weakness a peculiar power over strong women.

Sometimes Kenneth had wondered about the shoes that would make his father as big as Mr. Jennison.

Kenneth often heard his father talking about Tom Jennison. Once, having listened to a puzzling conversation between his father and another neighbor, he had said, "Papa, don't you like Mr. Jennison?"

"Like him? Sure I like him. But I wouldn't want to have to trade him a good wheelbarrow for a team and buggy."

This seemed strange. "Why, I should think that'd be an awful good trade," he had argued.

"Yes, you probably would think so until he had the wheelbarrow. Then you'd see light. Run along now. Don't bother me."

There was a fascination in his father's indefiniteness. He always left you with more to wonder about than you began with. His mother didn't; she settled things for you; she loved to explain things to you; she could be depended upon. But after all, Kenneth loved his father best. His father knew it. Sometimes he joked his mother about it.

"It's glad enough I am—if you keep yourself deserving of it," she would say.

. . . . . .

How many things his unheeding ears of childhood had treasured up for his adult ears to understand. There was some grown-up matter about Mr. Jennison which his father and mother never settled between them, but their recurring controversies on the matter made a composite memory in Kenneth's mind, as if they had been one definite conversation.

"We-ell," he could hear his father say, "Tom Jennison pulled off another shady deal today, that for sheer nerve had anything skinned I ever heard of. He ——"

"Oh, yes, my dearie!" Kenneth's mother never waited for her husband to finish. "Anything that he does is shady. Envy makes always a righteous tongue. It's jealous of his brains you are."

"Brains, nothing! He could shake a rattle all day and get fun out of it. You'd sing a very different tune, no matter how much money I made, if you had one baby in your arms and another one tagging at your skirts all the while, like Mary Jennison."

This unvarying defense of his father's was always countered by his mother's equally unvarying "You don't need to waste any sympathy on Mary! A husband as decent as Tom Jennison is worth having a dozen children for! If there were more like him it's happier far this old world would be, and well you know it."

Kenneth knew from frequent hearing that Mr. Jennison was a very decent man. He didn't know why, exactly; for he knew even at that early age that Mr. Jennison shared his own father's curse for poker—some strange game that Mr. Jenks kept in his pool hall—and that he occasionally electrified their sleepy street at midnight by a riotous and remarkable search for his own residence. These occasions were manna to Kenneth's father.

"Poor Mary Jennison," he would say the next morning, his eyes twinkling. "You can be thankful I'm not a drinking man, Winnie my girl."

"Poor Mary nothing!" she would make undaunted reply. "You notice it's home he comes—to Mary, even when he's drunk. Home. That's more than you always do, sober."

And his father would laugh, for at that time he was safe in his deceit, and the wistful uncertainty in his wife's eyes had not yet become the pain of knowledge; and perhaps he would kiss the back of her neck with its two pretty little black curls. If he did a light would pass over her face that always made Kenneth feel strange and shivery. And when she next spoke her voice would be more like singing than like talking. Kenneth grew to dread ever seeing his father give her any careless caress; she seemed somehow to unclothe her soul—for his father to laugh at.

. . . . . .

One night after he had gone to bed Kenneth had heard footsteps. He peeked through the curtains and saw Mr. Jennison coming down their narrow walk. In the clear early moonlight he looked even bigger than in the daytime; and he was alone—that was queer—and bareheaded. He went around to the kitchen, where Kenneth's mother was waiting for his father to come home, and Kenneth heard their quick mingled words, and then silence—such a long silence.

Kenneth got out of bed and tiptoed through the cold quiet parlor and the narrow hall. The kitchen door was slightly ajar. He peeked.

They stood there together, Mr. Jennison and his mother, facing each other. His mother's hands, both of them, were in Mr. Jennison's. Her face was white and her blue eyes were as wide and stiffly open as if propped by invisible sticks. But Mr. Jennison's eyes were closed. To Kenneth, that was the impressive thing—Mr. Jennison's eyes being closed. He looked funny. But instead of laughing Kenneth turned, terror-stricken, and crept back into bed. Then he thought about how his mother had looked. It made him feel sick; and it told him why Mr. Jennison had closed his eyes.

He heard his mother softly latch the door he had peeked through.

Very soon Mrs. Jennison came down the narrow walk, hurrying. She must have been putting her baby to bed. She was tall too; "twice as tall as mother," Kenneth thought.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he heard her say as she went in the kitchen door. It was odd that she should call his

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She Was a Very Poised Little Person. There Wasn't a Girl in Boomton Like Her

The Ring-Tailed Galliwampus

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

THE boss down at the Donovan-Merrill Printing Company's shop does not look like a boss. He is long and negligent and easy, with fun-loving light gray eyes and a certain shyness about him—a boyish readiness to flush that afflicts him still. From the bindery on the top loft down to the heating plant in the subcellar, he has three hundred men under him, but he does not look like a driver of men, of himself or of other men. Nevertheless, the foreman of the composing room, with a man problem frazzling his temper, came to him.

"Mr. Merrill ——" began the foreman, and stopped for a rhetorical pause to convey his state of mind. He was an old-timer in the shop, but invariably when under stress he mistered his young boss with terse formality. "Mr. Merrill, that Burke kid's no good. He just ain't interested in learning. He's a clock hawk. He's a washroom lizard. He gets too many pains and has to step out to the drug store. Twicet I've caught him in the pool room round the corner, and not five minutes ago I come on him rolling the bones in the alley. One fine apprentice! I guess you'll have to let me fire him, Mr. Merrill."

Evidently, unto the least of the three hundred, firing was not done until the boss said so.

"H'm," said the boss thoughtfully. "Not interested, you say?" He smiled in a kind of reminiscent sympathy. You might fancy that the Burke kid was going to get off light. But the boss said, "Sam, what's the nastiest job you got in the shop?"

The foreman ran five dusty fingers through a grizzled mop.

"Well," he said, "there's always pi. Recollect the form that dropped through the crack between the floor and the elevator? Mostly pica, too, set solid. Well, none of that's been distributed yet. We just ain't got to it—too danged onery. The job, I mean. Mr. Merrill, that young loafer, messing in that heap of type, would get himself a cramp in the stomach before he'd watched the minute hand travel an inch."

"You tell him," said the boss, "that you don't really expect him to stick to it. You tell him no man can set it up in a day, which is why it hasn't been done, because you can't spare a real man that long. But don't tell him—mind now!—don't tell him that his job depends on it. No threats at all, understand?"

The foreman grinned a wicked grin.

"All right, Joe," he agreed, and went back to his domain.

Ten years before this, when as yet Donovan hadn't retired and when there was no Merrill in the firm, Donovan himself was boss, and he looked it—square browed, rock jawed, with a battler's eye. The plant was not a third so large in those days, and down to the errand boys the employes made contact with the boss himself, where they'd break up if they did not brace up.

Tim Perrin

Merrill, not many months out of business college, was doing the collecting then—scarcely more than an upper-class errand boy himself, and waxing sulky and ashamed as the humiliating comparison bit deeper into him. It was the first of the month and ten minutes past seven—ten minutes late—when he reached the office and heard that the old man was asking for him.

Donovan sat at his scarred roll-top desk and snapped a rubber band over a sheaf of statements, folded lengthwise,

Except That He Suffered More, He Was Precisely as Successful This Second Day as He Had Been the Day Before

that his bookkeeper had worked overtime the night before to make out. He gave voice like a barrel bumping down cellar as young Merrill drifted in.

"Hell's bells, late again! And with a look on you like you're the one being abused! See here, Joe, what's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Misplaced, I guess, Mr. Donovan," said the young fellow, not glibly, but trying to find the words, trying to be frank, and flushing rather bitterly.

Donovan grunted. "Misplaced? Huh! Finding it crowded at the bottom, eh?"

"No, that isn't it. But I don't see any step up. Collecting bills—it's all a dead level. Just a dead level for wearing out shoe leather."

"Huh! No golden stairs anywhere, I suppose."

"Something like that, yes, sir. None that I can see. No opportunity. No—no sporting interest. Nothing"

"Sporting interest, is it?" And now a gleam of sporting interest lighted in the battler's eye. "Well, well, well! Hell's bells!"

It was really a moment of crisis in the young fellow's life, when he needed a word, shove or kick to turn him right, or a boss who understood. Old Donovan, that rough hewer, was, though, apparently as oblivious as a peevish grizzly.

"Here's your bills," he growled. "Wait! Hold on a minute. There's one I forgot."

He pulled out the contents from a stuffed pigeonhole of his desk, found a certain folded statement and slipped it into the packet of statements, burying it deep. Then, grunting dismissal, he handed the packet to his restive young bill collector.

The lad suspected nothing. He suspected no leaven in the usual sodden mess, no dash of seasoning, no pinch of paprika, but sorted his bills into routes and started out with the resentful attitude toward it all that had become habitual. He didn't care. The sooner they fired him the sooner he'd drop into something else. That morning he had in him all the makings of a drifter. If he had aught else in him the germ was dormant, submerged, stifled.

In the course of the afternoon of the second day, having worked through the wholesale district into the feminine flurry of the retail shops, often delicately lettered "shoppes," he looked at the next bill on his ordered docket. The debtor was Perrin et Cie., and it was for "$25.11, statement ren'd." Evidently an old bill, but for Merrill it was an entirely new one. Until now he had never stepped within the portals of Perrin et Cie. And of his own accord he never would. They were milliners. People have various dreads.

This boy had a dread of closed places populated preponderantly by strange women.

"In again, out again—quick," he thought, or hoped.

It was about the dreadfulest closed place he had ever known—not a man in sight. He supposed the women were buying and selling hats, but it was more as though they were examining rare porcelains or something of the sort, handling the *objets d'art* in ecstatic reverence, speaking in low cultured tones. Merrill was cowed by the awed hush, the delicate and exotic fragrance, the sirupy politeness of the officiating priestesses. Involuntarily he dragged off his own hat. It was a temple of pretense, but pretending hard enough to get away with it. When the high priestess, very gracious, very refined, inquired his pleasure, he diffidently asked for the proprietor and mentioned a little bill. A money transaction seemed so out of place—a vulgarity, a sacrilege, here.

However, the high priestess smiled. "I am the head saleswoman," she told him gently. "Might I see it?"

He shifted his weight to the other foot on the deep velvet rug. "The proprietor," he faltered.

How he did long for a man, or something in pants anyhow! But in her politely insistent hand he placed the bill.

"Oh, this!" exclaimed the lady with a slight start. "I am so sorry, but—won't you be seated for only a moment or two? Then perhaps monsieur the managaire will be at leisure."

With a dulcet inclination of the head she indicated a high-backed carved chair in the center of another rug, and miserably Joe Merrill seated himself in that ceremonial chair. He waited the moment or two, and kept on waiting. They seemed to have forgotten him, though patronesses and priestesses glanced at him in passing, as at an oddity, an intrusive foreign substance or a discordant speck in the opulent though subdued atmospheric harmony. He was a good-looking young fellow in his easy, negligent way, but now he felt dusty, sweaty, uncouth, unkempt, and steadily more so. He felt like a tramp queerly admitted to a grand salon, an offense in the sight of highborn dames. He wondered if he didn't need a shine, a haircut, a fresh collar. He yearned to get out and check these items over, but had to sit and sit while terrible women aloofly

glanced at him in passing. Fidgeting uncomfortably in his chair, holding his hat, he hated them.

After a long age, and after many resolutions to do so, he plunged. That is to say, he arose, begged the high priestess' pardon, and asked her if there were any news of the proprietor. She arched her penciled brows inquiringly, but, suddenly recalling him to memory, she was most apologetic. She would herself see if the proprietor would not see him, but her mission back into an inner sanctum beyond heavy draperies was unavailing, and yet iridescent with hope. The proprietor so exceedingly regretted having kept the gentleman waiting, and he would be with him now in only a very few minutes.

The few minutes stretched into another age, until at last Joe Merrill nerved himself to another plunge. The high priestess, after having again placed him in memory's halls, was devastated by remorse over the inconvenience he had been caused. If only he would wait only just half a minute longer she ——

Merrill tried to tell her that he would come back tomorrow, but she would not hear of it, and unable to disoblige his hostess, as it were, he returned to the chair of torture and sat and sat. Only towards six o'clock, closing time, did the lady come to him, and in great distress personally, and with apologies for the proprietor, who certainly must have forgotten that a gentleman was waiting for him, informed him that the proprietor had departed, but if he would be so kind as to return on the morrow, surely ——

The next morning, down at the good old he-man's printing shop, where the big presses shook the floor with their thunderous rhythm and printer's ink smeared hairy forearms unashamed, Joe Merrill passed the Perrin et Cie. statement over to the bookkeeper and asked him what in seven counties was the matter with that account.

Joe Merrill

The bookkeeper glanced at the bill and gave a slight start. Then he peered expectantly over his spectacles at Joe, as though looking for contusions, lacerations or a black eye. "What—what did they do to you?"

"They didn't do anything. That's the trouble. Might as well try to fight sofa cushions. Everybody soft and polite as perfumed thistledown."

"That's funny," said the bookkeeper. "Old Perrin took his oath that the next dun peddler to present this bill would get a course of sprouts."

"But they didn't even decline to pay it. I was to come back again today."

"Then you didn't see old Perrin, I guess. He'd decline fast enough. He won't ever pay it."

"Won't, you say? Then seems to me it's a case for the courts. Why don't we sue?"

The bookkeeper explained. If they sued, Perrin would show a canceled check for twenty-five dollars in proof that he had paid that much of the bill, and offer eleven cents to make up the balance. Various times he had already shown the canceled check to old Donovan, and had hurled eleven cents at Donovan when Donovan refused to accept them for settlement in full. Seemingly Perrin frequently hurled eleven cents at Donovan, whenever the two men met and the discussion arose. Perrin declared that, except for an oversight, the eleven cents would have been included in the check in the first place. Perrin would be delighted to have Donovan sue, so as to hurl the eleven cents at him in open court.

"That's a pretty note!" exclaimed Joe in pardonable disgust. "Expecting me to collect a bill that no court would allow! What's eating the old man?"

"A grouch, probably. He can't expect you to collect it, but still he wants it collected, like so much of his life's blood. The thing has gotten to be a feud between him and Perrin—those two stubborn old files bombarding each other with eleven pennies. They say old Perrin always keeps exactly eleven pennies ready for hostilities in his right-hand vest pocket. I reckon he's thrown enough pennies, eleven at a throw, to pay the dratted bill twice over."

"What was the bill for?"

Perrin

"For a batch of check books, which happened to be the only job we did for Perrin that month, and it's the last we've ever done. Too bad! Perrin's account used to be a nice fat one, but all because of this measly twenty-five-dollar check ——"

"Great guns!" Merrill interrupted. "If Donovan got the money on the check ——"

"But Donovan claims he didn't. He claims that Perrin got the money. He claims that Perrin was in here and happened to need some cash and wrote out a check for twenty-five, and that our cashier, the one we had then, who married and went East soon after, cashed the check, and that Perrin stuffed the money in his pocket and forgot all about it the minute after "

"If Donovan knows this why can't he prove it to Perrin?"

"But he doesn't know it. He only deduces it, like a detective, because the books don't show Perrin credited with the twenty-five. Donovan deduces that the cashier simply took the money out of the cash drawer and put in Perrin's check instead, and no need to make an entry."

"And Perrin—what does he say?"

"Perrin can't remember anything of the sort. When the canceled check came back his bookkeeper credited their

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Perrin Looked at His Daughter. But Rhoda Had Promised Not to Interfere. She Wandered About the Room

UTOPIAN NIGHTMARES

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

OUR intention was to go straight on from Samara to Orenburg if we could get an engine. Which statement seems to me to call for an assurance that this is nothing in the nature of a continued story. We were on an inspection trip down into the Volga Valley and beyond. There were Colonel Lonergan, United States Army, assistant director of American Relief in Russia, Dr. Henry Beeuwkes, director of medical relief, and myself. We were traveling in a one-time international sleeping car of the more or less European variety, except that it was extra broad gauged to fit the extra broad gauge of the Russian railroad track.

We had with us a *provodnik*, which is Russian for porter, and a *konduktur*, these being henchmen of the soviet government; also a young man named Boris, who, like so many Russians these days, was enabled to enjoy the special benefits of association with the American Relief Administration because he could speak English.

It had taken us the better part of four days to travel the seven hundred and thirty-eight miles from Moscow to Samara, but eventually we had arrived. We were attached to the regular weekly Trans-Siberian express, but Samara was as far as it went in our direction, or as far as it would take us, and there was just one alternative to waiting three days for the regular weekly train to Orenburg, and that was to appeal to the soviet authorities for an engine. It being only two hundred and sixty miles from Samara to Orenburg we thought we were justified in doing this, especially since we could take on a few food cars and thereby expedite the delivery of American Relief supplies to Orenburg.

The Cathedral at Samara

Famine Shock

FROM the beginning of American Relief operations in Russia, after the first investigations were made, the Orenburg district was regarded as being the blackest of the black famine regions, the most terribly stricken area in the entire country. American organizers were sent out to take the situation in hand and get the relief measures started, and these men, one after another, came back to Moscow—or were called back—suffering from what is known in Relief circles as famine shock.

I saw some of them. Their nerves were shaken, but their nerve was not. After they had taken a few deep breaths in a fairly healthy atmosphere they almost invariably asked to be sent back. It was like asking to be sent back into service in the front-line trenches, or, more accurately perhaps, it was equivalent to going over the top. They were permitted to go.

In the meantime the processes of organization were uninterrupted, and quite as rapidly as it was done in any other part of the country American kitchens were established and the starving children were gathered in. It is to be remembered, of course, that in the beginning the American Relief Administration undertook to feed only a specified number of children. The gift of the American Government of twenty million dollars—which means the American people, don't forget—made possible a subsequent program of adult feeding, but at the time I entered upon the scene the supplies for this purpose had not yet begun to arrive. Within two weeks from then they would begin to arrive; we knew that; and, oh, how we found ourselves longing for them!

The situation in Orenburg was described in dispatches to Moscow as being beyond belief; the awful conditions were a good many laps ahead of any effort that could possibly be made with the means available to alleviate them; horrible stories of cannibalism were being talked about wherever people got together for talk; true stories they were; and I got an impression that Orenburg represented the utmost in social chaos and demoralization.

No directing official of the Relief Administration had ever been out there and the men in charge were keenly anxious that somebody from headquarters should come and look them over with an idea of knitting up their organization, so to speak, and providing for them, if possible, a wider leeway of operations. Also for the purpose of knocking the heads of the soviet representatives together and knocking into them a clearer and more detailed conception of what was required of them in the way of coöperation. It was very important that we should get on to Orenburg with as little delay as possible.

Railroad Soviets

THE railroad soviets, or administrative committees, are made up for the most part, you understand, of men who know about as much about running a railroad as I know about making a Swiss watch. I am not meaning to say that there are no trained and capable men among them. This would be an obviously absurd and easily challengeable statement. If a few trained men had not stayed with their jobs or had not been impressed back into service by the central soviet authorities in the Bolshevik government the railroads would not be run at all. But I am taking the railroad soviets by and large; and by and large they are part and parcel of a great dictatorship of the inexperienced and untrained; more or less ignorant workmen and peasants who would be perfectly good and valuable citizens in their own lines, but who are very much out of line in their communistic employment.

When we asked the commissar in charge of the Samara railway section for an engine to take us on to Orenburg he shrugged his shoulders and said he had no engines. There were two or three of them puffing up and down on the tracks outside, shunting freight cars here and there, so Colonel Lonergan waved his government mandate, which called for the full coöperation of all soviet authorities in the activities of the American Relief Administration, and demanded one. The answer was that they were all sick.

One Method of Food Transportation to Village Districts

Camel Sleds Loaded With American Corn at Orenburg

"Never mind," said the colonel; "you can put one of them in good enough shape to get us to Orenburg, and it is very important that we should not be detained here for three days."

The upshot of it was that we got one of the engines, and with a couple of freight cars attached, and a coal tender piled high with wood, we were on our way.

It is a curious fact that though Orenburg lies far to the southward it lies in the middle of the coldest region in Russia. For some distance to the east of the Volga and Samara the land rolls away in long sweeps of hills and valleys and there are occasional great forests of pine and silver birch, these in wintertime being so beautiful that one has an almost irresistible desire to get out into the deep feathery depths of them. Then suddenly the hills and forests end, and the steppes begin. The steppes are prairies of such vastness and such breadth of horizons as are to be seen nowhere else on earth, but in comparison with them many a desert has in it a feel of smiling friendliness. There is something about the Russian steppes that is curiously repellent, but they are, or should be, unlimitedly productive.

Unloading American Relief Supplies at Orenburg. Above—The Cemetery at Orenburg, With the Greek Cathedral in the Distance

In the Middle of Nowhere

LEAVING Samara at midnight it was not unreasonable on our part to expect that we should be in Orenburg sometime late the following evening. Any self-respecting engine, even though it is sick, should be able to make two hundred and sixty miles in twenty hours. But the dawn of day revealed to us that in eight hours we had made less than forty miles. The trouble with the engine was evidently serious, but there was nothing for us to do but preserve a calm demeanor and take things as they came. We had to get our breakfast, wash our dishes and clean up ourselves and our compartments as best we could, and this took time. Meanwhile we were limping along. With every revolution of the wheels there was a wiggle, a wabble and a bump. The motion reminded me of a crippled man hitching along on one crutch. The *provodnik* and *konduktur* were very solemn about it, while Boris predicted that we should land in a snowdrift as soon as we got out on the steppes, and stay there until the regular train from Samara three days later came along.

But nonsense! The Americans at Orenburg had been told by telegraph that we were on our way; there were stations all up and down the line with which they could communicate; they would know all the time about where we ought to be, and if we got stranded out in the middle of nowhere they would send an engine to pick us up. It was not dangerous; it was merely unpleasant.

We went hitching and lurching along through that first unforgetable day with our minds fixed upon the city of Buzuluk. At Buzuluk we expected our troubles to come to an end, Buzuluk being the station which lies on the border between the governments—*gubernias*, they are called—of Samara and Orenburg, and where the railroad management passes from one set of soviets to another. We were sure that at Buzuluk we should be able to get a serviceable engine to take us on to Orenburg. But getting to Buzuluk was not so easy.

By and by we came out on the steppes and began to run between snowbanks that were anywhere from five to twenty-five feet high, while our lame engine began to bump and snort even more violently on account of snowdrifts on the tracks.

Along late in the deep dark of our second night, after we had made maybe another fifty miles, we suddenly came to a standstill. And we stood still for such a long time that our curiosity finally overcame our patience and we lifted up our voices to inquire what might be the difficulty. The engine had broken one of its piston rods! You know an engine cannot run without its piston rods. And sure enough, we were right out in the middle of nowhere! On a single-track line too! There were no passenger trains running that we knew of, but there was an occasional freight, and I saw visions of our being run into, with the result that we would be scattered in small pieces along the twenty-foot snowbanks between which we were standing. Though, come to think of it and considering the rate of speed at which even the best of Russian trains are run, we could hardly have been run into with sufficient force to do more than shake us up a bit.

There being nothing else we could do we sat round for an hour or so and discussed the situation, after which the colonel and the doctor decided to walk back about ten miles to the last station we had passed, where they would be able to send a telegram. They were just growling and putting on their overcoats in preparation for carrying out this plan when the engineers sent back word through the *provodnik* and Boris that if they could get the broken piston rod off they thought they could get on to Buzuluk, but that they were hungry and could not work without some food.

We sent them some bread and meat and got the *provodnik* to make them tea, then with candles and electric torches we waded around in snow up to our knees at the track side lighting the job up for them and offering suggestions. The tools they had to work with would have disgusted a small boy tinkering with a velocipede. Eventually, however, the broken parts detached themselves in some way, whereupon the fireman jumped up into his box and began to shove more wood into the furnace, the sparks began to fly, everybody climbed aboard and pretty soon we began to move, there being a piston rod on either side of an engine, as you know. It was the queerest motion I have ever felt. It was as though the cripple on one crutch had thrown his crutch away and was hopping along on one leg. But we kept at it; Buzuluk was only about twenty miles away, and next morning along about nine o'clock we were there.

The Stop at Buzuluk

THE men went immediately to the office of the commissar to see about securing some means of further locomotion, while I wrapped myself up and climbed out into the cold, cold world with an intention of taking a brisk walk up and down the platform.

Instantly I was besieged by a clamoring throng of pitiful people—children and grown-ups; old men and old women; young men and young women. When I opened my hands and shook my head to indicate that I had nothing for them they permitted me to get across the tracks to the main platform, but they followed me, the children tugging at my sleeves and coat, everybody whining and whimpering, and one person after another running along to fall on his knees at my feet and touch his forehead to the ground.

Buzuluk is, or used to be, an important railroad center, and has a very large and very handsome station, with a number of fine freight depots and several long granite-and-concrete platforms between its many tracks. The town lies off at a distance across the steppe looking exceedingly interesting with its numerous pineapple-shaped domes and graceful Greek towers of varied and brilliant hues. I was wishing I might go across and have a look at it. Then, just as I was passing a gateway that led off from

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The Arrival of Corn at Samara for Adult Feeding

Relief Officers Talking With Peasants at Orenburg

"—That Shall He Also Reap"

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THERE was no manner of doubt about it: the old town had changed, and mightily changed, in these four years. It had changed both in spirit and in the flesh. It was not so much the strange faces topping strange bodies which I saw on every side of me, nor yet the strange names of sign-boards over store fronts, nor even the new and therefore strange buildings which had risen up here and there, that kept driving consciousness of the outstanding fact into my brain, stroke by stroke, like the tapping of a persistent hammer. Rather, it was the altered look, the profanely altered look of familiar objects; that and, more than that, the altered mien of familiar individuals.

"He Lacked Something Else Besides the Nerve, Too—He Lacked the Opportunity"

There were two men of my acquaintance, though, who had not altered by so much as a peppercorn; or, if they had, my eye could not appraise it. Yet these two were two who had attained to what Shakspere's Jaques called his last scene of all, and by the laws which govern mortal change should have been gnawed by time's tooth more deeply than most. On second thought, perhaps Judge Priest was a trifle more fumbly in his gait than when I saw him last before this. And possibly Dr. Lew Lake's sparse frame had shrunken by the breadth of ever so narrow a whipstitch. But on this first night of my return, as I sat with this pair who were almost the last that were left of my father's closer friends, I told myself that they miraculously had endured on, untouched in mien or fashion of speech, whilst all others about them either had gone ahead or had slipped back. It gave me a comforting sensation as though, passing down a stream in freshet, I happened upon a brace of seamed but solid and dependable old buttresses uprearing as the sole remaining props of a structure shifted by the flood from its former foundations and transmogrified out of its former likeness.

We sat, the three of us and no more, upon Judge Priest's front porch, where the moonlight, sifting through the screen of dishrag vines, made a pattern of black Spanish lace on white brocade; and Jeff Poindexter, the judge's auxiliary shadow, who was very dark and very silent, as a shadow should be, brought us soothing mixtures in tall glasses. And the talk ran this way and that, one thing bringing up another, as it does, until I saw my way clear to steer it into a channel of my own choosing, the intent on my part being to draw from them the completed tale of a matter to which that afternoon they had given me most alluring hints.

I had begun my visit on a day of history. It was the day of the dedication of the new hospital. I had known of course there was a new hospital toward. In letters from home through months past I had been advised of its building. In the Daily Evening News I read where the editor, with pardonable pride, pointed out that this was to be the largest institution of the sort ever erected in any city of less than thirty thousand inhabitants south of Mason and Dixon's Line. What I had not known until after arriving that morning—or if I had known had forgotten it—was the whereabouts of its site.

To me, living these latter years a thousand and odd miles away, the commons below the old barracks continued still to wear the look it had worn for me in my boyhood. Re-creating it mentally I saw that there should be a small gravelly bluff dropping abruptly away from the built-up line of Yazoo Street, thence a flattened terrain pocked with crawfish holes and at its farther edge fringed with a whisker line of straggly willows where the face of the earth dipped its retreating chin in the river; and to carry the simile of a face still on, two red-edged gravel pits for the rheumy eyes and, for its nose, one upthrust spindle of ruined brickwork set right in the middle of the space.

But when I came that afternoon to the verge of the hollow facing the river I found my immediate view blocked by the majestic bulk of the Humphrey Bray Memorial Hospital, standing all complete now and ready for service. Directly in front of me it reared the fine white stone and red brick formalities of its main part, and, to right and left, spread-eagled its wings across a wide strip of man-made fill, with terraces rippling grandly down to smoothened stretches of what now was naked soil but soon would be green lawn, and leading from where I stood up to its broad steps, a double row of lopped saplings—no more than switches today, but some day, Lord granting it, they would be bushy-topped maples beneath which convalescents might sit enshaded to take the river breeze.

The exercises of dedication began at three o'clock, and when they began I was there, one of a multitude. There was a speech by that modern Demosthenes, ex-Congressman Dabney Prentiss, as attorney for the estate of the deceased donor, he turning the completed hospital over to the county for its usages forevermore; and then a speech by the county judge, this being a sweated and nervous gentleman who was no Demosthenes or, if he was, was one who had forgotten to spit out his pebble; he, for his part, accepting the gift on behalf of the county and in turn transferring it to the keeping of the local medical profession; and of course there were prayers—invocation and benediction—by reverend men who took the Almighty into their confidence and explained to Him at length and in detail the intent of all that here took place. Also there was music by Dean's band. And finally, there was a crowd of thousands standing in the warm spring sunshine to see and to hear all this, and afterwards to tour the building. Chance and the pressure of human bodies had thrust me into the company of Judge Priest and Doctor Lake; they had anchored themselves against the drifting human tides in the middle of Yazoo Street after they came down from the temporary platform whereon the oratorical phases of the ceremonies had been staged, and for more reasons than one I was glad these agencies had so luckily wrought. The crowds were shredding away from our immediate vicinity when the old judge aimed the brass ferrule of his slatted and venerable cotton umbrella where, directly above the entrance doors, at the level of the second-floor windows, there gaped a niche in the wall, empty now but beyond peradventure designed to contain bronze or stone.

"See that there little recess up yonder?" he said, reducing his normal high-pitched whine to a discreet undertone. "I understand they're aimin' to stick a statue or a bust of old man Humphrey up there. It seems like the sculpture man up North didn't quite git it done in time fur today. Well, suzz, it makes me laugh inside of myself to think of a stone figger of him gazin' happily down on a charity provided and paid fur with money of his savin'—it most certainly does, me knowin' him like I did! Still, when they git it derricked up there I s'pose that'll make a finished job of the whole thing in the eyes of the populace at large. But not in my eyes—no, suh-ree." He chuckled a meaningful little chuckle into his wisp of white chin whisker. "Ef justice should be done where justice is due there'd be a figger of a mighty different-lookin' person from the late onlamented set there in that vacant jog, eh, Lew?"

And at that Doctor Lake had nodded his fine old head in brisk assent.

"You hit the nail square on the head then, Billy. Now, by rights the statue that should be planted there would be one cut out of black marble instead of out of white—a statue of a lowering old nigger woman with her underlip stuck out like the fender on a street car, and her hands on her hips. Something like that would be the proper ticket."

I noted that he, too, spoke somewhat under his breath and into his beard, as though mindful not to take any third person into his confidence. So, naturally, by what they had said and by the way they said it, my curiosity was quickened to the point where I made so bold as to ask them for an explanation of these most cryptic comments of theirs.

"You drop round to my place tonight after you've had supper at your mother's," the old judge said. "Lew, here, 'll be there and we'll set a spell and mebbe we'll tell you the real meanin's of what we've jest been hintin' at. You might git the groundwork fur one of them pieces you write out of it. Purty near time the yarn was told in its true colors anyway, seein' that all actually concerned air dead and gone—ain't I right, Lew?"

The time was that same night, and the place, as has been stated, was the front porch of the old white house out

on Clay Street. It was quiet there, a most restful spot. About once in so often the grackles roosting in the twin cedars at the foot of the steps stirred and gabbled sleepily, and about once in not quite so often a screech owl with an uneasy conscience made wailing confession of his sins somewhere down in the old Enders orchard. A car passed and sounded like a dozen cars.

"Well, son," said Judge Priest, "I reckin you've happened on the only two persons left in this world that're qualified to give you the real inside facts about this here matter. Yes, suh, you might say you've come direct to headquarters." From the patch of darkness where he took his ease his voice came as a voice out of a void, and the fire in his pipe bowl was one little red star set in the black of a lonely firmament. "Had I better start the yarn off, Lew, or will you do it?"

"You go ahead, Billy," said the old physician, from where he sat. "You go ahead and do the main log raising. I'll provide some of the chinking when it's necessary."

"All right, then," agreed the judge. "Well, son, I figger you ain't been livin' up North amongst the Yankees so long but whut you still kin recall old man Humphrey Bray ez he looked twenty-odd years ago when you wuz a boy growin' up around here? And of course you recall Miss Cordelia, his old-maid daughter?"

I uttered sounds to indicate that I remembered.

"Well, suzz, Hump Bray always wuz a puzzle to me, more or less. He wouldn't strike you offhand ez bein' specially smart. He'd be more apt to strike you ez bein' sort of dull and slow-witted. But he had the sense to make money and the sense to keep it after he made it—both qualities which the good Lord in His wisdom hez seen fit to deny me, fur one. Such bein' the case with me, personally, p'raps it's jealousy which prompts me to disparage his gifts in these directions; still, even so, I wouldn't exactly call it brains. Ef you ask me I'd call it a sort of an instinct—this here money-makin' faculty of his. Some men air towards a hidden dollar like one of these here little black-and-tan terriers is towards a rat. There's a rat, we'll say, layin' snug and quiet behind a baseboard. You and me would pass there a hundred times and never suspect that he wuz round. But along comes your terrier and he takes one sniff at a crack and starts diggin' Mister Rat out. And ef he can't git him by diggin' he'll camp right there until the rat ventures forth, and then nail him and have his life's blood. Well, there's aplenty men organized the same way, only their game is dollars and not rats. They've just natchelly got the nose fur it. They kin smell out a hidden dollar where the run of us wouldn't even think to look fur it, and on top of that they've got the patience and the persistency to hang round until they've got their ever lovin' fingers twined about it in a grip which only death kin loosen. I jedge a good many of these here multimillionaires that you hear so much about these times are built on them lines. I wouldn't say myself that it's the happiest way to live, or the best way; but I do say this—it seems to satisfy them which follows after it ez a regular callin'.

"It certainly satisfied Humphrey Bray. I kin recall like it wuz yistiddy when he moved over here frum Mims County. It was right after the Big War. It wuz a poor time fur this country and he had the look about him of bein' a poor man frum a poor district. You'd say, to look at him, that everything he'd ever tackled had failed up on him. Well, right there is where he'd deceive you. He deceived everybody here fur quite a spell. He opened up a rusty, smelly little den which he called an office, in one of them old ramshackle houses down on Front Street, which they afterward tore down to make room fur the new ice factory, and he started in to dealin' in lands and mortgages and loandin' little dabs of money at high interest and the like. Even though he could shave a note right down to the quick, people couldn't figger how he was earnin' any more than his keep. They used to wonder how him and his wife got along—that is, they did at first. He never seemed to be doin' much business and whut business he did do wuz in dribs—a few dollars put out on security here, and a few put out there. All day you'd see him coiled up behind his old desk fiddlin' with a set of books and mebbe frum breakfast time till dark not a single soul to darken his doors.

"Well, he went along that way fur years. He had a child born to him—one child, her that you afterwards knew as Miss Cordelia—and about the time she wuz born he moved out to the old Grundy place three miles frum town. That is to say it wuz three miles frum town then, but whut with all these real-estate developments, the whole neighborhood is built up mighty near solid now. Takin' over the old Grundy place didn't stamp him in the public mind as bein' prosperous. It wuz purty badly run down and goin' to seed and dry rot; and besides it wuz ginerally known that he'd took it over on a foreclosure fur practically nothin'.

"And then one mornin' people had a fresh cause to wonder about Humphrey Bray. Because they woke up all of a sudden to the realization that he wuz about the second-richest man in this county and in a fair way to be the richest, too, ef he kept his health and stayed in his right mind. The Planters' Bank took him in as a director and purty soon made him a vice president. He wuz a powerful good hand to have round when it came to votin' No on a proposition to loan somebody more money than the collateral seemed to justify. Every bank big or little needs somebody like him on its board. From money tradin' on a small scale he branched out hither and yon till before long there wuz hardly a goin' concern in town but whut he had a busy probin' finger in it somewheres. But down yonder on Front Street he still kept his little old dollar trap baited and set, and he still went on livin' in a kind of a nibblin' frugal way. He just about did keep the old Grundy place weather-tight and that wuz all. A mile away you could hear its clapboards callin' fur a fresh coat of paint. You probably won't recall this part, son, him havin' passed on to his reward, whutever it wuz, when you wuz still a shaver in knee britches, but behind his back people used to call him Kangaroo Bray. It wuzn't that he looked like a kangaroo; he'd put you more in mind of a little old gray weather-beaten rabbit. But natural history records that the kangaroo is born with a pocket. But they didn't call him that to his face, you betcher. A man who's got half a million laid by and is in a fair way to run it up to a million is commonly treated with respect by one and all. You kin hear his respectability rustlin' in his wallet ez he passes you by.

"Well, in the fullness of time his wife died, not causin' much more excitement in dyin' than whut she had in livin', which wuz practically no excitement at all, and then one day he hauled off and died too. He didn't come home to supper in the evenin', and when Miss Cordelia got worried and sent a darky in frum the place to look fur him they found his old hoss and buggy hitched outside his office and him inside bunched up in a chair with a handkerchief over his face and his lap littered with promissory notes and other precious documents. He'd left a will, and by it he'd left everything he owned to his daughter. Not a cent went to poor people on whose necessities he'd been tradin' all these years, nor not a two-bit piece to good works—but all to her. Outside of the directors in the bank not a great many people went to his funeral. But practically everybody heartily indorsed the idea of it, eh, Lew?"

Down in his throat Doctor Lake made rumbling assent. "I don't seem to remember a more popular movement," he said.

"I want to be fair, though," went on Judge Priest. "He had one sincere mourner, anyway his daughter. He'd left her alone in the world, sure enough; with all her money she cut a mighty lonesome, mighty pitiful figure. Them that envied her fur all her dollars didn't furgit to be sorry fur her, too, I reckin; because if ever there wuz a woman ordained and brought into the world to be an old maid she wuz the one. Why, she had that there onmistakable old-maid look about her before she wuz out of short dresses—primmish and precise and always displayin' a kind of a skeered nervousness, ef you git whut I mean. And ez she grew older the signs of it grew more pronounced, seemed like, with every month that rolled over her head. There's one kind of old maid everybody in a community loves—because she loves everybody and everything, I jedge, and, bein' denied wifehood and motherhood on her own account,

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"He Told Her to Take It Back Home With Her and Bore an Auger Hole in a Growin' Tree Close to Where Her Enemy Lived and Stick the Charm in the Hole"

The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE next time I saw Lawrence Livingston was at his home. We were sitting in his library. He offered me a cigar.

"I don't smoke," I told him. "But I make it up by listening."

He nodded, lit a cigar and was silent. I let him alone.

Presently he said: "The average ticker hound—or, as they used to call him, tape-worm—goes wrong, I suspect, as much from overspecialization as from anything else. It means a highly expensive inelasticity. After all, the game of speculation isn't all mathematics or set rules, however rigid the main laws may be. Even in my tape reading something enters that is more than mere arithmetic or repetitions. There is what I call the behavior of a stock, actions that enable you to judge whether or not it is going to proceed in accordance with the precedents that your observation has noted. If a stock doesn't act right don't touch it; because, being unable to tell precisely what is wrong, you cannot tell which way it is going. No diagnosis, no prognosis. No prognosis, no profit.

"It is a very old thing, this of noting the behavior of a stock and its past performances. It is the equivalent of the dope sheets in racing. When I first came to New York there was a broker's office where a Frenchman used to talk about his chart. At first I thought he was a sort of pet freak kept by the firm because they were good-natured. Then I learned that he was a persuasive and most impressive talker. He said that the only thing that didn't lie, because it simply couldn't, was mathematics. By means of his curves he could forecast market movements. Also he could analyze them, and tell, for instance, why Keene did the right thing in his famous Atchison Preferred bull manipulation, and later why he went wrong in his Southern Pacific pool. At various times one or another of the professional traders tried the Frenchman's system—and then went back to their old unscientific methods of making a living. Their hit-or-miss system was cheaper, they said. I heard that the Frenchman said Keene admitted that the chart was 100 per cent right, but claimed that the method was too slow for use in an active market."

Chart Versus Tape

"THEN there was one office where a chart of the daily movement of prices was kept. It showed at a glance just what each stock had done for months. By comparing individual curves with the general market curve and keeping in mind certain rules the customers could tell whether the stock on which they got an unscientific tip to buy was fairly entitled to a rise. They used the chart as a sort of complementary tipster. Today there are scores of commission houses where you find such trading charts. They come ready-made from the offices of statistical experts and include not only stocks but commodities.

"I should say that a chart helps those who can read it, or rather who can assimilate what they read. I myself prefer reading the tape. The average chart reader, however, is apt to become obsessed with the notion that the dips and peaks are all there is to the game. If he pushes his confidence to its logical limit he is bound to go broke. There is an extremely able man, a former partner of a well-known Stock Exchange house, who is really a trained mathematician. He is a graduate of a famous technical school. He devised some charts that were not only rational but were carried out in great detail. They were based upon a very careful and minute study of the behavior of many markets—stocks, bonds, grain, cotton, money, and so on. He went back years and years and traced the correlations and seasonal movements—oh, everything. He used his charts in his stock trading for years. What he really did was to take advantage of some highly intelligent averaging. They tell me he won regularly—until the World War knocked all precedents into a cocked hat. I heard that he and his large following lost millions before they desisted. But not even a world war can keep the stock market from being a bull market when conditions are bullish, or a bear market when conditions are bearish. And all a man needs to know to make money is to appraise conditions.

"I didn't mean to get off the track like that, but I can't help it when I think of my first few years in Wall Street. I know now what I did not know then, and I think of the mistakes of my ignorance because those are the very mistakes that the average stock speculator makes year in and year out.

"After I got back to New York to try for the third time to beat the market in a Stock Exchange house I traded quite actively. I didn't expect to do as well as I did in the bucket shops, but I thought that after a while I would do much better because I would be able to swing a much heavier line. Yet, I can see now that my main trouble was my failure to grasp the vital difference between stock gambling and stock speculation. Still, by reason of my seven years' experience in reading the tape and a certain natural aptitude for the game, my stake was earning not indeed a fortune but a very high rate of interest. I won and lost as before, but I was winning on balance. The more I made the more I spent. This is the usual experience with most men. No, not necessarily with easy-money pickers, but with every human being who is not a slave of the hoarding instinct. Some men, like old Russell Sage, have the money-making and the money-hoarding instinct equally well developed, and of course they die disgustingly rich.

"The game of beating the market exclusively interested me from ten to three every day; and after three, the game of living my life. Don't misunderstand me. I never allowed pleasure to interfere with business. When I lost it was because I was wrong and not because I was suffering from dissipation or excesses. There never were any shattered nerves or rum-shaken limbs to spoil my game. I couldn't afford anything that kept me from feeling physically and mentally fit. Even now I am usually in bed by ten. As a young man I never kept late hours, because I could not do business properly on insufficient sleep. I was doing better than breaking even, and that is why I didn't think there was any need to deprive myself of the good things of life. The market was always there to supply them. I was acquiring the confidence that comes to a man from a professionally dispassionate attitude toward his own method of providing bread and butter for himself."

Reaction That Never Came

"THE first change I made in my play was in the matter of time. I couldn't wait for the sure thing to come along and then take a point or two out of it as I could in the bucket shops. I had to start much earlier if I wanted to catch the move in Fullerton's office. In other words, I had to study what was going to happen; to anticipate stock movements. That sounds asininely commonplace, but you know what I mean. It was the change in my own attitude toward the game that was of supreme importance to me. It taught me, little by little, the essential difference between betting on fluctuations and anticipating inevitable advances and declines, between gambling and speculating.

"I had to go further back than an hour in my studies of the market—which was something I never would have learned to do in the biggest bucket shop in the world. I interested myself in trade reports and railroad earnings and financial and commercial statistics. Of course I loved to trade heavily and they called me the Kid Plunger; but I also liked to study the moves. I never found anything irksome that helped me to trade more intelligently. Before I can solve a problem I must state it to myself. When I think I have found the solution I must prove I am right. I know of only one way to prove it; and that is, with my own money.

"Slow as my progress seems now, I suppose I learned as fast as I possibly could, considering that I was making money on balance. If I had lost oftener perhaps it might have spurred me to more continuous study. I certainly would have had more mistakes to spot. But I am not sure of the exact value of losing, for if I had lost more I would have lacked the money to test out the improvements in my methods of trading.

"Studying my winning plays in Fullerton's office I discovered that although I often was 100 per cent right on the market—that is, in my diagnosis of conditions and general trend—I was not making as much money as my market rightness entitled me to. Why wasn't I?

"There was as much to learn from partial victory as from defeat.

"For instance, I had been bullish from the very start of a bull market, and I had backed my opinion by buying stocks. An advance followed, as I had clearly foreseen. So far, all right. But what else did I do? Why, I listened to the elder statesmen and curbed my youthful impetuousness. I made up my mind to be wise and play carefully, conservatively. Everybody knew that the way to do that was to take profits and buy back your stocks on reactions. And that is precisely what I did, or rather what I tried to do; for I often took profits and waited for a reaction that never came. And I saw my stock go kiting up ten points more and I sitting there with my four-point profit safe in my conservative pocket. They say you never grow poor taking profits. No, you don't. But neither do you grow rich taking a four-point profit in a bull market.

"Where I should have made twenty thousand dollars I made two thousand. That was what my conservatism did for me. About the time I discovered what a small percentage of what I should have made I was getting I discovered something else, and that is that suckers differ among themselves according to the degree of experience.

"The tyro knows nothing, and everybody, including himself, knows it. But the next, or second, grade thinks

he knows a great deal and makes others feel that way too. He is the experienced sucker, who has studied—not the market itself but a few remarks about the market made by a still higher grade of suckers. The second-grade sucker knows how not to lose his money in some of the ways that get the raw beginner. It is this semisucker rather than the 100 per cent article who is the real all-the-year-round support of the commission houses. He lasts about three and a half years on an average, as compared with a single season of from three to thirty weeks, which is the usual Wall Street life of a first offender. It is naturally the semisucker who is always quoting the famous trading aphorisms and the various rules of the game. He knows all the don'ts that exist—excepting the principal one, which is: Don't be a sucker!

"This semisucker is the type that thinks he has cut his wisdom teeth because he loves to buy on declines. He waits for them. He measures his bargains by the number of points it has sold off from the top. In big bull markets the plain unadulterated sucker, utterly ignorant of rules and precedents, buys blindly because he hopes blindly. He makes most of the money—until one of the healthy reactions takes it away from him at one fell swoop. But the Careful Mike sucker does what I did when I thought I was playing the game intelligently—according to the intelligence of others. I knew I needed to change my bucket-shop methods and I thought I was solving my problem with any change, particularly one that assayed high gold values according to the experienced traders among the customers.

"Most—let us call 'em customers—are alike. You find very few who can truthfully say that Wall Street doesn't owe them money. In Fullerton's there were the usual crowd. All grades! Well, there was one old chap who was not like the others. To begin with, he was a much older man. Another thing was that he never volunteered advice and never bragged of his winnings. He was a great hand for listening very attentively to the others. He did not seem very keen to get tips—that is, he never asked the talkers what they'd heard or what they knew. But when somebody gave him one he always thanked the tipster very politely. Sometimes he thanked the tipster again—when the tip turned out O. K. But if it went wrong he never whined, so that nobody could tell whether he followed it or let it slide by. It was a legend of the office that the old jigger was rich and could swing quite a line. But he wasn't donating much to the firm in the way of commissions; at least not that anyone could see. His name was Partridge, but they nicknamed him Turkey behind his back, because he was so thick-chested and had a habit of strutting about the various rooms, with the point of his chin resting on his breast."

Elmer Grows Indignant

"THE customers who were all eager to be shoved and forced into doing things so as to lay the blame for failure on others used to go to old Partridge and tell him what some friend of a friend of an insider had advised them to do in a certain stock. They would tell him what they had not done with the tip so he would tell them what they ought to do. But whether the tip they had was to buy or to sell, the old chap's answer was always the same.

"The customer would finish the tale of his perplexity and then ask 'What do you think I ought to do?'

"Old Turkey would cock his head to one side, contemplate his fellow customer with a fatherly smile, and finally he would say very impressively, 'You know, it's a bull market!'

"Time and again I heard him say 'Well, this is a bull market, you know!' as though giving a priceless talisman wrapped up in a million-dollar accident-insurance policy. And of course I did not get his meaning.

"One day a fellow named Elmer Harwood rushed into the office, wrote out an order and gave it to the clerk. Then he rushed over to where Mr. Partridge was listening politely to John Fanning's story of the time he overheard Keene give an order to one of his brokers and all that John made was a measly three points on a hundred shares and of course the stock had to go up twenty-four points in three days right after John sold out. It was at least the fourth time that John had told him that tale of woe, but old Turkey was smiling as sympathetically as if it was the first time he heard it.

"Well, Elmer made for the old man and without a word of apology to John Fanning, told Turkey, 'Mr. Partridge, I have just sold my Climax Motors. My people say the market is entitled to a reaction and that I'll be able to buy it back cheaper. So you'd better do likewise. That is, if you've still got yours.'

"Elmer looked suspiciously at the man to whom he had given the original tip to buy.

"The amateur, or gratuitous, tipster always thinks he owns the receiver of his tip body and soul, even before he knows how the tip is going to turn out.

"'Yes, Mr. Harwood, I still have it. Of course!' said Turkey gratefully. It was nice of Elmer to think of the old chap.

"'Well, now is the time to take your profit and get in again on the next dip,' said Elmer, as if he had just made out the deposit slip for the old man. Failing to perceive enthusiastic gratitude in the beneficiary's face Elmer went on: 'I have just sold every share I owned!'

"From his voice and manner you would have conservatively estimated it at ten thousand shares.

"But Mr. Partridge shook his head regretfully and whined, 'No! No! I can't do that!'

"'What?' yelled Elmer.

"'I simply can't!' said Mr. Partridge. He was in great trouble.

"'Didn't I give you the tip to buy it?'

"'You did, Mr. Harwood, and I was very grateful to you. Indeed, I am, sir. But ——'

"'Hold on! Let me talk! And didn't that stock go up seven points in ten days? Didn't it?'

"'It did, and I am much obliged to you, my dear boy. But I couldn't think of selling that stock.'

"'You couldn't?' asked Elmer, beginning to look doubtful himself. It is a habit with most tip givers to be tip takers.

"'No, I couldn't.'

"'Why not?' And Elmer drew nearer.

"'Why, this is a bull market!' The old fellow said it as though he had given a long and detailed explanation.

"'That's all right,' said Elmer, looking angry because of his disappointment. 'I know this is a bull market as well as you do. But you'd better slip them that stock of yours and buy it back on the reaction. You might as well reduce the cost to yourself.'

"'My dear boy,' said old Partridge, in great distress—'my dear boy, if I sold that stock now I'd lose my position; and then where would I be?'

"Elmer Harwood threw up his hands, shook his head and walked over to me to get sympathy. 'Can you beat it?' he asked me in a whisper. 'I ask you!'

"I didn't say anything. So he went on: 'I give him a tip on Climax Motors. He buys five hundred shares. He's got seven points' profit and I advise him to get out and buy 'em back on the reaction that's overdue even now. And what does he say when I tell him? He says that if he sells he'll lose his job. What do you know about that?'

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. Harwood; I didn't say I'd lose my job,' cut in old Turkey. 'I said I'd lose my position. And when you are as old as I am and you've been through as many booms and panics as I have, you'll know that to lose your position is something nobody can afford; not even John D. Rockefeller. I hope the stock reacts and that you will be able to repurchase your line at a substantial concession, sir. But I myself can only trade in accordance with the experience of many years. I paid a high price for it and I don't feel like throwing away a second tuition fee. But I am as much obliged to you as if I had the money in the bank. It's a bull market, you know.' And he strutted away, leaving Elmer dazed."

The Wisdom of Old Mr. Partridge

"WHAT old Mr. Partridge said did not mean much to me until I began to think about my own numerous failures to make as much money as I ought to when I was so right on the general market. The more I studied the more I realized how wise that old chap was. He had evidently suffered from the same defect in his young days and knew his human weaknesses. He would not lay himself open to a temptation that experience had taught him was hard to resist and had always proved expensive to him, as it was to me.

"I think it was a long step forward in my trading education when I realized at last that when old Mr. Partridge kept on telling the other customers 'Well, you know this is a bull market!' he really meant to tell them that the big money was not in the individual fluctuations but in the main movements—that is, not in reading the tape but in sizing up the entire market and its trend.

"And right here let me say one thing: After spending many years in Wall Street and after making and losing millions of dollars I want to tell you this: It never was my thinking that made the big money for me. It always was my sitting. Got that? My sitting tight! It is no trick at all to be right on the market. You always find lots of early bulls in bull markets and early bears in bear markets. I've known many men who were right at exactly the right time, and began buying or selling stocks when prices were at the very level which should show the greatest profit. And their experience invariably matched mine—that is, they made no real money out of it. Men who can both be right and sit tight are uncommon. I found it one of the hardest things to learn. But it is only after a stock operator has firmly grasped this that he can make big money. It is literally true that millions come easier to a trader after he knows how to trade than hundreds did in the days of his ignorance.

"The reason is that a man may see straight and clearly and yet become impatient or doubtful when the market takes its time about doing as he doped out it must do. That is why so many men in Wall Street, who are not at all in the sucker class, not even in the third grade, nevertheless lose money. The game did not beat them. They beat themselves, because though they had brains they couldn't sit tight. Old Turkey was dead right in doing and saying what he did. He had not only

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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

Browning's Men and Women! By What Conceivable Means Could Such a Thing Play a Part in Any Adventure?

XXXIV

CYRIL was full of solicitude. He provided Mrs. Conyngham with a neat brandy and her salts and patiently waited until these restoratives had worked before starting on the inquisition. For the purpose of inspiring confidence he assumed the character of a broad-minded man who is open to conviction.

"Pop into bed, aunt," said he, "and make yourself comfortable. Good! Now we can talk."

Mrs. Conyngham struggled to recover her lost dignity. She presumed that Cyril wished to express contrition for his behavior of the afternoon.

"Though heaven knows," she added, "not only you appear to have lost sense of decency."

"Precisely," said Cyril. "My very point. If you've an explanation to make I'll listen with an open mind."

"An explanation? Me!"

"I am naturally curious to know why you abandoned your own couch in favor of Martyn Saville's. That sort of thing won't do, aunt. You're old enough to know better."

"Silence!" insisted Mrs. Conyngham. "This attitude is intolerable."

"Let us keep to the point," Cyril insisted.

"The point?" she repeated.

"Certainly. How often have I heard you advocate frankness? Come now, be open with me."

Mrs. Conyngham wavered. Under this relentless fire her front-line system was beginning to collapse. She said: "A foolish impulse persuaded me to ask Mr. Saville to remonstrate with you."

"Glad you admit the foolishness," said Cyril sweetly.

"I am bound to, in view of his obvious infatuation for that woman himself."

"Just so, aunt."

"At the very moment I was about to retire Leslie brought me a message saying Mr. Saville urgently desired to make an explanation. I did not wish to hear it, but out of kindness of heart I put on a *peignoir* and went to his room."

"And did he explain?" There was a touch of anxiety in Cyril's voice.

"He did not."

The young man sighed.

"There was a person with him and at the moment of my arrival they appeared most excited. Mr. Saville insisted on my waiting in his bedroom, and against my better judgment I consented."

"Oh, quite," Cyril agreed. "But that's no reason for turning in."

Mrs. Conyngham lost her anchor and drifted with the tide.

"Do you think I am not aware of that?" she cried hysterically. "Mr. Saville kept me waiting interminably and I was tired, Cyril. Forgetful—I lost consciousness of my surroundings ——"

"But surely not to the extent of ——"

"One hotel room is very like another, and I mistook his for mine—and—and acted accordingly."

Cyril threw back his head and laughed.

"Lord!" he cried. "If that isn't the best ever!"

"Do you disbelieve me?"

"I believe you devoutly. Can see you doing it—most natural thing in the world. Wonder it isn't always happening. Look at the similarity between sheets and blankets—beds too—and when one has only been a week in a place, damn it, one hasn't had time to learn one's own wall paper."

"Will you cease this ribald laughter?"

"Straightaway, and we'll come down to brass tacks. Look here, I told you this afternoon I love Leslie and mean to marry her."

"She is engaged ——"

"Not any longer. After finding Alma Ferraros in Martyn's room I fancy that little engagement is off."

Mrs. Conyngham started violently.

"Was Leslie aware of my presence?"

"Oh, rather! But I'll fix that all right. Now what I want you to do is to help me win her. Back me up financially and that sort of thing."

"Certainly not."

"And in return," Cyril proceeded with great magnanimity, "I promise to say nothing whatever about your nocturnal jaunt."

Mrs. Conyngham gasped.

"Do you dare to make a bargain like that?"

"Yes; I realize the sacrifice, but ——"

"With your aunt's honor?"

"Oh, come! That's rot," said Cyril. "There can be no question of honor. You have reached the age of perpetual propriety. The thing can only be told as a joke."

Mrs. Conyngham went limp against her pillow.

"Have you no shame?"

"None at all. Is it a bet?"

"You really mean you would publish this story?"

Cyril nodded cheerfully.

Mrs. Conyngham closed her eyes and kept them closed for a long, long while. At last she spoke:

"Are your affections for Leslie sincere?"

"Do you think I'd have acted like this if they weren't?" It was the first time that the least real emotion had sounded in his voice.

Mrs. Conyngham shook her head.

"Leslie might reclaim you," she murmured.

"Satisfy your conscience how you please," said Cyril. "Is it a go?"

Very slowly the honorable head was bowed.

"Right!" said Cyril, and marched out of the room.

Humming to himself he strode along the corridor to the head of the staircase. From the distant bar came the sound of a tipsy voice in song. Cyril looked over the banister rail and in a recess immediately beneath him he saw Leslie. Her face was buried in a black sofa cushion and her shoulders shook. She was crying as though her heart had broken.

Cyril watched for a moment, then he turned softly away. As he tiptoed down the long corridor to his own room a sudden realization smote him fair, and he saw himself in a true light as a worthless and unspeakable cad. But he did not retrace his steps.

XXXV

GEORGE WEDDERTON saw clearly enough that before him lay a night of adventure. The opposition could hardly be expected to leave him in unchallenged possession of the book, and he would need all his wits to hold them off, keep them unsuspicious, and at the same time preserve an air of intoxication. To lend color to the fact that he had been a target for the book he deliberately banged his head against a sharp angle of wall and so produced a livid wale across his forehead. Taken in conjunction with a crumpled collar and dishevel hair, this self-inflicted injury gave an excellent effect.

To the tune of the drinking song he stumbled down the stairs and finding no one in the lounge save Leslie he collapsed on a sofa at her side. The girl, who was looking terribly white and agitated, rose immediately and moved away. George also rose and made her a bow, but between sitting down and getting up again he had thrust the book well out of sight between the seat cushion and the back of the sofa.

There are few better hiding places if you happen to be in a hurry.

Leslie had moved to a little recess below the well of the staircase and George was occupying a chair in a different part of the lounge when Andrea Negretti entered hurriedly through a green baize door.

"You come here," said George. "Fac' is, I'm ill." He closed his eyes and shrank as though the ceiling were falling upon him. "S-some s-swine chuc-chuc-chucked a b-brick at me. Broken m'head. You a doctor?"

Andrea shook his head.

"Don' move about like that, s'bad thing t'do. I wan' a nankerchief. Feel in my pocket and get me a nankerchief."

Andrea needed no second invitation. His fingers ran over every surface of George's clothing.

"You silly ass!" cried George. "You're tickling me! Where's the thing? Got it? Good. Put some water on it from th-that g-giraffe."

Andrea splashed a little water from a carafe on the handkerchief and returned it to George, who held it to his injured forehead.

"You're a minist'ring angel," said George. "Goo'night."

"Someone throwa de brick, m'sieur?"

"Brick—no, y'fool—book. B-o-o-k brick." He staggered to his feet. "I wan' drink."

But Andrea was in no mind to let him go.

"M'sieur was assaulta, yes? Must produca de book for evidences, don't it?"

"Evidence is good idea, but I chucked it away; chucked it down somewhere. Be good chap and find it. Get a drink now."

And staggering to his feet he steered for the bar like a ship without a rudder, leaving Andrea to prosecute a search.

There was only one other man in the bar besides the attendant, an old fellow seated alone at a table with his back to George. He wore straggling whiskers and was very bent.

As George entered he noticed that the old man was looking anxiously at the dial of his watch. But back views and front views were all the same to George Wedderton. The nape of Butterwick's neck was as distinctive as his little twinkling eyes. George moved into a position from which a mirror on the opposite wall reflected Butterwick's face and as he called for whisky he saw the flashlight glance his dubious partner shed upon him.

For some reason it made George Wedderton uneasy. He had spent his life dealing with subtle menaces and was very susceptible to impression. What was Butterwick's game? What was he waiting for? Why had he looked anxiously at his watch? Why did he keep his head averted? Any interference from the little man at this stage of the game would be calamitous. The bar against which George was leaning was primarily intended for cocktails, and to the furtherance of thirst it supplied little dishes of olives, salted almonds and nuts of various kinds in and out of shell. George Wedderton did not in the least desire to share the fruits of victory with Butterwick, but nevertheless it was not safe to take risks, and somehow the little man would have to be warned that he must leave things alone. In ordinary circumstances this would have been simple enough, but with Andrea poking about in the foyer and with the probability that Alma Ferraros also had him under observation it would be folly to attempt an exchange of confidence.

George puzzled with himself as to the best course to take, and suddenly had a charming idea. In his coat pocket was a little note pad and a pencil. The rest was simple. He slipped a hand into his pocket and without withdrawing either pad or pencil he wrote:

Don't interfere. Everything O. K. Meet me at Bical's noon tomorrow and will report progress. G. W.

He had written messages in this way before and could rely on doing so clearly. He detached the sheet of paper and rolled it up to about the size of a pill. After that he began to eat olives and presently picked up a walnut that happened to have a loose shell. A little pressure on the sides of the shell caused the two cases to open like a frog's mouth and wide enough to swallow, let us say, a pill, for example. The whole operation was adroitly performed with one hand, and when it was over George Wedderton palmed the nut and called for another drink.

"One more whisky," he ordered, "'fore I turn in."

He swallowed the drink at a gulp and reeled from the bar, tripping over a mat and measuring his length beside Butterwick. As he fell he dropped the nut into Butterwick's overcoat pocket.

Butterwick, his head still averted, sprang from his chair and hurrying towards the window piped in execrable French, "*Cet homme est dégoûtement ivrogne.*"

Outside in the garden appeared the shadowy forms of half a dozen men. Out of the tail of his eye George saw and recognized them as French gendarmes.

"He is drunk and should be arrested," cried Butterwick.

"Damn the man!" muttered George under his breath, and struggled to his feet.

Butterwick's voice was raised to a shout:

"I demand that this man is put under restraint."

The last thing in the world George expected was to find an ally in Andrea Negretti. The Italian, hearing the uproar, hastened in from the lounge and besought Butterwick to calm himself. He protested that Monsieur Wedderton was entirely sober, but had been the victim of an accident. He himself would guarantee to take charge of monsieur. Monsieur was a gentleman of very great integrities, beloved in his own country and respected in all others. Seizing the opportunity afforded by the interruption George staggered from the bar with as much speed as was consistent with insobriety.

Glancing over his shoulder he saw Andrea endeavor to snatch a whistle from Butterwick's fingers, but in this he was too late. A shrill blast screamed out, followed by the sound of running feet on the gravel terrace. But Andrea was not without resource. Leaping back into the lounge he seized the main switch and plunged the whole ground floor into darkness.

"Well done!" thought George, and made a dash for the stairs, missing the banister rail by a couple of feet and plunging headlong into the recess alongside. He heard a faint exclamation and was brought up by a sudden contact with a human body.

From behind him came a shout from Butterwick:

"After him, my boys; and collar this waiter too!"

A table turned over and fell with a crash, and another voice called for lights. There was a rush of feet and the sound of a scuffle.

"You're Miss Kavanagh," whispered George.

"Yes. What ——"

"Sh-h-h! That sofa where you sat, between the cushions, behind the seat—a book. Get it somehow without being seen. Give it to Martyn Saville early to-morrow. Vital."

He was gone.

There was not much time for deliberation. A successful flight now would argue that his conduct throughout the evening had been a series of frauds. There was nothing for it but to stand by and face the music.

Shouts and orders filled the air, and the sound of people running in the corridors above.

"Guard that window!"

"Lights!"

"A man in the door there!"

Click! Down went the switch.

When the lights came on George Wedderton was sprawling on the floor with his head resting on the arm of an overturned chair.

"What a lot of noise and nonsense!" he driveled.

Through half-closed eyes he saw Butterwick point him out to a commissary of police, at a gesture from whom two gendarmes descended upon him and dragged him to his feet.

"I saw him enter my bedroom window an hour ago," said Butterwick. "By your leave, since I am an old man, I will give my evidence in the morning."

"*Bon*," said the commissary, and jerked his head toward the door.

"'Sdamn silly, all this," said George.

With a gendarme on either side he was led from the hotel in the wake of the already captured Andrea.

XXXVI

LESLIE KAVANAGH did not sleep that night. She barely closed her eyes. The reflection of a lonely star was mirrored in the crystal of her water bottle, and hour after hour she watched it shining like a will-o'-the-wisp in

(Continued on Page 28)

Then a Splash and They Were Gone. With a Cry She Threw Herself Forward and Gazed Down Into the Water

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Pecksniff in Politics

POLITICAL cant is at a premium this year. Because so many voters, especially the women, seem disposed to do a little thinking and choosing for themselves, the Pecksniffs of politics are passing out the old platitudes that have proved so effective in the past. Especially is the voter warned against the sin of irregularity, and threatened with political hellfire should he question the authority of the boss.

In that interesting book, The Great Conversers, no mention is made of political bosses. Conversation is not for them. They have their high-jackers, who are men of deeds, and their Pecksniffs, who are men of words. They are men of affairs. Their Pecksniffs—and Pecksniff wears petticoats at times—extend the right hand of reform to the crowd, while the left is grasped firmly by the boss behind them. Often respectable citizens and fine figureheads, self-righteous and self-deceived, they are rewarded with votes, not dollars; with office, not contracts.

"No man is bigger than his party," "A good soldier must follow his leader," and "Reform must come from within the organization" have always been pet phrases of the Pecksniffs. They sound convincing to one who accepts phrases without examination, but they are almost never used when the organization will stand examination. They are at once the apology and defense of the man who is trying to justify a doubtful political stand, and the time-tried method of offense against those who show signs of rebelling against an unscrupulous political organization. By "the party" Pecksniff means the organization; by "the leader," the boss; and by "reform from within," go along with the machine. It may be, of course, that both the boss and the organization are clean and honestly efficient, but too often in our politics they are neither, standing only for an appetite for office and for loot. Under these circumstances any man who is not "bigger than the party" is a pretty poor fish and he should be thrown back to grow.

In the past, reform has been made hateful to the voter by some of our professional reformers. Too often they are simply a different kind of Pecksniff. At best these men are theorists, and at worst they are fakers. They are quitters in defeat and incompetent in victory. When the spotlight is turned on they take the center of the stage, but between elections, when the hard day by day work for good government must be done, they are not in evidence. The voter has reached the state where he prefers the evils that he has to the mess that these professional reformers are almost sure to make. But there is no reason why he should choose either gangsters or quitters. Business reform, as practiced in business, is what politics needs. If the voter will clean up the organization from without, for the strength of the boss is greatly overrated; if he will vote for a business man instead of a Voice, it will be true that no one is "bigger than the party," for then "the party" will really be the party instead of a tight little personal organization. It will be averaged up instead of averaged down.

The party committees, like the primaries, have been a neglected branch of government, but they are the real seat of power in American politics. Good or bad candidates are selected, good or bad government determined in these committees and in the primaries. They are easily packed and controlled when the voters are indifferent to their composition. If an organization is corrupt the candidates sponsored by its bosses, no matter how honest personally, must look the other way at regular intervals. Inefficiency, waste and high taxation go back to the beginnings of politics, and those beginnings are back in the precinct and the ward. The root evil of our political system is the organization that is controlled by an unscrupulous boss, with the resultant favoritism in giving out jobs and contracts; in nominating and electing men to office who raise money by ruinous methods of taxation and then spend it wastefully.

So long as voters are afraid of having the black curse of irregularity laid on them, so long as they can be made to believe that independence of thought and action is political sin and that the whole duty of the citizen is performed when he votes for a candidate that is imposed on him by the organization, regardless of the character of that organization, we shall be held down by high taxes and held up by political high-jackers.

The good soldier must follow his leader, but a bad officer will lead him to disgrace or death. The voter is not a soldier bound to obey any master, but he is free to choose his leader and to refuse to follow one who proves himself unworthy. Obedience is not always a virtue in politics. It is often a weakness. The voter is an employer, not an employe, of politicians. Only as an organization proves up as a force for better men in office and for honest and efficient government can it command the allegiance of the voter.

The strength of the boss system is a docile electorate, trained like a troupe of performing dogs to jump through the hoops at the sound of their master's voice, and rewarded by petty office or punished by the party whip. By all means follow your leader, even though you may disagree with him at times, but first make sure that he is a leader and not a stuffed shirt; that you have selected him and employed him, and that he is not the tool of a boss; that he places the party above the organization, the country above the party, and the interests of the people above the interests of the machine.

Broadcast the Facts

THE newborn craze for wireless telephony has already brought in its train hundreds of excellent opportunities to lose money in fake radio stocks, and it is safe to predict that these opportunities will be renewed and repeated as long as the crop of suckers holds out.

These assertions are made without prejudice to those established corporations that control basic patents, operate well-equipped factories manned by skilled workers acting under scientific guidance, that maintain effective selling organizations and conduct their activities under the direction of able business men of high reputation.

It should be obvious that companies thus firmly intrenched could have small motive for appealing indiscriminately to the public for funds; and that they would not allow their shares to be distributed by brokers of the fly-by-night species in fictitious markets made by circular trading, wash sales, and all the other arts and artifices employed to foist painted pups upon a credulous public.

No one, not even the best-informed insiders, can predict with certainty how vast or how lucrative the radio industry may become or what radical modifications it may not undergo in the near future as the result of new inventions and the discovery of new principles governing wave transmission. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that those who were first in the field, and who, by the ownership of underlying patents, are to be the dictators-apparent of the industry for the next few years, are fully aware of the strength of their position, and will not be disposed to hawk about their shares on the street corners.

Enthusiastic amateurs in radio transmission who are aching to back their enthusiasm and judgment with cash should bear in mind that only a small proportion of the mushroom companies whose stocks are thrust upon them are going concerns, actually manufacturing meritorious radio apparatus on a basis that holds out much promise of financial profit to the public at large. Promoters of too many of these enterprises are merely manufacturers of so-called securities. If they can sell their stock so as to make a quick clean-up and a safe get-away they will probably see no real necessity for making anything else.

These sharpers are almost certain to find many victims and to trim them handsomely. Without a penny of expense the stage has been set for these promoters far better than they could have done it themselves at a cost of millions. Circumstances have conspired to make their work easy: Radio communication unquestionably has a future of high importance; popular interest in it is already well-nigh universal; and, to consolidate these advantages, newspaper publicity keeps radio telephony constantly in the spotlight. Under these conditions printers of wireless stock should have plain sailing, for falsehood is never so plausible as when flavored with truth, and fraudulent business never has a better chance to thrive than when it seemingly parallels honest and successful business. The truth about radio lends color to the falsehood, and thus helps to make a market for worthless stock.

Persons in control of wireless broadcasting stations are in a happy position not only to do a good turn to their audiences but also to add to the gayety of nations by performing an act of poetic justice characterized by the irresistible humor of singular appropriateness. We make bold, therefore, to suggest that our leading broadcasters make careful investigations of some of these new radio flotations that are coming out at the rate of four hundred a month, and send out their findings as part of their regular daily service. The stories of some of these wireless and conscienceless promoters would be well worth listening in on!

Government Out of Business

ONE important point is being too frequently overlooked in the discussions on Muscle Shoals. It is accepted that the plant must be placed in operation for the manufacture of fertilizer in time of peace and explosives in time of war. This being the case, the question is not whether the Government or Henry Ford should undertake the project; the question is, Which private offer for the plant shall be accepted? The Government should, under no circumstances, be permitted to complete and operate the Muscle Shoals plant. It may be that the offer of Ford is too low, that the plant is worth more as scrap. It may be that his terms as to interest and amortization are exacting. It may be that he does not bind himself to manufacture fertilizer at a proper price. Those are matters of detail. If the projects of Henry Ford are too remunerative to himself other capitalists may be trusted to make offers for the plant.

But no matter how unsatisfactory the offer of Ford or anyone else, what is lost is lost, and lease of the plant will not entail further loss. Governmental operation would certainly entail heavy, continuous and unbudgeted losses, to be paid out of taxes. And no assurance would be maintained that fertilizer would be manufactured in time of peace or the plant held ready and prepared for war. Henry Ford knows how to run a manufacturing plant. So do numerous other capitalists. But a manufacturing plant should not be turned over to the Government to run. The main issue is between private and governmental operation of Muscle Shoals. The terms of lease to a private operator are details.

GYPPED!—By WILL IRWIN

ONE Jimmie, who knows the underworld of New York, was searching with me for a certain bootlegger on a mission no more romantic and illegal than establishing the pedigree of a cherished Airedale pup. Our inquiries in English and pidgin-Italian led us at last to a joint on one of the avenues. This, explained the man who knows the underworld, was a special hangout for bootleggers.

"Their liquor is right," he remarked. "The boys see to that."

The place had been before the Eighteenth Amendment an open saloon. The front room still retained its dusty bar. Behind it the cases bordering the mirror held a few fly-specked packages of cigarettes, a few fly-specked boxes of cigars. Except for two or three chromos on the walls there was nothing else in sight. Any acute passer-by gazing through the uncurtained windows might have known from its deserted air that all this was a blind.

Unwelcome Visitors

WE PASSED through the swinging doors. In old unamended days the bar had run through the partition; here, it was apparent from the polished brass grating, had been the beer pump. Behind this short strip of mahogany stood Giuseppe the bartender. As we entered I saw him make a sudden gesture to his inside pocket. The man who knows the underworld passed him a swift office. Giuseppe withdrew his hand. It held a whisky flask, from which he immediately filled two glasses for two patrons. In the corner sat a circle of young men playing cards and chattering, with much laughter, in Italian. About a table against a rear wall another group were debating loudly, good-humoredly, in mixed Italian and English. They were all young. Mostly they wore caps; otherwise their clothes bore the stamp of Fifth Avenue tailoring. From the motions of the card players flashed now and then the glint of a big diamond.

Giuseppe finished pouring whisky, collected, restored his flask to the inside pocket of his checked jumper. Two other patrons approached, ordered in Italian. From beneath the bar Giuseppe brought up a bottle of red wine. I was watching him, when I was aware of several unusual phenomena, all simultaneous. Giuseppe's motions with the bottle had stopped. A complete hush had fallen—a hush that clipped off words in the midst of a syllable. It all seemed strangely familiar, as though it had happened before. Only afterward did I realize that it was the same hush I had heard so many times in Picardy or Flanders or Friuli when the first blast of the siren announced an air raid. Giuseppe came suddenly out of his inaction. With a flip he inverted the bottle of red wine into the head of a water pipe. With another flip he began to pour the contents of the whisky flask into the sink. My eyes traveled round the room. Every man was on his feet. Every jaw was set. Every hand was in a side pocket. Every eye was looking past me toward the swinging door. I heard footsteps without.

The man who knows the underworld was also looking toward that swinging door. He spoke between his teeth: "Three plain-clothes men have just come into this place. Maybe we're raided."

I heard the swinging door creak, and footsteps behind me. The card players still stood like statues. Into the range of my vision came a young man with detective feet and a police manner. He walked straight up to Jimmie.

"Why, hello Jimmie!" he said loudly and with ostentatious cordiality. "Thought you was dead, it's been so long since I've seen you!"

"Mr. Irwin, meet Detective McBlank," said Jimmie. "Have a drink?"

Why Jimmie Was Scared

"NO, THANKS!" said Detective McBlank. "If I take one drink I want to have a party. I'm built that way. Well, so long. Got to be movin' on." Scarcely had he passed through the swinging door before the card players had resumed their seats and their hands, and conversation was bubbling again. But from the bar I heard a growl of hate, and turned just in time to see an action which made the whole episode significant. Giuseppe was slipping something from his sleeve to the drawer under the bar. It wasn't a bottle this time. It was a thirty-caliber automatic pistol. And from him poured Italian expletives which shaded off into vigorous English.

"Made me spoil a bottle of whisky and a bottle of red wine!" said Giuseppe. And he shifted gears to Italian again.

Outside I asked Jimmie, "What's the answer?"

"The answer is I was good and scared," said Jimmie. "We were in line of fire—plain English! I didn't want to make no sudden motion for fear I'd be took for a stool pigeon and kicked off. I was getting ready to slam you down on the floor, first shot!"

SOME TESTS BY WHICH WE JUDGE CANDIDATES

"What was it all about?" I asked.

"Guess the answer is they're paying for protection for that joint," said Jimmie. "That's why Giuseppe was so sore. I'll say McBlank has got his nerve, walking in that way! Don't know why the cops called. Maybe they were looking for somebody for something else. And maybe they were just keeping prices up. Anyhow, the bootleggers thought they'd been gypped."

"Gypped?" I inquired. I had heard the term, but I wanted Jimmie's definition.

"Double-crossed," said Jimmie. "Done. Gypped—you know. Thought the cops had gone back on their agreement—see! They'll shoot for that quicker than for anything else. You can do things that will surprise you to a gunman and he'll stand for it. But when he thinks he's been gypped, if it's only a matter of a dime—good night!"

This occurrence, told just as it happened to me last spring in New York, showed a small cross-section of a new underworld which has been in creation ever since the war and the Eighteenth Amendment. In the half mile between the Tombs Prison and police headquarters twenty-nine men were murdered last year; and only three or four men at most have been convicted of these same crimes. In most cases, spite of strenuous work by the bomb squad, there have been no arrests. Now, by habit, the newspapers attribute any shooting down in that district to a bootleggers' row. That isn't so by any means, especially if you believe the police. But the newspapers are half right. Probably most of these affairs have begun with quarrels over contraband liquor. And in nine-tenths of these cases the first cause is the same. Someone has been gypped. Whereupon the executioners of the law under the law have done their job. These unavenged murders of the foreign district are only the extreme cases, where trouble has come to its dramatic climax. There are a hundred gunplays to one real shooting, probably. But the bootlegging industry in New York and throughout the East generally has for its foundation the automatics of gunmen.

Highly Paid Morons

The liquor business, since prohibition went into effect, is, of course, illegal. It is nevertheless a large and flourishing industry. Someone has said with partial truth that during the period of hard times the bootleggers were the only New York people who really made money. Foreigners in the tenement-house district of New York were the first to see its possibilities. Beginning very humbly with doctored liquor made from alcohol and flavoring matter and sold under forged labels, they branched out into importing or manufacturing on a fairly large scale. As the horizon widened, as the possibilities of good graft in withdrawal permits and Canadian importation became apparent, certain districts of the East Side blossomed into El Dorados of new swollen riches. Leaders of the underworld who a few years ago looked forward to no clean-up greater than the reward for getting a man kicked off or what the fences might leave from the fruits of an occasional robbery, returned to the old country to live as landed proprietors or died in purely commercial feuds, leaving hundreds of thousands of dollars to their heirs. Shifty-eyed boys of the slums who were before the war content to play extra men in pool-room swindles, to act as lookouts for an occasional second-story game, or even, in hard times, to snatch hand bags, suddenly began to wear two-hundred-dollar suits of clothes, to flash five-carat diamonds, to drive high-powered cars, to shoot craps for a hundred dollars a throw. Even the morons of the clan, the members without brains or initiative, have done well. They have been getting seventy-five to a hundred dollars a week and expenses just for sitting on a truck and looking fierce.

In fact, it is to these humble members of the bootlegging fraternity that I wish to call special and particular attention. Their guns are the pillars of the industry. The business could no more get along without them than automobile manufacturing could get along without mechanics. Bootlegging, of course, has no standing in law. You have brought into New York, we will say, a truckload of whisky from the Canadian border. Everything calculated, this consignment has cost you ten thousand dollars. You leave it for a moment, and some gentleman who has been watching you mounts the seat and drives away. What can you do? So far as the law is concerned, simply nothing. If you complain to the police you merely give yourself away as a bootlegger. If the police recover the stolen goods you surrender your property to the commonwealth, and have to stand trial besides. Property rights cannot exist for long without protection of some law. And bootlegging, from the first, involved millions of dollars in investments.

A law under the law already existed in New York among the East Side gangsters and gunmen. Especially well organized—for various reasons to be considered later—were the Italians of this class. These Italian gunmen had in their little world their own efficient methods of enforcing order, preventing gypping. That is why the larger activities of bootlegging had, at first, an Italian cast. I am writing now of the early days. The native American and the immigrants of other breeds have seen the possibilities in this good graft, and that period is over. But the pioneers of the bootleg industry, needing protection, bethought themselves of the Italian gangsters. It happened—partly as a result of the war—that the underworld of New York was just then in a state of flux. Old gangs had died out; new ones were only in process of formation. The Hudson Dusters and the Goophers of the West Side, mostly composed of native Americans, had totally disappeared. Monk Eastman and several other leaders of his type had cut it out to go into the Army—and a gang is nothing without a leader. The execution of the four gunmen in the Rosenthal case, and the publicity which followed, had broken up several mobs centering round the race tracks. But nothing special had happened to the Italian gangs. Indeed, the accession of demobilized soldiers from the other side had rather increased their strength.

These Italian gangs have always afforded a special problem to the New York police, and equally to the Italian police. In this both Italy and New York are paying the debt of King Bomba. Between 1815 and 1860 the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in Southern Italy lived under the absolute rule of Bourbon monarchs. By all accounts this was probably the worst dynasty of modern times. It culminated in Ferdinand II, known as King Bomba, who for a combination of tyranny, coarseness, incompetence and superstition holds all royal records. In 1860 Garibaldi's thousand patriots, armed with condemned muskets which would not shoot, toppled over his kingdom by the bayonet and sheer valor. But in the forty or fifty years of Bourbon rule, preceded by several centuries of kings almost as bad, there had arisen a situation which still troubles Italy. The law of the land in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies was an impossibility. To do business, to get ahead in the world, even to think, men must organize outside of the law. Societies of such bad name—lately—as the Camorra crept into Southern Italian life. These were in the beginning often bands of devoted patriots, like our own Minute Men before the Revolution. From them came several of the guiding lights of New Italy, such as Crispi, the great premier. In absolute monarchies the first stirring of revolution usually takes the form of political assassination. And the knife, wielded by Italian experts, became the chief instrument of protest.

States Within States

These secret states within states usually tend downward, even in a society of comparative freedom. We had our own experience with the San Francisco Vigilance Committees of 1849 and 1852. Rough-and-ready reformers, of high principles, founded these societies to regulate a community where the law was incompetent or corrupt and would not do its duty. The men they hanged would have been hanged legally had San Francisco possessed competent courts and policemen. But they established the tradition of extra-legal justice which dragged out a lengthening and rusting chain until now lynching is the reproach of our civilization.

By the time Garibaldi came with his thousand and Victor Emmanuel took over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies these societies were already going sour. With the appearance of a real law in Southern Italy the patriots and respectable element generally left them. The criminal and the lawless remained, after which they degenerated into instruments of blackmail, robbery and private vengeance. Italy has never been able satisfactorily to cope with them. There is no miracle of modern government to compare with the creation of the new Italy, in fifty years, from the wreckage of the Middle Ages. But this final miracle—the extermination of her criminal element—she has not performed.

However, the Carabinieri, that efficient body of national police, have succeeded at home in keeping this element fairly well in check, even in healing the infection round the edges and working toward its core. They are an extraordinary body of men, these Carabinieri. Every tourist in Italy remarks them—always traveling in pairs as a precaution against assassination, dressed in most elaborate uniforms topped by gold-splashed cocked hats, worn to impress the populace. What the tourist does not see is their secret agents, working in disguise often at the very heart of gang life, living without record such adventures as the author of old Nick Carter never imagined. Backing them up are certain Italian laws passed to deal with this very situation. When an ex-convict of the gang variety gets out on parole in Italy it is a real parole. At sunset the local Carabinieri knock at his door. If he is not at home they go out and find him; when found he returns to jail. If he is picked up out-of-doors before sunrise the same thing happens. The Carabinieri know that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and also that a man living without visible means of support is probably living by illegal means.

A Land of Easy Laws

So if the paroled man is too long out of work in a period when work is to be had—jail again! By the '90's of the last century the Carabinieri seemed to be winning. Then came a period of hard times on both sides of the water; but far harder in Italy than here. The plain people of the Peninsula followed in the wake of Cristoforo Colombo and rediscovered America. Our high tide of Italian immigration began. Those who should know have told me that the savings sent back from America during this period rescued the financial integrity of the kingdom. With this industrious element went as parasites members of the gangs. They found wonderful pickings among their emigrant compatriots—blackmail, extortion, even open robbery. And they sent the word back to their kind at home. Here was a land of easy laws, where the police did not understand. You could get away with almost anything, because the simple Italian of the Latin quarters in New York, San Francisco or Chicago was by tradition so afraid of these gangs and their vengeance that he would never inform the American authorities. The gangsters began to come our way. The Italian police probably understood this perfectly and were glad to get rid of them. This was, however, poor policy in the end, because the harvest of gold across seas served to strengthen the gangs in the old Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. But for this the Carabinieri might by now have stamped out the system.

These gangsters are still bred in Italy rather than in America. It has shallowly been assumed that our city life is bad for the Italian-American of the second generation. Examination of police records goes to disprove this. From superficial examination I should say that about nine-tenths of the men with Italian names arrested and convicted for gang crimes in New York are entered as natives of Italy. The American boy of Italian blood seems to go wrong no more commonly than the boy of other bloods. And when he does he tends to join American gangs, as had two of the young men executed in the famous Rosenthal case.

The Italian gangster brought his old grudges. Once—perhaps as far back as the days of King Bomba—occurred some kind of row in the insignificant town of Castel Ana, Sicily. It grew into a feud, which was transferred to America. How many murders have happened in our own cities as the inheritance of Castel Ana even the police cannot tell. In connection with this Castel Ana chain of murders there exists a document whose main details I must suppress, but which illuminates the methods of the Italian gangs. The author of this confession was apparently of low intelligence. The more able heads of the gang got him involved in crime—they had something on him. After which they ordered him to kill an individual whom we will call Giuseppe. He did not in the least want to kill Giuseppe. The man was his friend. He ran away from New York to a western city and got a job. After a few weeks appeared a member of the gang, saying, "You are to kill Giuseppe." The fly in the web struggled; he ran away again, this time to a Pacific Coast city.

A few weeks of freedom—and now a stranger met him, made a gesture across his throat to indicate the penalty of disobedience, and said, "You are ordered to kill Giuseppe."

Terror and the force of superior minds did their work. He returned to the East—and killed Giuseppe. All this because of a feud so old that its original causes are forgotten.

Popular belief in the Italian quarters holds that these gangs are oath-bound organizations with secret and terrible rites. The police doubt this. They are held together, the city detectives say, by nothing more than common economic interest and mutual fear; each member has something on all the others. However, the gangsters carefully cultivate this impression. It helps surround them with the proper atmosphere of terror; as witness the true story of the Black Hand Society.

When Italian crimes—mostly of vengeance—first appeared in our great cities some forgotten reporter of the yellow press remembered the bloodbound old Maffia, still a heritage of King Bomba in Italy. Every mysterious murder in the Italian quarters became a Maffia murder. In time the Maffia grew stale with use.

One night a reporter on a New York newspaper, reading a curious old book while holding down the late watch, came across the story of the Spanish Black Hand Society. This organization was the sole imaginative creation of a curious but wonderful liar who once played informer to the Spanish police. His tale involved a mythical set of anarchists. In the course of his romancing he led the police to a vineyard where the archives of the anarchists were supposed to be buried. A workman had laid his muddy hand on the vineyard wall, leaving its imprint. The imagination of the liar caught at this circumstance. "That is the secret mark of the anarchists," he said. "The society is known as the Black Hand." All this came out years later in the confession of the informer, which released several men from Spanish prisons.

The Black Hand Appears

The next day that same reporter was sent out by his highly sensational newspaper on one of the first kidnaping cases to reach the attention of the police. All was grist to his mill. He attributed this crime to the Black Hand. The act took; the other yellow newspapers followed. The Black Hand figured as the sinister genesis of every kidnaping case. The Italian gangster is no fool. He took his cue at once. The newspapers were advertising the awful power of the Black Hand, and the simple, industrious Italian on whom he preyed believed the newspapers. To this day every blackmailing letter in every kidnaping or extortion case bears for a seal a black hand.

Before I leave this part of my topic I must repeat that this heritage of King Bomba is a burden on Italy as well as on America, and that it cannot fairly be held as a general reproach against either Italy or our Italian element. These gangsters are numbered only by hundreds. The other Italians, characterized by a passion to get ahead in the new country and by a racial talent for hard work, are numbered by millions. The Italian criminals, owing to the tradition in which they have been bred, are well organized and thoroughly understand their game. Further, being Latins, they have a talent for the picturesque and dramatic. They get themselves advertised.

So when the directors of the bootleg game found that both their property and their money needed some extra-legal protection, they turned at once to this element, widely advertised in all the criminal world as desperate offhand killers accustomed to taking occasional jobs as body-guards. The big men in the game did not want them to kill anyone—not at all. They wanted merely the protection insured by their reputations as killers. Soon the automobiles carrying the dispensers of fake withdrawal permits, the trucks on the Canadian run, the private distilleries making gin from alcohol and juniper extract all operated under protection of young

(Continued on Page 26)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

A great summer dish!

Bring your husky outdoors appetite to a plateful of Campbell's tempting, tasty, filling beans! Feel your hunger gradually disappear, while your appetite is having the time of its life. Campbell's Beans are great summertime food—they're so richly nourishing, so delightful with their famous tomato sauce, so digestible because they're slow-cooked. Nothing to do but eat them!

Serve hot **Serve cold**

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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gentlemen adventurers who drew good salaries for doing nothing but pack a gun and sit still.

As the business grew the demand overflowed the supply of Italian gunmen. The head bootleggers began to draw on the wild youth of other breeds in the tenement district of New York. Lately I have talked over the general situation with several social-settlement workers of New York. They all report their people doing well under prohibition. In general they find less desertion, less thriftlessness, fewer crimes against women and children. One or two lament a recent increase of home-brewing which affects the sobriety of the women; but they seem to regard this, at its present extent, as a minor evil. Of late the traffic in women and commercialized vice in general have dwindled almost to the vanishing point. All but one, however, mentioned the growth of the gun-toting habit among the wilder element of the young men. They saw with gratification the disruption of the old gangs, but they wonder if new gangs are not in process of formation. Here, I think, they have seen, without understanding it, one manifestation of bootleg law. A criminal or semicriminal gang rests always on an economic basis. It affords to its members a life unplagued by hard work. Without much doubt these new gangs are helping enforce bootleg law.

The ethics bred into their trade made the Italian gunmen especially useful in this new occupation. From time immemorial the chief crime in their decalogue had been double-crossing. Most of their old feuds arose because someone had gypped a member of a gang. In the bootleg game gypping began with outsiders; very largely, I understand, native Americans drawn from the West by the prospects of fair adventure and good pickings. They began laying for trucks which carried liquor across the Canadian border. A load of whisky is worth from four thousand to ten thousand dollars spot cash, besides the value of the truck. As compared to other stick-up operations the risk with the law is slight. If you are caught in possession of the goods you get off with a comparatively light penalty. For the robbery itself you do not suffer at all. Part of the Canadian booze route runs through the uninhabited Adirondacks. Night after night, if one may believe bootleg gossip, there were battles in these wilds. Certainly the state police last winter picked up and buried two bodies of unknown individuals, and certainly the inmates of remote Adirondack lodges and farms have many times given first aid to wounded men. Through that ticklish stretch of woods the trucks run to this day with the throttle wide open.

The Cases of Frankie and Joe

However, the engagements in the Adirondack woods are probably mild compared to the affrays in New York itself. As the game reached the stage of more or less permanent organization, some of the head bootleggers had their own special gangs. The members not only drew wages but participated in the profits. Now in ordinary business, situations constantly arise where each party to a disagreement believes most ardently that it is in the right, and where actually right and wrong are separated by a hair's breadth. Courts of law exist to settle such difficulties. But when such a clash arises in the bootlegging business there is only one recourse—gun law. It would be straining truth to say that the bootleg gang always, even usually, takes this recourse. Killing a man, even to a professional gunman, is a serious affair, entailing, even if one has taken all reasonable precautions, the possibility of most disagreeable consequences. But there occur incidents where passions grow inflamed, after which someone dies, shot by a storm of bullets from automatic pistols. The police, doing the best they can, are very busy for a few days. Then the incident fades gradually into oblivion. And no one knows who did it, except perhaps every man, woman and child in a whole tenement block. But they will never tell—in court. They value their lives too highly.

Here are a few of these incidents. For various reasons I shall generally disguise the names.

Frankie and Joe were brothers. Frankie belonged to a bootleg gang operating in a suburb of New York. Joe ran a small restaurant. One night Frankie's touring car was discovered on a remote boulevard. In the back seat were sixteen cases of whisky. Bent over the wheel was the dead body of Frankie. He had quit his mob that night after a dispute, and taken away these sixteen cases, which, he maintained, belonged to him.

The tenements whisper two versions of the inside story. One has it that the gang killed him because he had gypped them. The other holds that they never meant to kill Frankie. They held him up in order to get back their sixteen cases, but one member, having previously filled himself with cocaine, developed a nervous trigger finger and fired prematurely. There were no arrests, at least none that stuck. Joe gave his brother a good funeral and went on with his little restaurant.

A certain social club, since suppressed by the police, was holding its annual picnic in the suburbs. A man described by every member of the club as a total stranger stepped into the midst of a group and filled one member full of lead. A dozen guns were out at once. But the members did not fire, because they could not tell at once whether the man to right and left of the shooter belonged to their mob or his. Taking advantage of this confusion the killer turned, pointing his gun at whoever tried to stop him, and escaped. Every member of the club was grilled by the police. All protested that the killer was a man of mystery, and that the dead member, so far as known, had not an enemy in the world.

Foreign Gangsters' Methods

Three months later Joe was sitting at nightfall before his restaurant. An ice wagon drove up and stopped. Next, a man dressed in a jumper and carrying an ice pick approached Joe and held him in conversation for about ten minutes. Then appeared a touring car filled with young men in caps and brown shirts. Joe saw this, and started to run. The man in the jumper stabbed him with his ice pick. Joe fell. Before he could get up someone leaped from the touring car, stood over him, emptied a pistol into him and jumped back into the seat. The car drove away. Joe was dead before the police arrived. The street was crowded at the time. But no spectator of these events could or would give the slightest clew to the identity of the criminals.

Those schooled in the lore of murder by system—like this one—say that the foreign gangsters upon mapping out a job lay their plans for suppressing evidence as carefully as for the get-away. The spot is chosen to avoid the presence of native Americans, whom the gang cannot silence. Two or three members are told off to do the work. They are expected to riddle the victim with bullets, so that when the police arrive he can make no dying statement. The rest, entirely unarmed, just loaf about the spot. When the crowd gathers they circulate through it. If anyone shows the slightest disposition to talk he is poked in the ribs and just a word or two are whispered into his ear. Usually that suffices.

What can the police do? Down in the basement of Headquarters dwells the Italian Bomb Squad, commanded by that able and two-fisted Roman, Sergeant Freischetti. Its ways, methods and problems are so different from those of the other police that it seems a thing apart; the reporters call it Little Headquarters. Ever since he took the job over from the dead hands of Joe Petrosino—stabbed in Italy while in search of a murderer—Freischetti has been harrying the gangs. General opinion held, before the Eighteenth Amendment complicated matters, that he had them on the run.

The extraordinary problems with which the bomb squad must deal are illuminated by the famous Akron, Ohio, case. In the space of two months four policemen of Akron, patrolling lonely beats by night, were mysteriously assassinated. No one could trace any connection of motive for these four murders—but there you were! Some tiny clew gave a hint that Italians might be back of them. The Akron police, unskilled in dealing with the Italian criminal element, appealed to New York. Freischetti and two of his assistants disappeared from Headquarters. When, a few weeks later, they bobbed to the surface, they had a set of confessions that sent six men to the electric chair. A wild man of a gangster with the appropriate name of Borgia was back of it all. He had been given a light jail sentence for keeping a disorderly house. Thereupon he had sworn a vendetta against the authorities, and announced a reward of five hundred dollars for every policeman killed. For this set of convictions Freischetti got the thanks of the Akron Chamber of Commerce, a medal and a raise in pay.

But the murders under the very nose of New York Headquarters are a different matter. If Freischetti would talk freely—which, being a real detective, he never does—he could probably tell you with moral certainty who committed just about half of them. But moral certainty and proof under our Anglo-Saxon law of evidence have points of wide variance. When criminals hold over witnesses a terror greater than the terror of the law, when no one who knows the facts will whisper a syllable, what can the police do?

Possibly no other corpse was ever so popular in Greater New York as that of Tony, who met a sudden and violent end last autumn. Tony advertised the fact that he was bad, bad. In this case the goods seem in every respect to have justified advertising claims. The police could never prove him a murderer, but they suspected him of two or three mysterious killings. He would shoot, all the Italian quarter believed, at the wink of an eyelash. Once a man driving an expensive touring car left it for a moment while he went to buy a pack of cigarettes. When he returned, a dark, dapper little man sat in the driver's seat with the engine running. Now that he is dead the neighbors admit that the little man was Tony. "That's my car," said the owner. "'Tain't now," said Tony, nonchalantly pointing a pistol. "Get off that step." The owner got off. Tony and the car drove away to parts unknown.

A gang engaged in the bootleg business made a big clean-up. The boss, an enlightened employer, believed in profit-sharing. He distributed twelve thousand dollars among his help. Promptly they began to shoot craps for it at one hundred dollars a throw. And Tony, a pistol in each hand, stepped into the room. It was a night off for the gang. They had checked their guns with the boss. Moreover, Tony had the drop—and Tony, as was well known, would shoot at the first ripple of an irritated expression. He took away with him most of the twelve thousand dollars and disappeared from New York.

The gang did an unprecedented thing. They reported this hold-up to the police. No, it was not bootleg money, they said. It was a big killing on the races. No, they were not shooting craps. When Tony called they were just dividing the money and gloating over it, sort of. The police probably saw through this flimsy fiction and are to be pardoned if they put no exceptional energy into the hunt for Tony.

When Tony Came Back

Three months later Tony came back. He stepped from his own door just at nightfall, and firing started from across the street. Your city gunman would probably make a poor score at the targets. He depends, just as did the bad man of the old Wild West, on quickness at the draw and the nerve to go through with it. In this case, however, the first shot, fired from a distance of perhaps eighty feet, brought Tony down. He tried to reach his gun and to struggle to his feet. A man bounded like a jack rabbit across the pavement and fired into him the regular finishing volley. This happened less than a block from a police station. The reserves and the precinct detectives started with the first shot. The neighbors—now that Tony is dead—relate that a precinct detective reached him first, bent over him, recognized him and said, "Well, you son-of-a-gun, who'ver got you deserves a gold medal." As usual, no one could identify the assassin.

In the early days when bootlegging, intelligently followed, was a Golconda, a certain Italian broke into the game. He was not of the gang element, but he understood how to handle gunmen and he began with a little capital. Last year he went back to Italy, having sent ahead of him thirty-two million lire—more than a million and a half dollars at present rates of exchange, and six millions if the lira recovers. Popular rumor always exaggerates any fortune, and were it not that I have this fact from an exceptionally accurate source I should hesitate to set down a sum so large. He left the business to a junior partner. This man, it would seem, tried to get rich too fast. Rumor has it that he gypped several powerful personages. At any rate, he died on the street at eleven o'clock one morning—in the usual way. This time, a gunman from Providence, Rhode Island, undoubtedly involved, ran into the arms of a policeman. He got twenty years to life in Sing Sing.

Most picturesque of all the gunmen lately killed by their own medicine in New York was he whom I will call Diamond Dan. The high lights of his life and career are too well known. Dan not only gypped, he reduced gypping to a system, a science. A raw boy, lately landed but already known and feared, he was employed as bodyguard to a rich fellow countryman marked for death by a gang. One night Dan's employer was found dead in a basement stairway. The police believe that Dan did it himself, induced thereto by two thousand dollars in hard cash. Shortly afterward complicity in a murder was proved on him and he went to state's prison for some years. When he came out the golden days of bootlegging had begun.

Diamond Dan reviewed the situation, organized a gang of shooting men and began preying on bootleggers. They ran away with trucks left momentarily unguarded, or they got the drop on the guards. When a boss bootlegger made a big deal and carried away a roll, he had to look out, or Dan and the gang would meet him and force a transfer. Not only by violence did he prosper but also by subtlety. Once he sold to a trusting friend "fifty thousand dollars' worth" of withdrawal permits for the trifling sum of twelve thousand dollars. They were forgeries; when the purchaser presented them he got into deep trouble.

The End of Diamond Dan

Dan extended his operations. He began to hold up the professional burglars of New York, the bank thieves, the very hold-up men. His weird knowledge concerning projected criminal operations can be explained in only one way: He must have had stool pigeons in most of the mobs. If one trusts underworld rumor several big jobs pulled off in New York were a dead loss to the original criminals. In the midst of the get-away appeared Dan and his gang, and took charge of the receipts.

Dan prospered exceedingly. "Once I figured up the diamonds he was wearing," said an envious neighbor to me. "Thirty-five carats he had on him."

It was a great idea. Here, so far as the police went, was crime without possibility of punishment. The shorn lamb would never, never bleat. Only it involved other possibilities, which would appeal to the average citizen as more disagreeable than arrest. At every moment, day or night, Dan stood in danger of his life. Against that he guarded by keeping his two or three chief lieutenants always about him.

Nevertheless, he was got. One evening he sat at his ease in a restaurant. Apparently—perhaps only apparently—his bodyguard was for once absent. He was shot twice from the rear by a heavy pistol held so close that its powder burned his skin. He died like a tiger. As he fell he drew his own pistol and killed the first man in sight—the unoffending proprietor of the restaurant. At Police Headquarters they have a scrapbook which is not recommended to the perusal of the weak-nerved. In it the police keep for trial purposes photographs of murdered men, just as they lay when they died. In his last photograph Dan, spite of his disfiguring wounds, shows a beautiful head and face—romantic, Byronic.

Having written all this, I add that I have written of the days that were. Events move rapidly in the bootlegging industry. Various factors have united to force out its founders. Capital, of sorts, has seen its possibilities. As in many a more highly esteemed industry, the big men are squeezing out the small. These pioneers tried to make money too fast, and took to extensive adulterations, which helped drive away their customers. They depended for importations mostly on the Canadian run. That route has of late become uncertain, partly because of the booze robberies along the way, partly because of a threat, which seems more than a threat, to cork the border. Large capital is cautious. Its owners deprecate unnecessary violence. Their goods still need guarding, but such employers prefer a class of gunmen who are reluctant to shoot. Unless some unforeseen factor appears, New York may look forward to a decreased homicide record.

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It springs not merely from his car's beauty, nor from its comfort nor its lightness of movement, grateful and wonderful as these characteristics are to him.

It proceeds from something even more than the dependability, the power, the swift acceleration or the basic economy of his Cadillac.

Rather, his satisfaction is a blend and a combination of all of these attributes, resulting in a pleasure and a contentment in his purchase too deep and lasting for comparison.

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Standard of the World

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 21)

the dark. There was so much she did not understand—so much that was pitiable to fill her thoughts. All she possessed she would have given gladly to efface that last interview with Martyn when she found him almost embracing Alma Ferraros. At the mere thought of it Leslie kicked at the bed rail like an angry child. It was impossible to believe Martyn could prefer that woman's company to hers—and yet —— The pain of the wretched discovery was the more acute since she had gone to Martyn's room with the will to wish him a sweet good night. It had been Cyril's idea. Cyril had seen how sad she was and just as the clock struck twelve he said, "If you feel that way, my dear, let's go up and say something decent to the old bird before turning in."

She had almost kissed Cyril, for he was fond of her himself and it was generous of him to have suggested it. And then to find Martyn with —— Oh, it was unthinkable! And why was Mrs. Conyngham asleep in Martyn's bed?

She began to feel that everyone was mad. The old landmarks were disappearing one by one. The old foundations were shifting. Life's staircase had lost its banisters.

The hotel clock had a cracked chime that tolled out the hours and quarters with a dismal note. Three was striking when her thoughts came at length to the queer *contretemps* with George Wedderton in the darkened foyer. The man was drunk, and yet he sounded sober enough when they collided, and he whispered those few hurried sentences in her ear. Hidden in the recess at the foot of the stairs she had seen the gendarmes carry him away, and a little later had seen an old man with straggling whiskers mount the staircase, chuckling to himself and rubbing his hands.

What did it all mean? What were the words Wedderton had uttered? Probably some drunken nonsense. Yet he spoke of Martyn and a book to be returned early in the morning. What book?

Leslie got out of bed, put on a wrap, felt about for her slippers, and took a tiny electric torch from her dressing bag.

The bedroom corridor was silent and unlighted. Curious how thievish and bad she felt tiptoeing past the rooms of sleeping people in the dead of night. The rustle of her silk sounded like ghosts whispering "Sh!" and boards creaked like the voices of inanimate things crying out in alarm. The moon-cast shadows of window transoms made gallows on the blind, and the wind sighed piteously.

Leslie shivered and drew her wrap about her as she came to the head of the stairs. It was black as the pit below, and daring greatly she pressed the button of her torch. The thin rod of light was like a knife that stabbed a sleeping darkness. Hidden objects wakened, startled, springing to unnatural life—a chair, a table.

Leslie held her breath and went down. The sofa was her objective—and something hidden behind the seat cushions.

Ah! It was here!

She knelt and thrust her hands into the close mysterious recesses at the back. Nothing! Wait, what was that? A crochet hook and a coin. Stupid! It was at the other end of the sofa he had sat during that brief moment before she rose and left him. Success! The hard outline of a book. She drew it forth and covering it with her wrap hastened to her room and collapsed breathlessly on the bed.

A full minute passed before she turned on a table lamp and inspected her prize. Then she frowned. A book of verse! Browning's Men and Women! By what conceivable means could such a thing play a part in any adventure? And yet George Wedderton had said its return to Martyn was of vital importance. She opened the book haphazard at the poem A Light Woman. The edges of the pages were sticky, but this was a fact without significance.

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
The wren is he, with his maiden face.

Leslie shook her head and continued to read. There was something suggestive in the lines, but she could not determine what they suggested. Was it Alma Ferraros?

A shame, said I, if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
The hundredth for a whim

"Yes," said Leslie. "It is a shame—it is a shame."

She threw the book aside and drawing the coverlet under her chin sat up in bed, hugging her knees and waiting for the night to end.

XXXVII

HALF PAST SEVEN was striking when Leslie passed along the bedroom corridor to Martyn's room. She was wearing a fawn-colored suit and the book was hidden beneath her coat. Passing Cyril's door she heard him moving and wondered that he should be rising so early. She did not know that he, too, had spent a sleepless night, tormented, probably for the first time, with a wholehearted contempt of himself. Since she did not wish to meet him until she had carried out her mission Leslie hurried on.

Until now she had not realized that thirteen was the number of Martyn's room. The discovery was depressing, and she stared at the porcelain number plate a full minute before summoning up the courage to knock.

There was no answer. She knocked again, rather louder. Still no answer. She concluded that Martyn must be asleep in the inner room and could not hear, and debated with herself whether she should go away and return later. It was memory of the compelling note in George Wedderton's voice that persuaded her to try the door. It was locked. For no traceable reason she felt suddenly afraid, and seizing the handle rattled it noisily.

"Leave the can outside," came a voice. "I'll fetch it when I want it."

It was Martyn who had spoken, and his voice sounded tired and dry. Evidently he mistook her for a *valet de chambre*.

"Martyn," she said. "It's me—it's Leslie."

There was silence for a while, then: "Leslie, is it? I—I can't see anyone; no one at all."

"Martyn, let me in"

"Later—later," he replied.

The blood flowed to her cheeks and she tapped her foot on the floor.

"You must let me in! It's of vital importance."

The words were George's as nearly as she could remember them.

"Later," he said again.

It was almost more than her pride could bear to be thus dismissed by the man she loved.

"Now or not at all," said she. "I have the book."

In an instant the door was opened. Almost rudely he dragged her into the room and turned the key in the lock.

"What book? What book have you brought?"

Never before had she seen Martyn Saville as he looked that morning. The shutters were across the windows and the room was lit by a single lamp at the table, whose tilted shade threw his face into violent contrasts of light and shadow. His eyes were deep-set and cavernous, with pupils dilated from the strain of work. His hair, usually smooth as fresh-laid paint, straggled in disorderly wisps across his brow. His lips were thin and parched, and the lines of humor at the corners of his mouth had gone.

"Oh, Martyn!" cried Leslie. "Are you ill? What's wrong with you?"

"Please don't ask me any questions," he begged, "but answer mine. You spoke of a book."

"It is here."

She drew it from beneath her coat and gave it to him.

"How did you get this?"

She explained.

He nodded.

"Arrested, was he? H'm! That's a pity. Let me think a minute. Yes, I see. Leave this with me for three-quarters of an hour. Then come back and I'll return it."

"I don't understand why ——"

He motioned her to be silent.

"It's better you shouldn't. When I return the book I want you to be seen reading it in the most public places of this hotel. Follow?"

"Yes, I follow."

"The lounge, terrace, winter garden. Be seen reading it. If anyone claims it give it up without protest. Say you found it lying about. That—that's all." He closed his eyes for a second and rubbed them wearily. "Come back in three-quarters of an hour. I ought to be ready by then."

He walked a trifle unsteadily to the door and turned the key. But Leslie did not move.

"Is that all, Martyn?" she asked. "Is there nothing else you want to say to me?"

He shook his head wearily. "Many things, my dear," he replied. "But not now, if you don't mind."

"Suppose I do mind?"

"It mustn't make a difference. There is still so much to do. I know appearances were against me, but I can't justify myself yet a while."

"Then you wish me to go on thinking what I can't help thinking?"

"Oh, don't you see," he replied, "that nothing must disturb me now?" His tone was frayed and almost irritable.

"Very well," said Leslie. "I'll do what you ask. The rest must wait. Good-by."

She went out, and he closed the door behind her.

Cyril was on the terrace gazing thoughtfully out to sea. There was a touch of awkwardness in his greeting.

(Continued on Page 30)

He Rested, Blinded by the Knowledge That He Was Alive, Snatched From the Maw of Death

See for Yourself How Much Finer Chalmers Six Performance Is

In their search for full money's-worth, buyers are now awarding the Chalmers Six a place high above the dead level of ordinary good value.

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The
CHALMERS
SIX

(Continued from Page 28)

He smoked for a while in silence as they watched the sun breakfasting on the early morning mist.

"Oh, dear," said Leslie, very softly to herself.

Cyril started and looked at her guiltily.

"Don't suppose," he blurted out, "you'd have much use for a chap that played crooked to win a hand."

"A hand?" she repeated, only half listening. "Whose hand?"

"Yours."

She thought he was speaking of Martyn, and tipped her head a shade petulantly.

"Please, Cyril!"

"All right. I won't go on. Only some chaps can't help themselves. Call it selfishness—anything you like—winning is the only object—they scout the rules. There's the old proverb 'Everything's fair,' you know."

"I don't know why you should be talking like this."

"It's stranger still I should be feeling like this," he replied with a little laugh. "Oh, well! We humans are a queer race. What's your idea, Leslie? D'you count love as an excuse?"

"I'm rather tired of love and excuses," she answered. "And it's too early to discuss either."

She was making confession very difficult.

"That was a rotten business last night. I've been kicking myself ever since for leading you into it."

"There's no blame attached, Cyril. After all, it's best to know, isn't it?"

"You were fond of old Martyn, Les?"

"I was engaged to him," she answered very simply.

"Yes, yes. You never cared two straws for me, did you?"

"I liked you, Cyril."

"But not in that way?"

"No, not in that way."

There was silence for a moment, then: "S'pose you'd never met Martyn, should I have had a chance?"

"Not an earthly," she answered. "Sorry."

He straightened up and shook himself.

"Seems to me I've made a pretty useless mess of things," he said.

"In what way?"

"In every way."

He looked her squarely in the eyes, half opened his mouth, then with sudden want of nerve turned on his heel and marched off in the direction of the hotel.

The time passed very slowly as Leslie wandered along the garden paths waiting for the quarters to strike. She met young Callant blithely setting forth to tune up the engine of his motor boat.

He complimented her on being abroad so early and reminded her of the promise to come for a spin over the waves.

"Going to try castor oil," he announced unexpectedly. "There's nothing like it. Bet it'll give the old Whirlwind another five miles an hour."

And with a wave of the hand he turned downhill. Callant was a young man who thought in terms of speed.

Another casual meeting was with Mr. Butterwick, who was trotting up and down on the terrace looking for an appetite. Leslie recognized him as the old man who had been instrumental in obtaining George's arrest. He lifted his hat and wished her good morning after the fashion of one guest to another. Knowing him to be involved in the mystery that surrounded her Leslie paused to exchange a few commonplaces. Mr. Butterwick, who was in excellent spirits, piped away gladly. He confided to her that being a martyr to rheumatism he was staying in the south for his health. As he chattered on, his hand strayed to his overcoat pocket and produced a nut.

"Dear me," he exclaimed. "I did not know I had any. This is very fortunate. My dear young lady, you behold in me a direct proof of the Darwinian theory, inasmuch as I am incurably addicted to the habit of eating nuts. You will excuse me? Yes?"

His thin bony fingers cracked the shell at a slight pressure.

"A weak shell usually bespeaks an indifferent kernel. Ah! Yes, yes! You see I was right, poor and wizened. Dear me, what an odd thing! Most unusual."

Among the fragments lying in the palm of his hand was a small pill of rolled-up paper.

"Whatever can it be?"

Leslie watched with interest as he unrolled the paper and straightened it out.

"Writing," he said. "Writing. Very odd."

Coming a little nearer Leslie saw the words "Everything O. K." and the initials "G. W."

Their effect on Mr. Butterwick was magical. His face became purple all over. He seized her by the wrist and breathed, "Not a word to a soul about this!"

And next instant he was gone, running like the wind with coat tails flying.

"The world has gone mad!" said Leslie, as the hotel clock struck the quarter.

She did not speak to Martyn on her return to his room. She merely gave her name, and in answer he opened the door and thrust the book into her hands.

"Be seen reading it," was all he said.

Limp and lifeless she returned to the foyer and seated herself conspicuously in an armchair at the foot of the staircase.

One by one the guests came down for breakfast, but although she held the book in view of all no one addressed her.

Presently Mrs. Conyngham appeared and seemed to totter at the sight of Leslie.

"My dear," she said with an effort to recover her dignity, "I trust you had a good night."

"Not very," Leslie replied, and without malice prepense. "Did you?"

Mrs. Conyngham swayed and grasped the banister rail.

"Disturbed," she answered. "I was gravely disturbed."

"Perhaps it was just as well," said Leslie.

Mrs. Conyngham could not trust herself to answer the charge at so early an hour. Hers was a nature that required coffee and bacon before taking possession of its full faculties.

"Cyril will explain," she murmured, and proceeded toward the dining room with the air of a deposed sovereign.

Another ten minutes passed uneventfully.

Next to come down was Alma Ferraros. She was dressed for traveling, in a costume of pineapple brown with a surcoat of Russian sable. Behind her was the hotel boots carrying a couple of suitcases. She did not waste a glance in Leslie's direction.

"I wish to see my waiter," she said. "You find him for me, please. Oh! He was called Andrea."

She seated herself with her back to Leslie, while the boots went on his errand. In a few moments he returned with one of the hotel managers, who whispered something confidentially.

"Arrested!" exclaimed Alma. "You are sure? But on what grounds?"

The manager murmured inaudibly. Alma nodded.

"It is of no importance. I merely wished to tip the man." She rose and turned her head, giving Leslie an impression of anxiety carefully concealed.

The manager bowed and was retiring when she recalled him.

"I am leaving Nice at ten o'clock. You will order me a car, please."

"*Bien, madame.*"

"There is a guest here with whom I wish to have a word—a Mr. Wedderton."

The manager raised his hands pathetically.

"I fear, madame, that m'sieur was also embroiled in the mysterious affair of last evening. He, too, is in the hands of the police."

Alma's self-control was miraculous.

"That will do," was her only comment. "I may not require the car, after all. I will advise you later."

The manager withdrew and Leslie noticed that Alma was trembling and her white hands were opening and shutting convulsively. She seemed to be deliberating with herself as to a course of action. She walked rapidly to the foot of the stairs, mounted to the half landing and turned again with a sudden change of purpose. To conceal the fact that she was watching, Leslie raised the open book and hid her face behind its pages.

She was totally unprepared for what followed. There was a quick patter of footsteps, and next instant the book had been flicked out of her hands.

Leslie sprang to her feet and found herself facing Alma Ferraros.

"How dare you!" she cried.

Alma was breathing jerkily, and her eyes were fierce with excitement.

"So," she exclaimed, "he gave it to you!"

"Will you please explain ——"

"This book—it is mine. By what right do I find it in your possession?"

"I do not understand, madame. I am quietly reading and ——"

"It is mine. Do you dare to deny it?"

"It may be yours for all I know," said Leslie. "I found it lying here by the sofa and turned over a few pages. But that hardly excuses ——"

The anger departed from Alma like a vanishing cloud. In an instant she was wreathed in smiles.

"You must please forgive me, mademoiselle, that I behave so cavalierly, but I am deeply attached to this little volume of verse, which I thought had been stolen. I ask your pardon."

"I see," replied Leslie. "I am sorry you should have thought I took it willingly, and I had no idea it was so valuable."

"Its value is of the heart," replied Alma, with one of her most enamored glances. "For the rest, it is a mere book. Surely one so young and charming will appreciate how deeply one may treasure a—a keepsake."

Leslie repeated "A keepsake?" with a question mark.

"Mademoiselle will recall an unhappy intrusion, yes—upon the rooms of a certain gentleman. Need I say more? Mademoiselle will respect my confidence."

She lifted the book to her lips and kissed it. Then to the boots, who had reappeared in the lounge: "Send my luggage to the station in the car. For my part—I walk." She came a step nearer and dropped her voice to a whisper:

"You have rendered me a great service, mademoiselle; render me a smaller. Convey to Mr. Martyn Saville my true affection and say that I shall put his gift beneath my pillow that I may dream sweetly. *Au 'voir.*"

She kissed her finger tips, gathered her furs about her and was gone, leaving Leslie speechless with amazement and indignation.

The bluff had worked.

XXXVIII

MARTYN SAVILLE rested his forehead on the panel of the door and like a man in a dream heard Leslie's footsteps retreating down the passage. His work was done. The faked plan was in the book and very soon would find its way into the hands of Alma Ferraros. It only remained to destroy the tracing Mossi had made, and which he, Martyn, had used as a pattern of style for the counterfeit drawing. It had been a killing job—a job that fairly sapped vitality. Not content with merely reproducing the original type from memory he had modified its best features—redesigning the whole structure on weaker lines—supplying a faulty formula of the gases to be used, and generally insuring failure for the machine. Even to a man of his ability this was a tricky business, for he dared not commit himself to an obvious folly in design, since he would have to provide something that would deceive skilled engineers. And somehow or another he had done it. His genius had been equal to the task.

"Lord, I'm tired," he muttered.

It was all he could do to keep awake half leaning with his head against the panel of the door. The wound in his shoulder was throbbing painfully and the lids of his eyes were weighted as with lead. A thought that he must lock the door sent his hand fumbling for the key, but before it had reached its mark the intention was forgotten. He stepped back wearily into the center of the room, fumbling in his pocket for matches. He found none. An empty box lay upon the table beside the tracing that had so nearly transformed the world into a ghastly charnel house.

"You've got to be burned," said Martyn with a yawn. "Where are the matches?"

He turned to the bedroom, steadying himself against a chair back as he walked. But there were no matches in the bedroom. He recalled having collected that box a little before dawn. His pipe never would keep alight when he was at work. The embers in the grate were cold and gray and the fire in the sitting room had been out for hours.

"I'll ring for some"

But it was all he could do to ignore the invitation of the bed. It seemed to be calling to him urgently, compellingly. He barred past it with eyes closed, as a starving man passes a cook shop. Nor did he open them again until he was back in the sitting room.

Three paces from the table, on the opposite side, stood Otto von Weisenberg.

"Ah!" said he. "You arrive a moment too soon. It is a pity."

Martyn blinked, smacked his tongue against the parched roof of his mouth, tightened his jaw muscles and stared.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"My name," replied the intruder, "is Otto von Weisenberg."

"Is it?" said Martyn. "How the devil did you get in?"

Otto tilted his head toward the partition door, which now was standing ajar.

"We are neighbors," he announced, "and through a small perforation in the panel I have been an appreciative spectator of this night's doings."

Martyn made no reply, but took two quick paces forward, which brought him to relatively the same distance from the table as Otto.

"Don't do that, Mr. Saville, please," came the urgent request. "I do not wish to make a mess of a young man with such a brilliant career ahead of him. Sit down and I will do likewise."

It was not the spoken invitation Martyn Saville obeyed, but a hand concealed in the side pocket of Otto's jacket that argued the wisdom of compliance. Martyn's pistol was in the other room. The precious tracing lay on the table between them and the odds against his reaching it alive were heavy. He turned a chair to face his opponent. Somewhere behind him, near the fireplace, was the bell, and with a little tact it might be reached. As he sat down he pushed the chair back a full yard.

"Ah, come!" said Otto, also seating himself. "Not quite so far away, please. I see your idea clearly, but in this case the intrusion of even a hotel valet would be tiresome. A little forward. Excellent! Let us be sociable."

"Look here," said Martyn. "If you've something to say, say it without frills. You're after that plan, what?"

"I am, Mr. Saville, and I have every hope of persuading you to let me have it without opposition."

"Right!" said Martyn. "Go ahead and see what happens."

"I was afraid you would take that view."

Martyn nodded grimly.

"I'm dog-tired, Otto," he said. "But I'll undertake even with a bullet through my head to eat half that paper before you lay a finger on it."

"Do not let us discuss anything so melancholy as undertakings," Otto besought. "It is a tragic subject for a man who is engaged to so charming a girl as Miss Leslie."

Martyn colored brick-red.

"Keep her name off your rotten Bolshie tongue!" he ordered.

"There you do me an injustice, Mr. Saville. Neither my tongue nor my inclinations are in the least Bolshevik. Indeed, no one is more delighted than I am at the clever way you have deceived these foolish agents from Moscow."

"Eh?"

"I imagine by now the drawing you made is safely on its way to the Thirteenth Communal, where I trust it may arrive without mishap. You look mystified. Allow me to explain."

He extracted from his breast pocket the letter which had been the subject of his reflections on the previous evening, and neatly shaking out the folds with his left hand he decoded its substance aloud.

Martyn said nothing. He merely nodded in silence.

"I trust," said Otto, "this may convince you that my sympathies, like yours, are imperial. With the aid of your remarkable invention I have a vision of my oppressed country rising like a phœnix from the ashes of the late war and occupying at last the position of world supremacy which clearly it was God's intention should be ours."

"I see," said Martyn. "You have worked it out very nicely. But there's one thing you haven't taken into account."

"You are about to say yourself."

"I am."

"Mr. Saville, I have been more than considerate. From my observation post I could have killed you conveniently at any hour of the night."

"Possibly, but that would have been bad generalship, Otto, since you were relying on me to do the dirty work in deceiving your own crowd."

Otto made a deprecating gesture.

"Agreed. Besides, I have no wish to see you dead. Our countries are no longer at war and it is always pleasanter to adjust difficulty in a peaceful fashion. Now, Mr. Saville, let us come to terms. Any little

(Continued on Page 33)

It is not unfitting, now, to review the progress of Peerless since the property was acquired by the present administration.

Fortunately it is not necessary to deal in generalities in order to demonstrate that Peerless has progressed in a very marked manner.

The facts are at hand to establish that conclusion.

Public approval of the Peerless has greatly increased—that is indicated by augmented sales in old Peerless strongholds, and throughout the country in general.

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The Peerless was bound to be a better and better Peerless—and to broaden its market tremendously.

The new administration brought to it, over and above an unequalled eight-cylinder experience, a harmony of thought and action, and skill and ingenuity, which have literally outdone all their finest previous efforts.

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PEERLESS

"All that the name implies"

JULY 1922

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This cross section of the new Goodyear Rut-Proof Cord Truck Tire shows the extra thickness of the sidewall and tread, as compared with the thickness of the standard cord truck tire, indicated by the dotted line

The Goodyear Rut-Proof Cord Truck Tire has an extra thick, tough sidewall.

This massive sidewall is built up of stoutest tread rubber—the same tough, slow-wearing stock that gives the All-Weather Tread its famous lasting qualities.

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No experiment or innovation, this new Goodyear tire is a thoroughly developed and completely tested cord pneumatic. How it has mastered the ruts and lasted for thousands of miles can be read in the enthusiastic reports of its users.

Goodyear Rut-Proof Cords are powerfully tractive, high in cushioning quality, and notably active. They cost only 5% more than standard Goodyear Cord Truck Tires, and by their special ability to withstand rut action they give unexampled tire service at low cost per mile.

For further information about Goodyear Rut-Proof Cord Truck Tires for country hauling, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 30)

arrangement we may arrive at will be between ourselves. Your own people will imagine you have brought off a successful coup, and mine—I refer to Moscow—will be so pleased with their apparent success that they will overlook my unhappy blunder on the French frontier. Both parties being entirely satisfied—we are free now to discuss some private business on our own account."

Martyn Saville yawned openly.

"I would hate to think," said Otto with a frown, "that I was keeping you up, Mr. Saville."

"That's all right; you go ahead."

"It would be a simple matter for me to put a bullet through your head and take possession of this tracing, but to do so would be to court inquiry. A more attractive program is to enlist your sympathies in my cause, and reward your silence substantially. Your newspapers have probably told you that my country is bankrupt, but believe me, Mr. Saville, we have certain resources in gold to an extent that would astonish you, and these resources we propose to employ to more profitable account than by paying indemnities."

"Half a minute, old thing," said Martyn, showing signs of waking up. "Do you honestly believe I'm likely to keep my mouth shut at a price?"

Otto von Weisenberg nodded.

"In the circumstances, yes," he replied. "For you will observe on reflection that your silence is either voluntary or enforced. You give it to me or I take it from you. In both instances it is insured."

"And you mean to use my machine to wage a new war on civilization?"

"Not a war," Otto corrected. "A few weeks of intimidation and the thing is done. War is an argument of nations. Here would be no argument, but merely a single voice. A triumph of matter over mind. The sword of Damocles shall hang in the sky and the peoples of the earth shall prostrate themselves beneath it."

And at this moment Martyn Saville struck. With little or nothing in his favor he had been racking his brains for a chance to gain mastery of the situation. While Otto talked the hidden pistol was trained upon Martyn's chest, but even with knowledge of this he made the attempt. The chair in which he sat was of Queen Anne style, solidly built, and Martyn had curled his foot round one of the heavy cabriole legs. With sudden force he kicked outward, snapping like a carrot the tenon that held the leg into the seat frame. Then like a flash he ducked, seized the broken member in his hand and flung it with all his might at Otto's head.

Otto had two alternatives, either to protect himself or fire his pistol. He chose the former. Up went his hands and down went his head. The flying missile swept him clean off his chair, bringing both to the ground with a crash. But he was up again in a second, up again even as Martyn plunged forward to seize the tracing. He knew very well that Martyn would reach it before he himself could hope to do so, and that once those mighty hands had fastened upon the wisp of paper all hope of success would be gone. As a quick thinker Otto von Weisenberg had few rivals. He made no effort to reach the tracing, but instead seized the side of the table and pushed it violently into Martyn's stomach.

The sudden impact sent Martyn staggering back, his fingers missing the plan by the fraction of an inch, and as he tottered Otto leaped at his throat like a tiger cat. The fight that followed was not a pretty exhibition. Otto tried for a strangle hold, but Martyn Saville knew a little of jiujitsu, and broke away repeatedly. At the fourth attempt he escaped being throttled only by snapping Otto's little finger at the main joint. It made a sound like the crack of a toy pistol. After that Otto went for Martyn's eyes. But to conduct this particular kind of offensive warfare it is expedient to control the movements of your adversary with a single hand. Otto made the attempt by first driving his elbow into Martyn's solar plexus, and following up the advantage by the application of a half Nelson. Unfortunately Martyn had a thorax of iron, and the jolt he received failed to wind him. Without understanding how it happened Otto described an aërial semicircle and found himself under dog with Martyn's hands fastened in a viselike grip round his throat, and a sure conviction that the end of his ambitious career was in view.

But even in that moment of lost hopes and endeavors he did not entirely despair. In the fight Martyn's shirt sleeve had been ripped to the shoulder, revealing a slipped bandage and a half-healed wound furrowing the deltoid. Otto's single eye, starting from his head, saw these things and knew that the heel of Achilles had been revealed. With the last of his strength his left hand went upward and, shaped like a claw, scratched and tore at the livid wounded flesh.

The red-hot agony startled a cry from Martyn, his eyes closed blindly and his grip relaxed.

Otto asked for no more. Whipping the pistol from his pocket he crashed it, butt end first, on Martyn's temple.

Like a sleeping man who mutters in a dream Martyn Saville gave a thin sigh and rolled over on his face.

XXXIX

OTTO VON WEISENBERG struggled to his feet and licked his swollen lips. There was an aching at his throat and something was wrong with the lights. It was as though a black curtain with fiery spangles had fallen and blotted out vision. He felt that he was racing from day to night—night to day—in constant succession. From a distant wing of the hotel came the sound of a piano being hammered to a ragtime melody. He listened without comprehension, without appreciating that the tune was of earthly origin. At first he mistook it for the dreadful music of spheres—the death pipes that whistle in eternal solitudes. A voice broke in and sang: "I met my love in Avalon, beside the sea."

The human words brought realization back to him—a slow return to consciousness—stately as the passage of a hearse, and agonizing in intensity. The common objects of the room—chairs, tables, an open suitcase—which a moment before had had for him no existence, resolved themselves into tangible things that brayed reality. He reeled, blinded by the knowledge that he was alive, snatched from the maw of death—alive. The shock of discovery was too much for him, it caught at his heartstrings, and in a burst of self-pity he fell into a chair, gulping and choking and blubbering like a child. The paroxysm lasted some while and finally died away with gusty sobs and the heaving of shoulders.

There was a decanter of whisky on a side table, toward which he made his way. The raw spirit brought color to his cheeks and control to his limbs. Then for the first time he looked at Martyn Saville, who lay very still with a big purple bruise above the temple. His hands were open with the fingers curved inward as though seeking to close on something. Otto shivered at the sight, and drew back a pace. With eyes averted he crossed to the door, listened, and shook his head. Returning to the center table he took the precious tracing, folded it neatly and put it in his pocketbook. Once more he looked at Martyn as though considering a problem. Presently he went to the fireplace, where he picked up a heavy poker and balanced it in his hand. Satisfied with the result he stealthily approached the sprawling figure on the floor, drawing back the sleeve of his right arm and raising the poker above his head.

From the passage outside came the sound of running feet and a girl's voice crying gladly "Martyn!"

With a savage exclamation Otto flung the poker aside and leaped for the windows. Someone was knocking at the door.

"Martyn!" was repeated.

Otto threw back the shutters and kicked the window frame outward with his foot. The upper branches of a sapling brushed the rail of the balcony. He heard the door open behind him and a girl's voice crying out in amazement, and without pausing to think he leaped over the rail and caught the main stem of the sapling in his right hand. The sudden weight of his body thrown outward bent the plant stem into an arc and lightly, as though he had been lowered on a wire, his feet touched ground. Then with his face toward the sea he ran.

"Martyn! Martyn!" cried Leslie, dropping to her knees and lifting Martyn's head. "What's happened? Oh, my dear, what is it?"

And very slowly Martyn opened his eyes.

"Oh, Martyn!" she cried. "Cyril has told me it wasn't your fault, and ——"

But Martyn wasn't listening.

Fear—terror, almost—was his. He raised himself on his arm and stared at the table. A cry rattled in his throat when he saw that the tracing was gone.

"God! He's got it!" he moaned. "The plan! Get help! Go after him. The world's safety depends on you."

"The man who was here?"

"Yes, yes." He struggled to his feet and battled his way to the window. "There! Look there!" He pointed at a figure running among the trees at the garden end. "Oh, for God's sake—alive or dead ——"

He spun round and fell in a heap beside the curtains.

And Leslie Kavanagh did an amazing thing. Without pause or argument she obeyed. The man she loved was injured—dying, perhaps—and yet she left him. Following the same perilous course Otto had taken, leaping at the high branch, swinging earthward through the air, and racing downhill, heedless of cry and obstacle, to where a motor boat waited at the quay.

XL

CYRIL CONYNGHAM was on the lower terrace chewing the cud of repentance. He had found Leslie two minutes after her interview with Alma Ferraros, found her with flaming cheeks and close-shut hands. She was alone and saying to herself, "I could have forgiven him anything but that."

It was unbearable that Martyn Saville should have used an old love as the means of restoring keepsakes to a new. There was no other explanation. Of course it ended everything between them. She had only one more word to say to Martyn, a word picked up in the bazaar at Cairo, "*Maffisch!*" The Eastern full stop, the end of argument.

Leslie tried to avoid Cyril, but he caught her arm as she passed him by.

"I've got to speak to you, Les," he said.

"Not now," she answered. "I'm going to pack. I want to be alone. I can't speak to anyone."

"Leslie, I've the rottenest job of my life before me."

She shook her head and stamped her foot, but he did not relax his hold.

"All this is my fault," he blurted out. "It was my fault that woman was in Martyn's room last night. My fault you found her there. I got him to fix the time, and I brought you there on purpose."

She ceased struggling and looked at him dazedly.

"No, Cyril, it's decent of you, but it's no good. I know ——"

"You don't. The aunt induced Martyn to try and rescue me from Ferraros. One of her confounded regeneration stunts. She wouldn't believe I was in love with you, really in love. I saw a chance of cutting Martyn out—I knew he was always tripping over wires—so I egged him on and —— Oh, Les, honest to God he wasn't to blame, and I feel like the most unutterable swine that ever lived."

"Then you mean——?"

"Ask the aunt. Ask Martyn. Say I told you to ask."

"Cyril!"

He could have borne abuse. He had steeled himself to do so, but the relief, the rapture that swept over the girl's face like a shaft of evening sunlight, was harder to bear than any contempt.

Without another word he turned away and left her, while she, forgetting his existence, raced up the stairs two at a time with Martyn's name upon her lips.

Very unhappy and ashamed, and yet with a curious sense of having been cleansed, Cyril wandered to the lower terrace and flung himself down on the grass.

"I'm glad I told her," he muttered. "I'm damn glad. It was a lowdown trick."

He fell to wondering what sort of chap he might have turned out with a girl like Leslie for a wife. The moment was inopportune for such a reflection, yet it filled his mind so completely that he never turned his head at the sound of a man bursting through the bushes near by and breathing noisily as he ran.

Two ants were marching side by side through an avenue in the grass, and he watched them as they went. It was uphill work, for one of them was encumbered with luggage of some sort, which he carried upon his head. In imagination Cyril decided they were newly wed and were voyaging forth together to spend a honeymoon in distant parts. A little ahead a spider was concealed in a curled-up leaf, and every now and again peeped forth stealthily. Absurdly enough Cyril conceived the idea that the fellow might have evil designs

Jim Henry's Column

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upon the bridal pair, so he flicked the leaf aside as they came abreast of it. It was good to see the honeymooners go forward unmolested until lost to view in a jungle of dandelion and daisy.

Once again came a brush and rattle of twigs and the sound of running feet. Cyril turned his head and had a momentary glimpse of two legs moving very fast. The owner of the legs was obviously a girl, but foliage concealed her head and body. Vaguely Cyril wondered what errand should drive her to run so fast. He sat up in the hope of a better view, but the path she followed took a twisting course away from him. Half interested he rose and strolled to the head of a flight of stone steps. From this point was an uninterrupted view of the sea. Three hundred yards away was the little quay with Number 36 standing alongside.

While he watched, Cyril saw a man run up the jetty and spring into the motor boat. He was too far off to be recognized, but his movements appeared to be unnaturally rapid. As something of a mechanic himself, Cyril could follow what was happening. The man turned on the petrol, flooded the carburetor, and seizing the starting handle swung it vigorously. A single pop rewarded his labors. With an angry gesture he dropped the handle and looked about him, as though in search of something. Apparently he found what he needed and picking it up busied himself over the engine.

"Priming up," thought Cyril.

His attention was distracted by the sight of a girl who appeared and disappeared among the trees at the end of the garden.

"I could almost swear that's Leslie," muttered Cyril in surprise.

"Pop-pop—pr-r-r-r-r-r" came up from below. It was the full roar of an eight-cylinder ninety-horse-power marine engine.

At the sound Cyril turned his eyes to the boat and its occupant. He saw the man release the painter from the mooring ring, cast off, and get into the driver's seat. The long motor boat reversed three-quarters of its own length, then leaped forward for the narrow mouth of the tiny harbor. And simultaneously appeared the figure of the girl racing up the jetty. She stopped for a moment with her hand on her heart, and in that moment Cyril knew beyond doubt that it was Leslie. The man in the boat lifted his hat and blew her a kiss with his fingers. It would seem that Leslie was only waiting for some such signal, for she came instantly to life. The jetty was shaped like an L. She cut the corner with a four-foot jump, sprinted along the last few yards and leaped clean into the motor boat as it whisked by.

The whole performance was so amazing, so hazardous, so utterly unexpected that Cyril was rooted speechless to the ground. Was he crazy? Had this thing really happened? He pinched himself and shut his eyes. When he opened them again Number 36 was tearing through the sea with a creamy wake and a high shaving of water that curled green on each side of her bows.

XLI

MR. BUTTERWICK found it a more troublesome task to get George Wedderton out of jail than to get him in. The story he had told overnight that had resulted in the arrest had been a mere farrago of lies, but they had been delivered with such emphasis and accuracy of detail that the authorities resolutely declined to accept his equally emphatic early morning denials. Mr. Butterwick raved at a perfectly stolid individual who sat on a high stool behind a higher desk. George Wedderton, he declared, was innocent of the smallest crime, was, in fact, the most honorable of Englishmen, the very glass of probity. But the stolid individual shook his head.

Mr. Butterwick prophesied the fury of the British consul, failing the immediate release of the prisoner. He hinted at a disseverance of relations between Great Britain and France; he declared that the safety of nations was at stake. So vehement were his words and so violent his gestures that one of his carefully assumed side whiskers came unstuck and fell to the ground at his feet. No more unfortunate calamity could have occurred, since it resulted in suspicion being directed upon himself. A gendarme formed up on each side of him and his liberty was all but lost. At this critical moment who should appear upon the scene but George Wedderton, arm in arm with the local *juge d'instruction*. They emerged from a door that led to the cells, chatting to each other after the manner of old friends.

"Ah, Butterwick," said George. "So you got my message. I was expecting you to turn up. Hello, what's wrong with your port-side face fixing?"

Butterwick was speechless.

"Was not this gentleman responsible for your arrest, *mon vieux?*" inquired the *juge d'instruction* with a frown.

"That's all right," said George. "It was a perfectly natural mistake. By your leave, judge, he and I will return to the hotel together. We have business. Good of you to have come round so quickly."

They shook hands.

"*Au 'voir*, judge, and if it isn't bothering you too much keep that waiter locked up until this evening."

"It will be a pleasure. *Au revoir.*"

Mr. Butterwick and George Wedderton walked for a hundred yards in silence, and once Butterwick stopped to buy a bag of nuts from a street vender. He needed stimulant.

"I don't mind telling you," said George at length, "that you nearly put the lid on last night. If I hadn't done some pretty quick thinking the whole structure would have come down like a house of cards."

He was not prepared for an apology and was genuinely embarrassed on getting one.

"That's all right," said he awkwardly. "Matter of fact, I made the worst bloomer of all."

And as rapidly as possible he ran through the events of the preceding night and all that had gone before.

Mr. Butterwick was lost in admiration. The complexity of the affair delighted him, more particularly in view of his rival's disastrous mistake over the plans. On this point he betrayed the most unexpected tolerance, in the manner of a father overlooking the faults of a child.

"Thanks," said George grimly. "I earned that, but don't be too kind, for after all ——"

He left the sentence significantly unfinished.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Butterwick.

And there the matter ended.

At the head of the flight of stone steps they met Cyril Conyngham. He was still gazing across the sea with troubled eyes.

"By the way," said George, "is Miss Kavanagh anywhere about?"

"About?" replied Cyril. "About ten miles out to sea, I imagine."

"What's that?"

He described the extraordinary scene he had witnessed a quarter of an hour earlier.

"Who was the man?"

"Couldn't say. S'pose it was Martyn Saville, though it didn't strike me at the time. Might have been young Callant. He's a motor boatist. Can't get the strength of it."

"H'm!" said George. "I think we'll get up to Saville's room."

He linked arms with Butterwick and hurried away toward the hotel, with Cyril following a hundred yards behind.

At the door a motor car was being loaded up with Alma Ferraros' luggage. George paused to exchange a word with the boots.

"Is Madame Ferraros leaving?"

"She has left already, m'sieur. Madame decided to walk to the station. Her boxes were to follow in the car."

"To walk—indeed."

"Madame remarked that the morning being fine she would prefer the exercise. She had a book and was reading as she walked."

"Ah! I am sorry I missed madame. Thank you."

He gave the man a franc and returned to Butterwick.

"It's worked," he said. "She evidently left that message, that Andrea might gather that everything was all right. A smart girl, that."

They mounted the stairs and knocked at the door of Martyn's room. Getting no answer Butterwick turned the handle and they entered.

Martyn Saville still lay by the window, but his eyes were open and he was breathing regularly. As they came in his head rolled in their direction and he stared stupidly.

"Heaven alive!" exclaimed George. "What's wrong here? Lock the door, quick."

But before Butterwick succeeded in doing so, Cyril Conyngham thrust his way in, with the words "I'm not satisfied about —— Lord! Martyn, you're here! Then who ——"

It was the sight of Cyril that brought realization back to Martyn Saville. For the last ten minutes he had been lying in a kind of stupor, but seeing Cyril woke him like a cold douche. There is no finer restorative than resentment. Martyn struggled to his feet, aided by George Wedderton, and pointed an accusing finger.

"That young swine can get out," he said. Then to George: "Have you got him?"

"Got who, old fellar?"

"Him. Otto something. Got the plan—the real one." A sudden rush of memory swept away the remaining cobwebs from his mind. "Good God! Leslie—she went after him!"

Cyril sprang forward and seized him by the shoulders.

"Leslie's gone out to sea in a motor boat with some chap. Who was he?"

"Otto," muttered Butterwick. "Otto von Weisenberg."

And George spun round to say: "The man you arrested on the French frontier."

Martyn Saville was staring out before him with wide-open eyes.

"Leslie, Leslie and ——" He took a step forward and beat the table with his clenched fists. The violence of the action seemed to calm him. He turned his head to Cyril. "Come on, you," he demanded. "What happened?"

In a few barely coherent sentences Cyril told his tale. When he had finished Martyn laughed, but the laugh died instantly on his lips.

"See what it means?" he said. "Do you grasp it? Not only her peril—but the whole world's. God! Why did I ever invent the thing? Why didn't I see? Either we get it back or ——" He stopped with bitten lips and clenched hands, every muscle vibrating. "We will get it back—we will—we must!"

A sudden idea flashed across his brain.

"Where's young Callant?" he said. "Where's that motor boat he was bragging about last night?"

"Down at the beach!" exclaimed Cyril excitedly. "That's the notion! She's the fastest ——"

"They've twenty minutes' start," moaned Butterwick. "And how can we tell in which direction ——"

"By air, of course." Martyn's head was throbbing like a two-stroke engine, but his brain worked all right. "By air. Isn't there ——"

"There's me!" Cyril almost shouted. "There isn't a waterplane in this harbor I couldn't handle. I know the owners, too, and if I'm not up in half an hour from now ——"

Martyn Saville snatched his coat from a chair back.

"Come on!" he cried.

XLII

HER engines roaring gladly and under a spray that stung like hard rain Number 36 took a straight course out to sea. She was a sturdy craft of the cabin-cruiser type, capable of carrying a dozen passengers, and built throughout of mahogany, an outer and an inner skin. In decent weather she was good for an average of forty miles an hour, and the conditions on this particular morning were all that anyone could desire. The sea was smooth, and what wind there was blew from the land.

Leslie Kavanagh lay where she had jumped, a little forward of the cabin skylight, which she had missed only by inches.

Otto made no observation, no movement. He remained in the driver's seat, steered neatly to avoid the floating corks of some crab pots, and opened up the throttle at full. A clear sea was ahead of him—the blue untroubled Mediterranean—the plan which should re-create his fallen country was tucked in his breast pocket, and a great gladness was in his heart. What matter that a charming girl had elected to bear him company. Girls were easily dealt with, especially charming ones. If she imagined her presence would in any sense interfere with his arrangements she would quickly discover her mistake. True, her sudden apparition upon the jetty had surprised him, but he could not fail to admire the reckless courage she had displayed in leaping so nimbly into the passing boat. Had he guessed her intention he would certainly have given the jetty end a wider berth; but after all, what did it matter? Two is company and one is not, and she would be an admirable stimulant to insure wakefulness. Added to this he had an outstanding score against women in general,

(Continued on Page 36)

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(Continued from Page 34)

and Leslie would provide an excellent opportunity of settling it.

He looked at her with a quizzical and admiring eye. There was something very attractive about her scarlet cheeks and the steady rise and fall of her breast as breathing became easier. Really these English misses were delicious, so fresh, so piquant, so daring.

"My dear," he said, "I have never been so complimented in my life. To think that the kiss I blew should have brought you so swiftly to my side. I trust the leap may have caused you no injury."

"I want that plan," said Leslie. "I want that plan."

Otto assumed an expression of pain.

"Ah, please," he beseeched, "do not shatter my self-esteem by suggesting a material cause for your pursuit of me."

Leslie did not reply at once, she seemed to be deliberating. Presently she said, "You dirty little cad!" and looked around for something to throw, but there was nothing. The smooth, cambered deck beams provided neither marlinspike nor belaying pin, those ever-popular missiles of the sea.

Otto, as a person of some sensibility, objected to being called harsh names, and frowned deeply.

"Young lady," he said, "you will govern your tongue in addressing me. I am not amenable to these violences of speech."

"Dirty cad!" said Leslie again, and then as an after-thought: "Spy—murderer—dirty cad!"

"At sea," said Otto, "discipline must always be maintained."

He put the helm hard down and a slapping wavelet broke over the gunwale of the boat, drenching Leslie to the skin. She gasped and nearly toppled overboard, only saving herself by clutching at the teak frame of the skylight.

Otto smiled and shook his head with the solemnity of a schoolmaster.

"You see," he remarked, "it hurts you more than it hurts me." Then in a kindly tone, "There are some rugs in the cabin if you contemplate removing your wet things."

It was the first time Leslie had received harsh treatment from a man, the first time she had come up against the Prussian spirit of *force majeure*. The discovery shook all her most cherished beliefs. Hitherto she had had but to express contempt of a man's word or act and at once he prostrated himself and called on her to command his destiny. It was unthinkable that her orders should not be obeyed; unthinkable that she should receive orders that must be obeyed.

The desire anew to acclaim him "Cad, cad, cad!" burned her tongue like cayenne pepper, and yet she was certain should she speak the word, retribution would follow, swift and relentless. But to resist the impulse was a terrible sacrifice to her pride.

From the driver's seat Otto watched her with a precise knowledge of what was taking place in her mind. He could see the resolution to affront him come and go in waves of color across her forehead. The sight made him chuckle to himself, and the chuckle made Leslie abandon caution.

"You are a cad," she said.

"I see," smiled Otto, and repeated his previous performance. A second wave swilled over Leslie where she lay. "I trust," he remarked, "you may speedily exhaust the present topic, which is very wearying to me and a trifle wetting to yourself."

There was one advantage to Leslie in having her face dripping with salt water. It was not possible for him to see whether or not she was crying. Never in her life had tears been more tremendously provoked. It is always your despot who breaks into the smallest pieces. But Leslie Kavanagh, despot though she was, had no mind to break yet a while. She had a mission, an office in life that must be performed before the personal element could be considered. In front of her was a vision of Martyn, bruised and broken, who bade her overtake this man and detain him alive or dead. And the safety of civilization was in her keeping. Martyn had said so.

Steadying herself by a low handrail she crawled toward Otto and climbed down into the cockpit.

"Excellent," said Otto. "Excellent and sensible."

The big eight-cylinder engine separated them, and his face showed above it, wreathed in captivating smiles.

"Hold your hands near the exhaust pipe there, and get some warmth. At this time of year the sea is distinctly cold."

"What are you going to do?" asked Leslie.

"I had not intended discussing the matter with anyone," he replied; "but since we are inseparably united on this adventure I will give you my confidence. We are shaping a course for the Balearic Islands, where, after finding an agreeable landing for you, I—but that I had best keep to myself."

Leslie gasped.

"The Balearic Islands!"

"You will find them most interesting and instructive. I once attended a lecture ——"

She interrupted him.

"And do you imagine I shall let you take me all that way? That I shan't find some means of stopping you, of getting that plan?"

"Ah, the plan," said Otto. "How full of plans women always are! Yes, since you came uninvited, I fear ——"

He broke off abruptly as the engine sneezed and stopped.

Leslie had driven a car during the war and had some small knowledge of mechanics. Seated as she was, adjoining the petrol tank, it was an easy matter to turn off the tap of the feed pipe.

Otto half rose in his seat with lips pursed, but almost at once a look of enlightenment came into his face.

"Be so good," he requested, "as to turn on the petrol again."

"I won't," said Leslie.

"In that case I must do it myself."

She did not attempt to oppose him as he came to her side.

"It is always unwise for girls to meddle with what they do not understand," he observed. "By doing so they inevitably bring disaster upon themselves."

With unexpected suddenness he seized her wrist and pushing her hand forward pressed her thumb against the black-hot exhaust pipe of the engine. There was a tiny hiss, a little wisp of smoke, and a sharp cry from the girl. She wrenched her hand free, sprang back into the cabin, and half fell on one of the long seats running on either side.

"You see," said Otto. "I warned you it would come to no good."

Leslie did not answer, but she looked up at him with all the hatred of which she was capable.

"Are we going to behave?"

Someone, probably young Callant, had told her that the hull of a motor boat was almost as thin as cardboard, and in the intensity of her pain and resentment she remembered the fact. Kicking away the stretcher beneath her feet she stamped her heels with all the force she could muster on the thin mahogany shell. In such company it was preferable to sink than to swim.

Otto realized instantly what she was at, and picked her up in his arms before she had done any damage. He was angry now. He pulled off her shoes and flung them—one, two—into the sea. This little fury could not be allowed to go unfettered. Wherefore he dragged down a couple of cords from the window curtains to secure her limbs. She did not make it easy for him to bind her legs; she kicked and bit, and even tried, very nearly with success, to drag the leather case that contained the plan from his pocket. For all these attentions Otto handled her as roughly as he could, wrenching her arms behind her back and binding the wrists cruelly tight. When he had finished he wrapped her in a rug and flung her into the seat adjoining his.

"So," he said. "Those who cannot behave must be taught."

He cranked up the engine and took his place at the wheel. But before getting under way again he kissed her repeatedly on the mouth. After that he slipped an arm round her shoulders and drew her close.

The twin propellers churned the water into cream, and once again Number 36 cut her way through the waves.

A sailor in an admiralty tug two hundred yards distant chuckled to himself and spat over the side as he watched the high-sea lovers go thundering by to the sou'sou'west.

XLIII

YOUNG CALLANT'S protests were wasted. In vain he argued that the Whirlwind was his boat and his alone. In vain he urged that no one but himself could be sure of conducting her at the maximum speed.

"My good lad," said Martyn Saville, "I was designing these toys when you were in the pram. There is only seating for two, and Wedderton here is coming with me."

George Wedderton nodded, and subscribed.

"Better make the best of it, Callant, for, sure as eggs, if you put up opposition I'll drop a spanner on your head accidental-like."

From overhead came a resonant throbbing and a wisp of shadow skimmed over the sandy fore shore.

"Good boy," said Martyn. "He's up."

The hydroplane was flying low, low enough for the features of Cyril Conyngham to be visible, and just behind him, peeping over the nacelle, the outline of Mr. Butterwick's head.

"That was quick work."

It had been quick work too. For once in a way, Cyril Conyngham, inspired by the wish to wash out a score against his conscience, had got a move on. The big hydroplane had been floating at the pierhead ready to take up its complement of two-guinea passengers. Fortunately Cyril's friend, Lemoine, had been in charge. Lemoine had had rather a hectic time overnight and his powers of resistance were low. Cyril's French was fluent and his manner persuasive. He and Butterwick were hopping over the waves before Lemoine had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to yell an emphatic refusal. Then, of course, it was too late. The unhappy Frenchman was left, a dwindling dot of protest on the pierhead, calling on the heavens to answer what his directors would have to say on the subject.

Cyril handled the machine neatly. He swept in a wide circle over the beach and headed for the open sea.

"Hundred to one," he yelled, "the swine is making for the Italian coast!" And Butterwick nodded.

Cyril's orders were clear. He was to scan the horizon and as soon as he saw the fugitive he was to return and give the course to Martyn Saville. The sense of doing something made him almost forget the misery of mind that had tormented him since Leslie was carried away. He waved to the tiny knot of watchers on the beach, rose higher and opened up.

"Come on! Lend a hand here," said Martyn. "Let's get her afloat."

Callant, having realized the uselessness of further objection, switched his talk into a pæan of praise for his little craft. Her speed, her flexibility, her astounding seaworthiness—he praised them all. Never did troubadour exalt his lady with greater wealth of adjective and noun than was employed by this ardent young man.

"She's a daisy—a wonder," he declared. "Here! Hike her up a bit or the prop. will foul this shingle bank. That's the style. I tell you there isn't another like her. and ——"

Martyn cut him short.

"Never mind her good points. Let's hear her bad."

"Aren't any; she's perfect. 'Least when I'm in charge, she is. Want to use your clutch easy. Deuce of a thrust from this new propeller and she's built light. Don't open up too fast—give her the gas gently or she'll bell ——"

They were at the water's edge now with little wavelets swilling over their ankles. The wind had freshened considerably in the last half hour.

"Wait for a good 'un," said Martyn. "And let her bows drop; all the weight is aft."

A big seventh wave sliced across the sand, and as it sucked back they lowered the little craft on the receding crest of it, thrusting outwards until the three of them were waist deep in water.

"Good enough!" shouted Callant.

He certainly knew how to play with his toy. Leaning inboard he cranked up the engine with a nimble half turn. His yell of "Get in!" was almost drowned by thunder from the exhaust. "Keep her to it!" he screamed, as an unexpectedly large sea piled up a few yards ahead.

George Wedderton rolled over the side and Martyn flung himself into the driving seat with a bare second's grace. The vanguard of the wave was already sweeping the little boat parallel with the shore. It seemed almost certain they would meet that curl of water on the beam and be rolled over and over up the sand.

Young Callant flung his weight against the bows to bring her head round, and

(Continued on Page 38)

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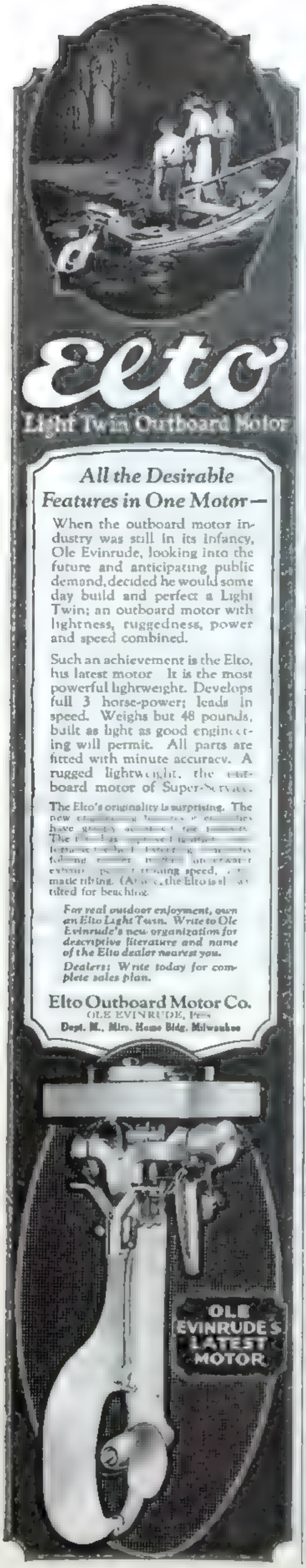
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(Continued from Page 36)

simultaneously Martyn let in the clutch. The kick as the propeller took up the drive nearly snapped his spine against the bow-rail of the seat. Young Callant threw himself back and disappeared in a spume of water as the Whirlwind drilled clean through the center of the wave and emerged on the far side.

When young Callant picked himself up, coughing and spluttering and half filled with water, all he could see of his beloved boat was a narrow white line three hundred yards in length that terminated in a gray, bouncing speck. Unconscious of the water that broke over him he stood sorrowfully gazing out to sea until even the white line had faded into blue.

It had never occurred to him to ask what all this commotion was about, and it never occurred to him to wonder until he had returned to his room at the hotel and was rubbing himself down with a rough towel. It then occurred to him that he had allowed himself to be rushed, and addressing his reflection in the mirror he gravely observed, "Wouldn't surprise me to find I've acted like a supremely pink fool."

XLIV

ACCORDING to plan Martyn Saville laid a course due south. Cyril was to scour the seas east and southeast. Otto von Weisenberg, as we know, was steering sou'-sou'-west. It had been arranged that Martyn should pursue his course for ten miles and then stand by until the waterplane returned with information.

He covered the distance in less than a quarter of an hour, and the wild race had been wonderfully soothing to his nerves. The Whirlwind was all her owner had claimed her to be. Like a bobsleigh she skimmed the surface, riding gayly forward on a cushion of frothed water and air. From stem to stern she thrilled with life—throbbing, pulsing life; mad, ecstatic, unconquerable life. It was almost more than Martyn could bear to throttle down and idle in the trough of the waves while he waited for the return of the plane.

George Wedderton was a pillar of strength in that time of inaction. He knew exactly what was passing through the mind of his companion, knew exactly the pictures he must be conjuring up, and knew what any expression of sympathy would be worth.

Accordingly he lit a pipe of rather damp tobacco and as though it were a chance meeting at a club, talked of persons and incidents which had no relation to present circumstances. He rattled on, answering his own questions and supplying his own arguments. The idea was to provide a counterirritant, and was entirely successful.

"You didn't know old Ned Sefton? No. Charming chap. Married one of the —— Lord! I'll forget my own name next. Had a place out Dorking way. Keilings—that's the name! Knew you'd think of it. Old Keiling drank a bit, but was a good shot at a driven bird. Met him first in Kashmir in '89—or was it '90? Still—doesn't matter. Ned Sefton was mixed up in that gambling case; though, of course, White was really the chap to blame—low-down beggar, but smoked most astonishing good cigars. Used to get 'em from ——"

And suddenly Martyn burst out laughing.

"You confounded ass," he exploded, "for any sake, dry up!"

At precisely that moment a dark speck appeared in the eastern sky, and Martyn sprang to his feet, aglow with excitement.

The waterplane approached rapidly and sighting the motor boat dipped to an altitude of a hundred feet.

Cyril cut out his engine for a second as the plane passed overhead, and yelled, "Nothing doing!"

He made a gesture toward the southwest, cut in again and rose quickly.

All the hope died out of Martyn's face.

"Can't stand this hanging about," he announced. "George, old man, I'm going to follow."

"With you there," said George. "Let her have it!"

Their spirits rose as the little boat started again on its mad career.

The plane was the faster, but although it gained rapidly they never let it out of their sight. Like a gigantic hawk it zigzagged in the sky, ranging from right to left, and for the best part of two hours the race went on. The wind was astern now and every condition favorable. The angry wavelets that had slapped at the port bow now chased the Whirlwind forward to speed her on the way.

Martyn Saville had not spoken since they changed their course, but looking round, George Wedderton noted that his face was drawn with misery.

"Mustn't forget, old man, they had a big start," he said, and threw a friendly arm round Martyn's shoulders.

"I know," nodded Martyn. "I know."

"We'll keep our end up, won't we?"

"You bet!"

"That's the stuff," said George. "Damn it, we'll get that plan and the little girl too."

"Put her first if you don't mind," Martyn replied. "She's what counts."

He was silent again for a moment, thinking.

"As for the plan," he said at last, "if once I lay hold of it—it shall be destroyed. Yes, and every trace of the thing."

"You don't mean ——"

"I swear to heaven I'll obliterate it. Whatever it costs me, that machine shall be sponged out of existence. It's too mighty a weapon, old chap, too dangerous. The world isn't civilized enough to handle a power that ——"

He stopped abruptly and shouted, "Look! Look!"

Away in the distance they saw the waterplane bank perilously and come roaring back toward them.

"Got 'em!" yelled George. "He's found 'em! There—over there! You can see the swine!"

On the extreme horizon a tiny dot that might have been a cork bobbed up and down to the rise and fall of the sea.

Martyn's mouth set firm and he huddled down in the driving seat. The engine fairly screamed, its voice echoed by the roar from the waterplane overhead.

Once again Cyril brought her round and the avenging forces of sea and air raced madly after the black dot on the horizon.

Mr. Butterwick had the best view of what subsequently took place. The Whirlwind was gaining on Number 36, and by leaps and bounds was swallowing up the distance that separated them. Cyril had throttled down as nearly as possible to keep over the little craft, and Mr. Butterwick saw George Wedderton take a repeater from his hip pocket and balance it in his hand. The expression on George's face was as calm as a man's who waits at the covert side for the birds to rise. Martyn Saville was crouched over the wheel, looking grim as steel.

Shifting his attention from pursuer to pursued, Butterwick saw Von Weisenberg glance over his shoulder and thrust Leslie away from his side. The girl half rose, but he put out a foot and forced her back into the seat, holding her down with his leg across her lap. It was evident he knew he must be overtaken, for without warning he put his helm hard down and brought Number 36 round to face the enemy in a sharp circle. He closed his throttle, tugged a pistol from his pocket and pressed the muzzle against Leslie's head.

Clearly Martyn Saville had not expected this maneuver, and nearly collided with the stationary Number 36, missing her only by inches as he slowed down.

"Go straight on," said Otto. "If you turn or follow me this girl is shot."

Above the roar of the motors Butterwick could not hear the words; it was as though he sensed their meaning. He saw George Wedderton's pistol arm drop suddenly, and the Whirlwind's propellers churn the water. He knew that the first round of the fight had gone against them, and the bare thought drove him mad. To keep in touch Cyril had zigzagged, and at the exact moment that fury entered into the heart of Mr. Butterwick the plane was passing immediately over Number 36 at a height of barely thirty feet. Mr. Butterwick was wearing his overcoat, and in the pocket was the bag containing two pounds of walnuts which he had bought earlier in the day. His twitching fingers were circling it and neither thought nor judgment persuaded his action. Flinging himself half out of the plane's nacelle he alogged the bag of nuts at a momentary flash of black that was Otto's head. There wasn't a dog's chance of scoring a hit—later on he admitted that it was no more than a crazy, rage-born impulse, but nevertheless it turned the day. The bag missed Otto's head, but it struck his wrist with a clean healthy smack and sent flying into the deep a Mauser pistol that any man might have been proud to handle.

"Get back!" yelled George. "Bring her round! He's out of it!"

Martyn Saville needed no second invitation. He had shot past a hundred yards when the order came, and would have gone on till the crack of doom, with Leslie's life in jeopardy. But there was that in George's voice that spelled triumph. He declutched, bore down on his wheel, faced about and let in his clutch again with a jerk. In normal circumstances he would never have acted so, but the excitement of a victory that he did not yet understand for the moment robbed him of mechanical sense. His foot was hard down on the accelerator, and the engine, running free, was racing madly. The sudden let-in of the clutch imposed a tremendous strain on the transmission.

There was a jerk, a slugging motion, and the key in the propeller shaft was sheared off as cleanly as a scythe cuts hay. The voice of the engine pitched high to a crazy scream, and the Whirlwind ran forward a few yards on its own impetus, slowed down and stopped.

Otto von Weisenberg had lived by his wits, seizing opportunities as they arose and profiting by them ruthlessly. He saw that by a miracle his principal enemy was at his mercy, and the counterblast from the engine of Number 36 proved his realization of the fact.

"He's coming!" said Martyn; then lifting his voice to a yell, "Lie down, Leslie! I'm going to shoot."

Number 36 was leaping toward them at the speed of an express train. Otto had thrown himself sideways, and only the top of his head was visible. A couple of bullets whined past his ear and a third pecked up a splinter from the cabin skylight. Then—crash!

The bows of Number 36 struck the Whirlwind, smashing her light hull and knocking George Wedderton heels over head into the sea.

But Martyn Saville jumped—just one second before the impact would have made a jump impossible. Otto read his intention in the flash of an eyelid and stood up to ward him off in mid-air. But thirteen stone of solid and determined matter is no shuttlecock to be easily diverted. Martyn landed fair and square and locked his enemy in a mighty embrace.

No longer under control, Number 36 ran on for fifty yards and stopped. The Whirlwind had disappeared, but the brown head of George Wedderton was bobbing in the sea over the spot where she had sunk.

"Otto," said Martyn, "this is the end." And his hand fastened on his adversary's throat.

A playful wavelet tilted the boat to a sharp angle and sent the two figures stumbling backwards to the low rail, where they swayed perilously.

"For you," gasped Otto, and kicked savagely at Martyn's shin.

Leslie heard a thud as Martyn's left came home over Otto's heart. Then a splash and they were gone. With a cry she threw herself forward and gazed down into the water. Far below she saw a gray formless mass vanish into the green. A few bubbles rose and burst lightly on the surface—then nothing.

"Martyn! Martyn!" she moaned. "Oh, my dear—my dear!"

A gull mewed overhead, some little white clouds came sailing up from the east, and the noonday sun scattered diamonds upon the sea. It was a gentle requiem, without sign or sound of what had gone before. A winding sheet of water, and a clear, clean sky, and Nature singing her old contemptuous song.

Something struck the seat by Leslie's side. She started, and looked at a small leather pocketbook dripping with water and bearing the initials O. W.

"Sorry to have been so long," gasped Martyn Saville.

It was like him to come up on the wrong side of the boat.

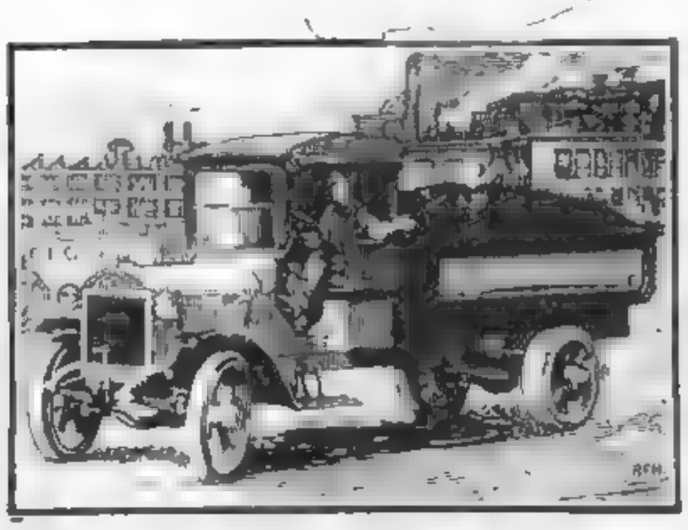
About two minutes later the voice of George Wedderton hailed them from the sea.

"I don't know whether you young people expect me to swim home?"

But they did not seem aware of him, which is no great mystery after all.

"Oh, very well," he grumbled. "I'll get where I am wanted." And he struck out for the big hydroplane, which with its crew of two enthusiasts, who were yelling themselves hoarse, had settled on the surface of the water fifty yards away.

(THE END)



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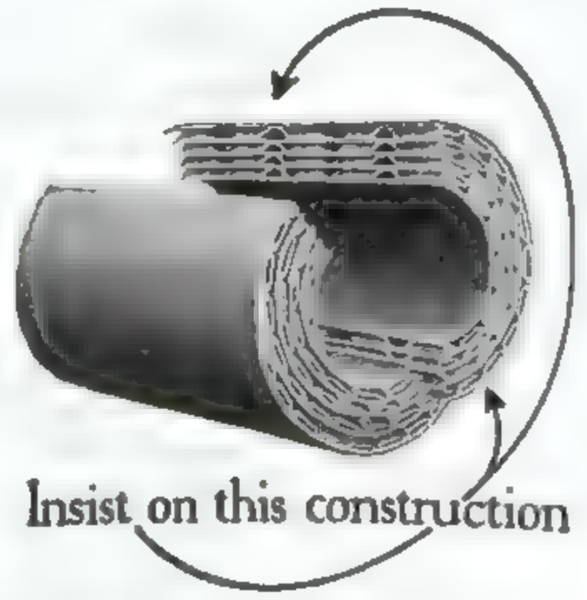

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UTOPIAN NIGHTMARES

(Continued from Page 15)

the platform to the space behind the station which in ordinary times would probably be crowded with droshkies and great bundled-up muzhiks clamoring for fares, I saw a dead woman lying in the snow. The beggars tugged at me more frantically and cried more bitterly, pointing to the dead woman and beating themselves upon the breasts as much as to say that that was what they were coming to.

It was too much for me. I decided to go back to the car and shut myself in, and was just about to turn to recross the tracks when I saw a woman coming toward me down the platform. Unmistakably British! I hurried toward her and held out my hand. I did not say "How do you do?" or anything like that. I said, "What on earth are you doing here?"

She told me she belonged to the British Friends' organization that had taken over the Buzuluk section for relief operations.

"I'm supposed to be doing famine-relief work of some sort for the benefit of the Russians," she said, "but what I'm really doing and have been doing ever since I got here is nursing our own chaps, down with typhus." She was plainly disgusted. I asked her how many cases she had had.

"Five all together," she replied. "My last one just died, and now I'm off to take care of a sixth. I'm a nurse, but I say I didn't come out here to Russia to nurse Englishmen down with typhus."

I saw then that she was not so much disgusted as dejected. She had fatigue written all over her. She was dressed, as I was, in a sort of haphazard outfit of leather with a big leather overcoat and aviator's cap. The cold was so intense that it brought tears to my eyes, and my lips could hardly form the words I wished to speak, but though she had the nosepiece and temples of her spectacles wrapped in cotton wool to keep them from freezing to her face, her coat was open at the throat, and the straps of her cap were flying in the bitter wind. She didn't care. She was all in. I asked her where she was going.

"Oh, up the road about forty versts to a village where we've got some kitchens going."

I thought it probably was the village back to which the colonel and the doctor had not walked the night before.

"Is there a train?" I asked. "When do you expect to get away?"

"I don't know," she answered, "but there ought to be something along sometime today."

"What are you traveling in?"

"I'm traveling in what I live in," she said, pointing to a small box car a few tracks across from where we stood.

"Do you mean the little yellow one with the smokestack?" I asked.

"I do," said she, and we both laughed.

Besieged by Beggars

This lit things up a bit and I was not so reticent then about asking her how she was managing to get along. The smokestack was a piece of ordinary stovepipe running out through a hole in the roof of the box car and was attached within to a little sheet-iron stove. This stove provided her with such heat as it could and with the means for preparing her own food. She had an army cot, a washbasin, pitcher and pail, and some boxes of supplies. We had gone over to have a look at it and I had to stand on my tiptoes in order to peep through a crack in its door.

"But how do you get into it?" I asked.

"By main strength and awkwardness," she answered.

We were laughing as we went back across the tracks. The beggars were still following us, but they had stopped tugging and whimpering, and seemed to be regarding us with a kind of strained interest. I wonder if any of them wondered how we could laugh under such circumstances as those. Maybe not. They were a misery-bedulled and hopeless lot; but, nevertheless, one felt quite sure that begging was to most of them a hateful employment. Incidentally it is a new kind of employment in Russia. In the old days one often remarked that there were very few Russian beggars. Indeed, I do not remember ever having encountered one. But now they are everywhere. It would be interesting to know what percentage of the population has been reduced to this mode of existence. There are so many of them that they are a constant annoyance, not to say a menace. They are all so fearfully ragged and dirty that contact with them is a thing to dread, yet even in the once proud old city of Moscow it is not possible to walk on the streets without being besieged; this being true of Petrograd as well, and other cities in all parts of the country. It is hideous and amazing! We walked on up the platform and with a nod of my head I indicated the dead woman lying in the gateway.

"Why don't they pick up that body?" I exclaimed. "It's an awful thing to have a woman die like that and no more attention paid to her than if she were an alley cat!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said my weary English friend very wearily. "But it's too early in the morning to begin to pick up the dead. They are lying all round everywhere. She's only one of many."

"Do you mean to tell me that the situation in this section is as bad as all that?"

"It is just so bad that there is no way to tell you about it. I fail to see what's going to come of it. We are feeding as many as we can, but our means are limited to what we can get by appealing to our people."

The Plight of the Boorjooies

She grew suddenly silent and deeply thoughtful. We walked on a few paces, then she said: "But, do you know, I'm not nearly as much moved by the dead and dying as I probably ought to be. It is a terrible situation and a certain number must die. That sounds hard-hearted, but as you know in your own experience it is absolutely necessary to be hard-hearted and selective in this kind of work. It gets on my nerves, of course, horribly! To see people starving to death by the dozens every day is too awful, but what can one do?

"The thing my intelligence resents more than anything else in the whole wretched mess," she continued, "is the situation of my own kind of people; the good, ordinary, everyday citizens of the country—the boorjooies as they call them—reduced to idleness and beggary and just scratching around trying to find a little food!" She was indignantly voicing my own most positive sentiments and I responded with hearty agreement.

"And the young people!" she exclaimed. "One generation already grown up from fifteen years old to twenty without education, and another generation growing up without education, while the soviets putter around with their grand and unworkable schemes and pretend that their first object in life is to educate everybody. Though I probably shouldn't say it is pretense. They are sincere enough, likely as not, but they have simply undertaken something that cannot be done."

We discussed the plight of the bourgeois children and the fathers and mothers of them for a while, then, as we were standing opposite the car in which my companions and I were traveling, she said, "I see you Americans are getting about with your usual regard for comfort. You certainly do know how to do yourselves!"

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "The only thing that car has to recommend it is that it is clean. And at that, we gave it an extra spray of gasoline when we got into it, just to make sure. We are not taking any unnecessary chances with typhus. When an American gets typhus he is pretty likely to die. We seem to be less immune than any other people, and we are not over here to die for the Russians if we can help it."

"Well, of course you are right," she replied. "But then, you have your great rich Government behind you, and are taking care of ten thousand people to our one. You can demand what you need from the soviets, and get it. And I'm glad you can! More power to you! I wish we could do more than we are doing. But in England we are pretty hard up ourselves, you know. There are two and a half million unemployed, with other millions on part employment in one way or another, and everybody from me to the Prime Minister giving up to debts and the government more than half of everything we can rake and scrape. We can't expect much in the way of public support for philanthropic work in Russia, can we? But we are doing what we can. Monstrous situation!"

A Business Coupe Of Steel

Dodge Brothers offer to the business public of America an entirely new principle in Coupe body construction.

From framework to window mouldings the body is built of steel. It is the first all-steel closed car ever marketed. This design anticipates every possible requirement of commercial travel. It insures unusual quietness—unusual grace—unusual stamina. It has made it possible to give the Coupe that same lustrous baked-on enamel finish for which Dodge Brothers open cars have long been famous.

The upholstery is of genuine leather—leather that will wash and wear. The seat is wide and comfortable. Carrying compartments are accessible and spacious. The car is equipped with a heater, dome light, window levers, windshield cleaner, cord tires, Yale door locks, and every other appointment necessary to the owner's comfort and protection.

Built inside and out to withstand the wear and tear of everyday use, it retains the same lightness and beauty of line which you are accustomed to look for in Dodge Brothers cars.

It is the Business Coupe which business people the world over have been expecting —from Dodge Brothers.

The price is $980 f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS

A cool velvety skin in spite of summer's heat

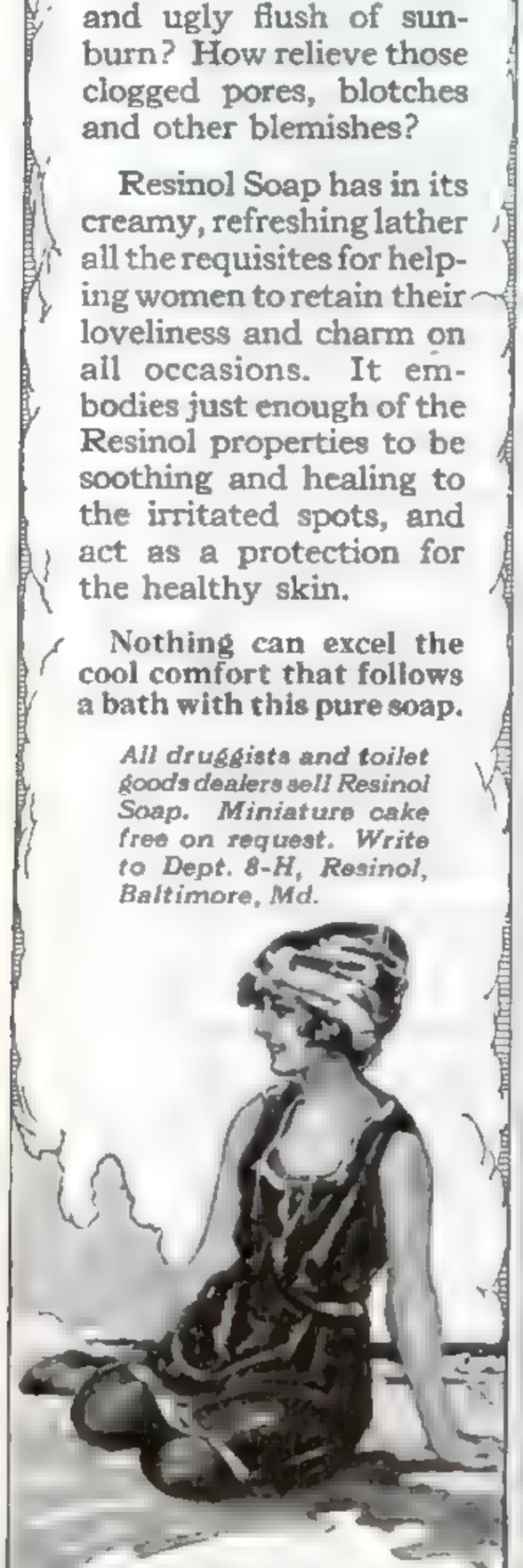
HOW to keep dainty and attractive throughout the activities of the long, hot summer days, is the perplexing thought of most women.

How allay the sting and ugly flush of sunburn? How relieve those clogged pores, blotches and other blemishes?

Resinol Soap has in its creamy, refreshing lather all the requisites for helping women to retain their loveliness and charm on all occasions. It embodies just enough of the Resinol properties to be soothing and healing to the irritated spots, and act as a protection for the healthy skin.

Nothing can excel the cool comfort that follows a bath with this pure soap.

All druggists and toilet goods dealers sell Resinol Soap. Miniature cake free on request. Write to Dept. 8-H, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



Resinol Soap

She was a gloomy soul, was she not? But such a nice soul! It gave one a kind of healthy and wholesome Anglo-Saxon feeling to look into her tired eyes behind their spectacles wrapped in cotton wool. And she was right when she said the British Friends were doing all they could. They, together with some other British organizations, are doing a very great deal, and they are doing it all on a basis of popular benevolence. Sir Benjamin Robertson went into Russia and had a look at things. He is a specialist in famine relief, having directed some of the big British operations in India at one time or another, and after he had investigated conditions in Russia in that thorough British manner with which we are all familiar, he went back to England and told the plain simple truth. He said that the American Relief Administration, with its affiliated American organizations, was doing about 95 per cent of all the relief work that was being done, and doing it with remarkable efficiency and with no ulterior motive that any reasonable person could possibly discover.

I am not quoting Sir Benjamin Robertson exactly, but am offering merely the gist of his expressed conclusions. He said that the American program was such that it exhausted all Russian facilities for handling relief, and that therefore it would be attempting the impossible for Great Britain to undertake to do more than was being done by the private philanthropic organizations already in the field. He advised strong public support of these organizations in order that they might continue to function, because he had observed that they were doing an amazing good. His sane and measured sentences of sound judgment were as the firm hand of a physician restraining hysteria. The people of England will go on supporting their organizations, and these organizations will go on doing their splendid work.

Sweden also is helping, you know. I am sorry, but I forgot to ask, so I do not know whether the Swedish relief is wholly a public benefaction or partly governmental. In any case, it is very fine. It is confined, for the most part, to a section of the Volga Valley centering in Samara and is administered by Swedish army officers. I saw some of them in Samara and they certainly are one good-looking and efficient outfit. I was as proud of them as I naturally would have been if they had hailed from Minnesota. They offer even a sharper contrast to the bedraggled Russian population than is offered by the Americans present, because the Americans are in civilian clothes and nearly all of them seem to be saving their good clothes for somewhere else.

Universal Hunger

I am not going on with a detailed account of how we got to Orenburg. It should be enough to say that it was a journey of two hundred and sixty miles and that it took us four days to make it. The details of such a trip are interesting only because they illustrate quite vividly what the breakdown of transportation facilities and all the normal processes of life can mean to a people.

But really the Russian situation is too tremendous! If it were only just a little problem with the fortunes of a numerically insignificant people involved it would be so easy to comprehend and to write about. One can take from two to ten millions of people in one's hand, regard them as a unit, and say with a certain degree of assurance what is or is not sound and true in their social organization, in their claims and general attitudes. But in Russia one's mind sweeps over such vast areas; the populations are so great and so various and their problems so manifold and diverse. There is one thing, however, that is not complicated in one's mind in any way, and that is that universal hunger in Russia has served to dwarf all other considerations throughout the entire land.

Orenburg is the farthest great outpost of European Russia. It lies on the border between Europe and Asia and is peopled by a curious and interesting mixture of races. The Kirghis and other Asiatic elements seem to predominate, and the general countenance of the population as a whole is strongly Oriental, but also there are European Russians of all the known varieties, as well as Germans and Dutch; these belonging to the large Mennonite colonies that were established in these regions as the same kind of colonies or communities were established in the United States.

The city is built in and round the edges of a kind of shallow cup in a vast steppe which stretches away and away on all sides as far as human vision can reach, and at any point from the slight rise of the rim of this cup one can see it all. What one sees is a curiously unfinished Oriental sketch of a city. It is partly Mohammedan and it is therefore that among the innumerable glittering gilt and bright-colored pineapple-shaped domes of its Greek churches are many tall and graceful minarets, all these rising above a widespread commonplaceness in the way of ordinary city buildings and dun-colored human habitations. From afar off I saw it one day in a thick soft snowstorm, and it looked as though the heaven-soaring part of it had detached itself from the earthbound part and were floating away. That was very beautiful.

But I saw it otherwise and otherwheres. Ordinarily a traveler to such an outpost of western civilization would be interested in its history and development. He would be exploring its churches and its mosques, its schools and museums; he would be investigating its industries and resources, and discussing with himself its ethnological peculiarities. But that would be in normal times under normal conditions. The city has about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and I was chiefly interested in the facts that these inhabitants were dying of starvation at the rate of approximately six hundred a day, and that cannibalism had become so common among them that their butchers had actually begun to profiteer in human flesh, with the result that the soviet authorities had had to issue an order forbidding the sale in the public markets of anything in the way of cutlets or chopped meat.

Still Hunting for Home

The statement that the inhabitants of the city were dying of starvation at the rate of six hundred a day is not quite sufficiently correct. Orenburg is the metropolitan center of a very extensive agricultural section dotted all over with small peasant villages. This section was empty of food, and as always happens in such a case the panic-stricken people by the thousands flocked to the city. The city could neither shelter them nor feed them, and in consequence they contributed very largely to the daily toll of death.

Incidentally, Russia is filled with human derelicts, with people who belong to nobody and who have no social identity. This has always been true to a certain extent, and as a normal phenomenon could be attributed on the one hand to the nomadic instinct and habits of the people and on the other to the milling around in a vast domain of great numbers not yet brought within the influence of the settling processes of a social organization still in the course of formation. In Russian literature one meets such people constantly, finding them under ordinary conditions strangely fascinating, but the derelicts of today are much too numerous and they are not as the derelicts of happier times. The average Russian peasant knows the name of his village, but so far as geography is concerned that is practically all he knows. In innumerable instances he knows nothing about even his county, much less his province. These are not the names by which Russian divisions of territory are called, but they are the equivalents of the Russian names.

Came the great war, and the Russian peasants were conscripted by the million, hundreds of thousands of them not having previously been called to their regular military service and never having been away from the villages in which they were born. They were taken to the Russian front under circumstances about which the world has since informed itself. They fought a brave fight and were very wonderful, as we all know, but they continued to walk in benightedness, save as they were influenced by the subtle propaganda of the social revolutionists. The revolution came; the Russian front broke up and these men in multitudes turned their backs upon the war and started for home. They boarded trains wherever there were trains to be boarded; they rode in anything that happened to be available; inside cars or on the roofs of them, on the trucks or coupling pins; it made no difference; they were going home!

But where was home? They didn't know. They might name the name of some obscure village thousands of miles away, but that was all they could do. They were without guard or guidance—many thousands of them, you understand—and for a long period they simply went on wandering here and there, living on the railroads and picking up the wherewith to live any way they could. Many of them—most of them, probably—were absorbed in the Red army, but there are still great numbers of them, along with hordes of women and children, in the army of the wholly unattached; men, women and children living without any kind of human relationships save such as they may form among themselves in their common misfortune.

Such people would naturally gravitate in throngs to the cities. They are constantly going somewhere, anywhere that happens to be on a highway or a railroad; and thus it happens that the city of Orenburg has its share of them in addition to the refugees from the regions round about. They seem to think that if they can only get where there are many other people they will be able to live.

But there is nothing to do, you know. There are no industries of any kind. Government funds have been mysteriously dissipated throughout all Russia and the administrative soviets are no longer able to take care even of government employes, much less of such people as these.

Orenburg came nearer to being hell on earth than anything I had ever seen either in actual fact or in nightmares brought upon me through intimate association with too much horror. In forty-eight hours in that awful city I saw more dead bodies than I had seen before in the entire course of my life, and I saw the Chinese famine, as a result of which people died in sufficient numbers. I saw worse filth and more of it and completer degradation than I had ever before dreamed of, and I saw the Armenians at their lowest, which was low enough. I saw dogs eating human corpses by the roadside while throngs of people passed by with utter indifference. And it was not so much the fate of the dead that troubled me either; it was the apathy of the living. I saw starving men catch and brutally slaughter pariah dogs for the purpose of eating them, holding them by the hind legs and beating their heads against the ice banks with which the streets were lined. I saw worse things than these.

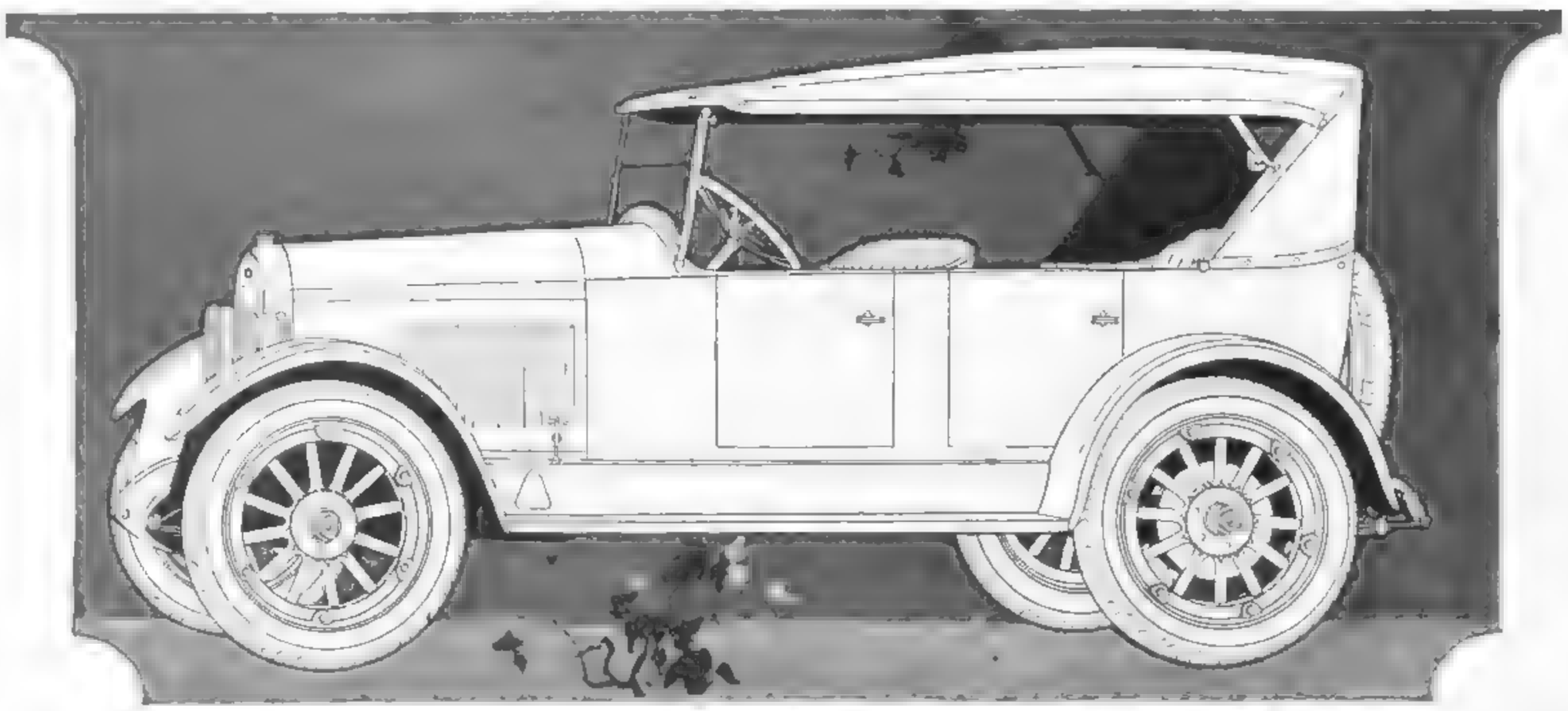
Relief Work at Orenburg

And in the midst of it all I saw a little company of American men, with their teeth set and their nerves held in check, doing what they could to help. They were carrying out a fixed and provided-for program. What more could they do? They were responsible for the direct feeding of a certain specified number of thousands of children, for actually putting into the mouths of these children American food doled out and prepared under their own supervision and accounted for in their records to the last ounce. It was, or is, rather, a gigantic task. It is not a task they expect to see the end of for a long time to come. But I am writing about them now in perspective. They were feeding not only a large part of the child population of Orenburg—nearly every little citizen who had not passed his or her fourteenth birthday—but they were operating kitchens in many villages scattered over an area of some hundreds of square miles, their only lines of communication being open roadways across the steppes, their only means of transporting supplies being sledges drawn by camels or horses, themselves half dead from starvation.

The suffering of the animals was a terrible thing to witness. One of the first things the American Relief Administration did in Russia was to buy in Finland, Sweden and other near-by countries a few tons of fodder—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth, I think it was—and distribute it over the areas in which relief operations were to be carried out. But even so, there was a great shortage, and the animals as well as the people were on famine rations, their ranks being rapidly thinned by slaughter and death; the only difference being that when a camel hasn't even a cud to chew on you cannot reason with him about it and bolster up his pluck with talk about how he is just one poor camel among thousands. And did you know that when a camel is underfed or otherwise reduced from a normal physical condition his hump gets soft and flops over most forlornly? Also he gets mangy and his hair comes out in big patches, leaving him shivering and shuddering in the cold. He looks

(Continued on Page 44)

Backed by Thirteen Years' Experience



Six Cylinders—50 Horsepower—$1065

This car is named after Harry M. Jewett, President of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company.

It bears Mr. Jewett's name because it is a Paige product and represents a personal ideal of all that a sound five passenger automobile should be.

While the Jewett is new there are thirteen years of manufacturing experience behind it—thirteen years of devotion to quality standards and fair dealing with the public.

It is a Six because a Six is a mechanism of inherent balance. The smooth, even-flowing power means lack of vibration and that, in turn, means long life and the truest form of economy.

It is fifty horse power because ample power is the prime essential of performing ability. An undersized motor in an automobile means just the same thing as weak, undersized muscles in a man.

It is built on a sturdy, deep channeled frame and equipped with the best clutch, transmission, drive shaft and rear axle that engineering affords.

It is, in brief, just the car that you would expect to bear the name of Jewett. As an investment value at $1065 f. o. b. Detroit, there could be nothing sounder or safer on the market.

Take a ride today. Make up your mind to find out why this strictly modern six is breaking sales records in every section of the nation. Let the Jewett speak for itself.

It is sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six Built by Paige

Before Buying Any Car

THE newest development is Standardized Service which means the finest transportation at the lowest cost per mile.

Marmon is first to announce it. All guesswork is ended as to upkeep costs. A flat-price system, nation-wide, standardizes and lowers the price of 85% of all service operations.

This is a fitting climax to the years of development behind the Marmon. It has always been conceded first place in performance, easy handling and comfortable riding. It has long been noted for dependability and sturdiness.

Now it takes first place among all fine cars for economy of operation and maintenance.

Don't be satisfied with a lesser car, now that you can own a Marmon.

Investigate Standardized Service and what it means to you.

MARMON
The Foremost Fine Car

Mail the coupon for free copy of "Modern Transportation Costs."

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY
Established 1851
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs" describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 42)

down upon humanity with great disdain, as usual, but to his disdainfulness is added an expression of peculiarly poignant pathos, and he lifts up his raucous voice in frequent protestation.

It is a surprise to nearly everyone to find that camels are the principal beasts of burden in the lower Volga Valley and on the steppes beyond. Camels go with whispering palm trees, burning sunlight and billowing deserts, and not with interminable reaches of white iciness and frozen silence. But I found a camel train in silhouette against a world of snow no less fascinating in its way than a camel caravan in silhouette against a world of golden sand, except that I felt so sorry for the poor brutes.

On my tour of inspection in Orenburg, Doctor Beeuwkes thought it would be a good idea for me to begin with a *priemnik*. And when I think what a *priemnik* is my mind pauses, then registers nothing but a row of exclamation points which cannot be translated into adequate words. A *priemnik* is a thing which clutches at one's soul, producing only emotion and forbidding orderly and reasonable thought. A *priemnik* is an institution into which the authorities, such as they are, gather the starving and the distressful from off the streets and from which great heaps of naked corpses are constantly being carted away. A *priemnik* offers an illuminating example of what can result from a total collapse of a civilized social order.

Though of course there was the undeniable act of God in the Volga Valley. There was the great drought, and the consequent crop failure. Between Bolshevism and natural causes responsibility for conditions in the Volga Valley—to say nothing of all other parts of Russia—should be justly divided. A just division according to the universal opinion of intelligent people in Russia would be 20 per cent to natural causes and 80 per cent to Bolshevism. Indeed, they go further and say that with Russia as far on a normal way toward recovery from the war as neighboring countries have managed to get during the past three years, the drought in the Volga Valley would not necessarily have resulted in any tragedy at all; certainly not in a situation demanding foreign relief administered by foreigners and paid for with foreign philanthropic funds. How they do hate it, these splendid ruined people, and yet how pathetically grateful they are!

Soviet Arguments

And what howls of Red protest these statements will produce! The friends of Soviet Russia have a lot of arguments up their sleeves, and among their favorites is that conditions in Russia are largely due to a wicked blockade maintained against a noble people struggling to be free, and to foreign invasion of Russian soil in the form of support given to the White armies under Denikin, Kolchak and Wrangel that, in their numerous retreats, devastated their own country and destroyed enough food to have tided the Russian people over any crisis. It interests me to reflect that these arguments are sometimes couched in the only—often enough well-oiled, no doubt—at any rate excellently phrased and charmingly modulated language of the American intellectual, and at other times in the heaving and merely venom-vomiting language of the merely habitual demagogue.

During the course of the Genoa conference when the Bolsheviki were putting forward their fantastic claims it seemed to me to be a great pity that nobody demanded of them that they render their claims in specific detail along with a few details with regard to what they themselves had done with the revenues and resources of their country. In a certain degree the Genoa conference was undoubtedly under the influence of the Red Terror and maintained within itself almost as much of a shushy atmosphere as one encounters in Russia itself. Inside Russia one leads a whispering life. To breathe above a whisper any disagreement with the principles of the forces in control is to run a definite risk, and the forces in control have their observers planted at every turn any outsider is likely to make.

And yet the people on the whole are so unhappy! They hate it all with such a mighty hatred! If this be true why should they not rise en masse and throw it off? I asked that question many a time, only to have it answered with a tolerant smile. It is all a fearful welter of complete prostration and hopelessness in the midst of which one can discern no glimmering of a possibility of redemption. Outspoken leadership of the conservative elements is not to be thought of while the organized forces of fanaticism and terror continue to be relentless.

I went with Doctor Beeuwkes to the *priemnik*, and I went in my customary capacity as a casual observer and with my usual feeling of complete detachment. If anyone beforehand had succeeded in describing to me adequately what I was about to see I should have said that he had Dante, Edgar Allan Poe and other detailers of horror and writers of strange fiction looking like mere amateurs.

This *priemnik* was only one of many, but I should like to believe it was the worst of them all. It was in an old and picturesque palace of some sort, built upon a slight elevation out near the edge of town, from which one could see a long, long roadway winding off across the snowy steppe and scattered groups of little wooden houses and detached villas here and there. It was built in the form of a half square and had ornamentally balustraded balconies and finely wrought carved-wood screens round some of its windows that reminded one of an East really Eastern. The way in was through a big gateway in a high wall and thence across a wide court to what once upon a time must have been a very proud entrance. Crowded round this doorway were many people standing in grim silence waiting for something.

Distressing Scenes

With polite gestures the doctor got them to make way for us and we passed into a wide dim-lit hall. The walls of it were reeking and its floor was inch deep in half-frozen slippery mud. I became almost instantly nauseated, but I set my teeth, wrapped my scarf round my face in such a way that I could breathe through it, and went ahead. We climbed a one-time handsome stairway, went through another long dark hall and came to a room. In size it was about twenty feet by forty. It might sometime have been somebody's very fine library or living room. It had long windows done in leaded panes of colored glass in intricate designs. None of them was open. The room was totally bare; not a stick of furniture of any kind; bare floor; bare walls; but lying about on the floor in heaps and close-packed rows were literally hundreds of human beings, looking like so many piles of unspeakable rags.

They were wallowing in their own filth like so many maggots. I could think of nothing else with which to compare them. They were all in the last stages of starvation, and many of them were stricken with disease. They were groaning, crying, whimpering, moaning, coughing, retching in death agony and breathing the cold poison of an atmosphere that sent me staggering out into the hallway to lean for many minutes against the wall, trembling all over uncontrollably and with beads of cold perspiration standing on my face. We counted four dead in that room, then we went on to others. They were all alike; and the whole building was as cold and clammy as the inside of a tomb, the excuse for this being that there was no fuel. The steppe produces no fuel; the sources of Orenburg's one-time plentiful supply were far away and transportation facilities were reduced to a minimum. There was fuel with which to bake the black bread of the people; there was fuel in meager quantities for other soviet purposes, but there was no fuel with which to heat a shelter for the derelicts.

When I could stand no more of it I made my way back down the stairs and out into the court. Against the wall at the far side of this court they had put up a rough wooden shed such as is sometimes built for a temporary tool house on premises where construction is going on. This was the morgue, and into it a body was being thrown about every ten or fifteen minutes. They were stripping the dead and throwing their clothing into a fearful pit they had dug right in front of the door of the shed. Never have I smelled anything as foul as the stench that rose from that pit! I don't know why they were doing this unless it is that lice quit a dead body and it was safer to handle them naked than clothed.

Doctor Beeuwkes followed out the body of a young boy. I have said that the Americans were feeding nearly all the children, but of course there were many among the bands of refugees trudging along the roadways and into the city from all directions. Besides, fourteen years was the age limit for children who could enjoy the American benefaction, and there are many children who continue to be children longer than that. The long emaciated body of the boy —— Dear God! Why try to write about it! He might have been fifteen or sixteen years old!

When they opened the door of the morgue I turned away in shuddering dread. The doctor called to me to come and look, but I was reluctant to do so and yielded only to his accusation that I was too chicken-hearted for my job. I took my courage in my two hands and walked up to the door and looked in. The bodies, about forty of them at that hour, were piled one upon another like cordwood with the heads of one layer in one direction and of the next layer in the other. Can you imagine such a sight! One got an impression of a hideous mix-up of dead feet and dead faces. Many of the bodies were sprawled out in indecent ghastly attitudes; arms and legs were flung about at all angles; heads were askew and I caught upon some of the faces I could not help but see, terrible and unforgetable expressions. Not only life is robbed of all its dignity in the one and only communistic state, but death as well! All these had been carried out dead from that awful place that morning, and as many more were due to be carried out dead before night.

I could go on writing about Orenburg indefinitely and still forget a great many things that I am sure would interest nearly everyone.

The important thing, of course, was the relief work. The soviet authorities, demoralized as they were by the enormity of what had come upon them, were doing what they could, but they could do very little because their resources were all but wholly exhausted. What they were doing in this *priemnik* that I have attempted briefly to describe was the one kind of thing in which the Americans would not assist them. The Americans had taken a firm stand with an idea of preventing if possible an almost inevitable epidemic of cholera and had said that even in saving child life they would cooperate only in clean surroundings and on a basis of cleanliness. It was the only thing for them to do, though if they had not met a right response they would have been faced with the necessity for finding some way of their own to reach out and get the children.

Giving the Kiddies a Chance

And at that it was not so much the authorities who responded as the people themselves—the local doctors and lawyers and former merchants and chiefs; the submerged and suffering bourgeoisie. And what a heroic lot these people have proved themselves to be! They do not like the ones who ran away and who are now enjoying a certain degree of comfort and security in Europe or the United States or somewhere else. They say of such Russians that Russia is their country and that in her extremity they deserted her. But this is very unjust, because for so many who ran away running away was the only alternative to sudden death.

It was a great relief to go from the fearful *priemnik* up into the town to a fine modern building—one of many that had been nationalized and looted, of course—where children in literal droves were being hustled in and introduced to something new in the way of an outlook on life. There was a long line of them standing outside the door, being herded and scolded and comforted and taken care of by a couple of capable-looking women. With a few nods and smiles we passed these by and went on inside. Just within the entrance there was a small officelike room made of glass partitions in which two barbers in long white robes and rubber boots were busy with clippers, all but scalping every kid who came along, boys and girls alike. This was the first surprise that awaited the poor little tikes in their new environment, after which they were sent along down to the end of the long corridor, where some more capable-looking women were waiting to divest them of their clothing. Having submitted to this process with varying degrees and forms of protest and being stark naked they were sent scampering under further direction into a near-by room that

(Continued on Page 46)

Sampler Days

In Society since 1842

We like to think that the growth of Whitman's, from the little shop in Philadelphia in the time of President Tyler, is due to the bed-rock devotion to *quality* on which this business is founded.

From the fair shoppers in 1842, drawn in quaint Victorias, who called at the Whitman shop, it is a far cry to the thronging thousands who now buy Whitman's Chocolates every day in every town in America.

In stage coach days folks from New York, Boston and Richmond always took home Whitman's when they visited Philadelphia.

Now the Whitman quality, with modern improvements and infinite variety, can be had conveniently in nearly every neighborhood in the land.

The names Sampler, Salmagundi, Fussy, "1842", Super Extra, Pink of Perfection and Pleasure Island are full of significance for candy buyers. Each stands for the satisfaction of a special taste in confections.

Simply look for the Whitman sign on the selected store that is agent for the sale of Whitman's Chocolates.

Whitman's
Chocolates

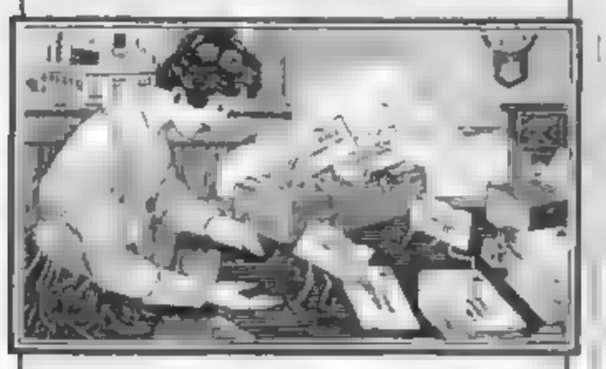
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

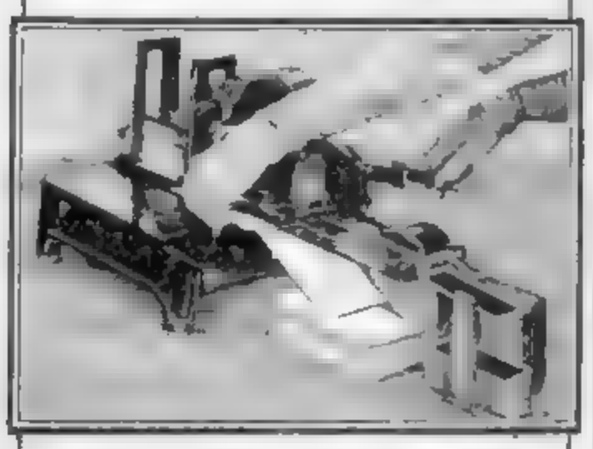
New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St. Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South
San Francisco Branch: 449 Minna St

LET THIS DREAM
Come True
In Your Office

This girl used to *copy* addresses from index cards onto envelopes, statements, circulars, etc.—an endless, monotonous, expensive process.



ONE DAY—she became so tired she fell asleep and dreamed that the index cards one by one jumped from their files—each card writing its *own* address onto a circular before hopping back in its place again



Her dream of yesterday is a *fact* today! Because in place of old fashioned [illegible] she now uses *Elliott Index-Address Cards*. She slides a tray of these Elliott Address Cards into the ELLIOTT ADDRESS PRESS—and as fast as she can turn the hand crank each card *automatically* prints a perfect typewritten copy of its address.

MORE than One Million Dollars' worth of Elliott Index-Address Cards are now being sold every year. These wonderful "*Index Cards which print Their Own Addresses*" cost less than two cents each. You write your addresses onto them *with any regular typewriter*. Then you file them and keep them up-to-date just like regular index cards.

In up-to-date offices the following lists of addresses are especially adaptable to Elliott Index Address Cards:—

List of Employees—
for addressing Pay Forms
List of Ledger Accounts—
for addressing Monthly Statements
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for addressing Advertising
List of Stockholders—
for addressing Reports, etc.

And scores of others

The Address Press

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"Mechanical Addressing"

THE ELLIOTT COMPANY

(Continued from Page 44)

had been fitted up with bathtubs and tanks with heating apparatus attached for making hot water.

Not that it was warm in the building. Indeed it was not. There were practically no heating arrangements anywhere. And in Russia, mind you, in February! It was cruelly cold, and I felt sorry for the little goose-fleshy half-starved youngsters. But, oh, after what I had just seen, it was such a happiness to see them being taken care of! I stood and watched the performance for quite a long time, laughing with the good women who were doing the work when one baby child after another protested vigorously against being taken out of the nice warm water in which he had been lathered with good American soap and scrubbed nearly down to his poor little sticking-out bones.

Oh, you weep, my friends, you weep when you see such things as these! You would have wept and laughed together as I did if you had seen these shivery kids by the dozen—by the hundreds in a day, really—being wrapped in American Red Cross blankets and hustled along into another room to be clothed in clean warm clothing—the gift of the American people! Then up they go into the dormitories, ready to associate with other cleaned-up and deloused little citizens.

Down below in a big improvised kitchen there were great boiling caldrons of good bean soup with lots of fat in it, and other huge kettles of bubbling and deliciously fragrant corn grits. There were long tables laden with sweet white bread cut up into generous chunks, while off the kitchen there was a storeroom—double-locked and most carefully guarded—filled with supplies; with sugar and milk and cocoa and flour and corn grits and bacon and beans and lard; with everything that goes into a well-balanced ration for a child—all the gift of the American people.

It was about an hour before feeding time. One of the women workers was showing me round, and as we passed from the kitchen into the big dining room—with its long tables made of planks laid on trestles and its benches similarly constructed—I was startled to come upon the body of a little boy. He had been gently laid out on one of the tables. The woman who was with me knew nothing about him, but supposed he had just died either from typhus or because when he came in he was too far gone from starvation to be saved.

Trainloads of Medical Supplies

"A good many of them die," said she, "but this place is heaven in comparison with a place I helped to open some weeks ago. We lost them there at the rate of 75 per cent a week."

"What do you mean, 75 per cent a week?"

"I mean we were taking them in at the rate of a hundred a week and losing them at the rate of seventy-five a week. It was awful! But we got the upper hand of it, and now that place is one of the best we have. It is small in comparison with this, but we hope to make it a permanent home. We have a good many like it—thanks to you Americans!—and as we get children in places like this back to more or less normal health we send them on to homes of that kind, where we are beginning now to try to give them a little schooling. This place, you understand, is only a sort of clearing house, and children come in here not only starving but with all kinds of diseases." She went on telling me about things in this quiet, matter-of-course way.

In connection with all such institutions there are always hospital wards, a clinic and a dispensary; these being demanded, along with general cleanliness, by the American Relief Administration, which provides for them all the necessities. The doctors in charge of them are usually women. The Russian bourgeois women are really quite wonderful, and there are a great many women doctors, usually graduated from one or another of the one-time fine Russian universities that formerly offered such excellent educational advantages in the different professions.

But I shall have more to say about medical relief later on. Every American Relief unit in the country includes an American doctor, while attached to every local headquarters is a medical storeroom filled with supplies of all kinds. Doctor Beeuwkes, as director general of medical relief, is intrusted with the rather tremendous task of administering judiciously a gift from the American Red Cross of three million six hundred thousand dollars and the Congressional gift of four million dollars in excess army supplies, as well as a good many other funds. He gets his supplies in the United States through cabled requisitions on A. R. A. headquarters in New York, which in turn draws upon the Red Cross. He takes charge of them as they arrive in trainload lots in Russia, and distributes them in measures to meet the varying needs of the relief units throughout the country. The benefits of this service are incalculable.

When the doctor had finished showing me the sick children in the hospital wards upstairs—all snug between American Red Cross sheets and blankets—and had indulged himself sufficiently in pleased contemplation of his shelves piled high with soap and disinfectants and his cupboards filled with medicaments he said he thought it would be a good idea for me to take a trip out to the cemetery.

At the Cemetery

Delightful day, was it not? I had had about enough of it. But it was agreed that I ought to see the cemetery. It was interesting. People who were about to die were going there every day to lie down and die either on the graves of their own dead or on some spot where they hoped they might be buried. When I was told that the number of people who were doing this was increasing all the time I thought to myself that I was not surprised. I tried to turn my soul into a Russian soul. I thought my way down into the horror and imagined myself starving to death and with no hope; homeless, shelterless, stripped of everything but a lingering belief in God and a glimmering sense of decency. I shuddered at my memory of the stacked-up naked bodies and knew that I should want to creep out to some spot somewhere that in my mind had some kind of sacred association, there to lay me down on six feet of earth that I would hope might be regarded as my own.

In the ramshackle old automobile of the early European tin variety in which we were doing our getting about we bumped and banged our way through the awful streets—that looked and felt, incidentally, as though they had been neither cleaned nor repaired for the past five years—and out to the cemetery, which lies on a slope just at the edge of town. It had snowed a good deal the day before, so the car could not make the gentle grade, and quite a distance from the entrance we decided it was up to us to get out and walk. It had to be, of course, that we came to a standstill just where we did! As though I had not been close up to enough of the hideousness! As a matter of fact, my idea was to shirk the graveyard, get a general view of it from a safe distance and leave the ugly details of it to the say-so of others and my own imagination. But no such luck for me! Within a few feet of where we stopped lay the body of a man. It was a third or more eaten up, and as we approached, a flock of crows rose from it heavily and flew away, while two dogs loped off across the snow field and sat down thirty or forty yards distant to watch us and to wait for us to move on. One of them was an evil-looking scrawny big black cur, but the other was a fine shaggy white fellow that any dog lover would have wished to make friends with. I stood and gazed at him and he gazed back at me, lifting up his noble-looking head as much as to say that he knew he was doing a terrible thing, but hoped I would believe that under ordinary circumstances he was a respectable dog. Reading these thoughts into his dog mind was by way of comforting myself, of course, because I love dogs. There were four or five others skulking among the graves, while innumerable loudly cawing crows were swooping and hovering about here and there.

There were five bodies within our immediate range of vision while we were still outside the cemetery wall. And there were people passing along the road all the time, some in camel sleds or droshkies, but most of them on foot; and only an occasional person even so much as glanced at the gruesome sights. I watched them and wondered about them. Large numbers of them, with their unsightly bundles of belongings on their backs, were easily recognizable as famine refugees from the outlying districts making their way into the city. I wished awfully that we had got started a little earlier on our program for adult feeding. Incidentally, I wanted to know why the communist government had not spent some of its hoarded gold for the purchase of food supplies abroad in time to save the situation in some degree. There was plenty of money for this purpose in the soviet treasury; it was as long ago as last August that Maxim Gorky uttered his Macedonian cry; there was nothing to prevent the Bolsheviki from buying food in the United States and elsewhere; yet not until January did they appropriate a penny for this purpose. And now what are they doing with the hundred million dollars in church treasure that they have succeeded in confiscating? Has anybody heard of any large soviet purchases of grain to feed the starving millions? I think not. But one continues to hear about the starving millions. The stories that come out of South Russia and the Crimea are growing worse instead of better. Another partial crop failure! A pest of locusts! The daily toll of death from starvation mounting higher and higher! And Leon Trotzky telling his communist cadets to depend upon nothing but their bayonets and batteries and to prepare to carry the Red flag across the frontiers of Europe!

At the top of the cemetery slope, just outside the wall, was a kind of old rubbish heap that looked a good deal like an upheaval of broken bricks, decayed street sweepings and old tin cans, and it was here they were burying the unknown dead, such dead as I had seen in the morgue at the *priemnik*. I climbed to the top of this slope and stood at the edge of a trench that had been dug to receive these bodies. It was about twelve feet deep, I should think, and fourteen feet long. It had been dug only that morning or the evening before, because none of yesterday's heavy snow had fallen in it.

A Red Soldier's Funeral

There were at least fifty bodies piled up in one end of this trench, and piled up regardless. They had been just thrown in any way. One hesitates to write about these things for fear of seeming to be morbid. But I am not morbid. I did not stand and gaze into the trench. I merely glanced into it, but I shall never be able to forget a single detail of it.

Suddenly there were weird, wild strains of music floating into the silence from somewhere away off. I stood and looked out across the great graveyard. It had once been filled with neat wooden crosses, but these had all been hacked down or broken off to be used for fuel and there was nothing left but a few splinters.

The sound of the music came nearer and nearer and finally resolved itself into a funeral dirge. Every once in a while a church bell tolled and the sound seemed to hang in the air, murmuring about something.

"Oh, how amazing!" said I to myself. "Someone who had human relationships is about to be buried!"

Pretty soon the funeral procession turned the far wall of the cemetery and came into view, marching slowly and solemnly up the roadway. There was a military band wearing Red-army uniforms, and there were priests and chanting monks in long black robes and tall black hats. There was a great gleaming cross carried aloft by someone; then came the coffin, borne by Red soldiers and covered with a Red flag. It was followed by a company of soldiers and a motley throng.

I stood and watched them for a long time, listening to the heart-chilling music, music of barbaric melancholy punctuated by the tong of a temple bell! Then I went back down the road, and just as I was passing the body of the partly eaten man they fired a military salute over the Red soldier's grave. I climbed into the automobile and stood looking upon the scene and searching my mind for an understanding of it. It seemed to me to be very significant that they should be burying a Red soldier with a religious ceremony. It meant that Bolshevism was not having everything its own way, even in its own ranks. The one and only communistic state has no use for God and the Bolsheviki have tried to abolish the sacred uses of religion by calling it the opiate of the people.

I thought to myself, "Well, if my people should ever have to live through a thing like this an opiate for them would never satisfy me. I should want them to have an anaesthetic!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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Look for this Gold Seal

It is pasted on the face of the goods and identifies the genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs and Floor-Covering By-the-Yard. It is your protection against inferior substitutes. Also look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee which stores that sell *Gold-Seal* Congoleum usually display in their windows.

No. 510 at the left—is a brown and rose pattern.

Above is No. 321—a popular tan design.

No. 388 at right—reproduces a rich Persian design.

A Kitchen to be Proud of!

Just the simplest, most practical things are found in this "smiling kitchen"—a spotless dish closet, snowy-white table and chairs, and on the floor, an attractive, easy-to-clean, sanitary *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug.

These artistic rugs have a smooth, firm surface that spilled things cannot stain or penetrate. A few brisk whisks with a damp mop, and the rug is again sweet and clean—its bright colors like new.

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are so comfortable underfoot and lie smooth and flat without fastening of any kind.

There are delightful patterns suitable for every room in the house—from plain wood-block and tile patterns to rich, Oriental designs. And yet, with all their artistic charm and labor-saving qualities, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are surprisingly inexpensive.

Note the Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 8.10	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½	x 3	feet $ .50
7½	x 9	feet	10.10		3	x 3	feet 1.00
9	x 9	feet	12.15		3	x 4½	feet 1.50
9	x 10½	feet	14.15		3	x 6	feet 2.00
9	x 12	feet	16.20				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

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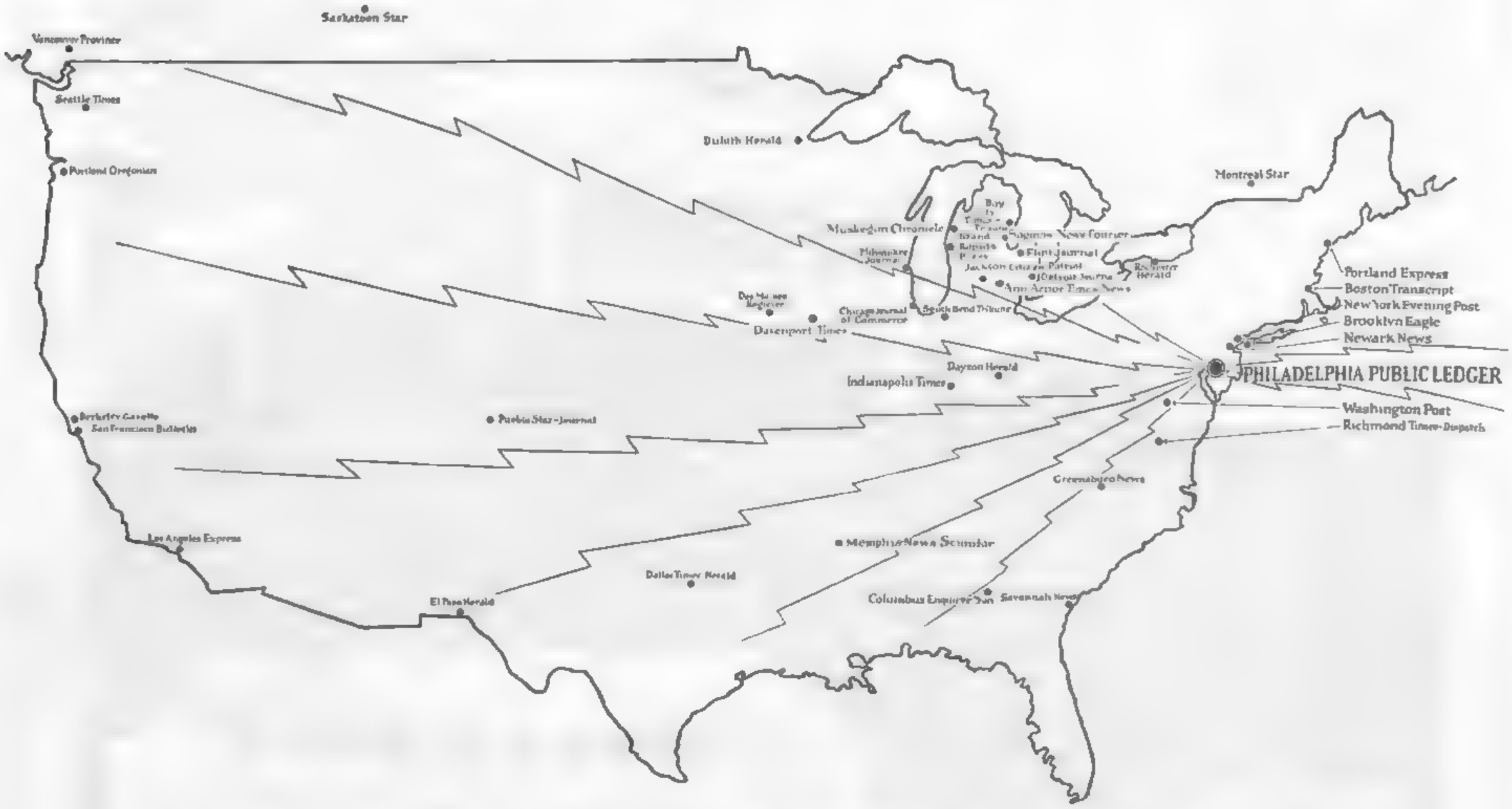

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FIND out whether there is a newspaper in your city which carries Public Ledger Foreign News, Domestic News, Business News or other features by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

THAT NAME MARY

(Continued from Page 11)

mother "dear." They were not very good friends. The Jennisons had richer friends.

How long they talked! Kenneth grew hot and his mouth kept filling with water.

At last they were going. He got out of bed again and by squeezing in between the bureau and the wall he could look through a little square window and see them on the small back porch. His mother looked like a little girl standing between them.

"And anything that bothers you about the boy, send him along over to me," Mr. Jennison was saying.

"Thank you, I'll do that," said his mother clearly, the quality of her voice making an unforgetable impression on his young ears.

Mr. Jennison put his hands on his wife's shoulders to place her ahead of him on the narrow walk, but she pushed him aside and impulsively ran back to Kenneth's mother and put her arms about her and kissed her. Mr. Jennison walked slowly on; when his wife caught up with him they were under Kenneth's window and Kenneth saw tears on her cheeks. He looked back at his mother. She was not crying. She was standing there, quiet, in the moonlight.

"Oh, Tom," Mrs. Jennison said in a choked voice, "what a dreadful, dreadful thing for that poor little woman to face!"

Kenneth never forgot Mr. Jennison's answer, because it was all so queer.

"Not half so dreadful as he's got to face. I'd a hell of a lot rather live her life than his. She'll get some satisfaction out of hers."

And then, almost before he had time to get back into bed, his mother came in and lay down by him, outside the covers, and told him in a queer way, as if he were a grown-up person, that his father had gone away forever—to live with Mrs. Jones, the meat-market man's wife.

"How can he?" Kenneth had demanded shrilly. "He's—he's married to us, isn't he?"

She explained it to him as best she could, patiently, over and over. She had an answer for his every question and she left out all bitterness. But their simple world had become a wretched place, and all the school children would whisper about them. For a long time she lay there beside him, her hot hand against his cheek. He loved her so much that he wished he could hate his father, but the tears would come.

"After tonight we will never talk about these things again," she said when she told him good night. "I want you to be a fine good man like Mr. Jennison."

That was a long, long night. But finally morning came and he heard his mother singing in the kitchen.

. . . . . .

There had come that calamitous time when his mother first sent him to interview Mr. Jennison in the big formidable offices over Mill's hardware store. An avalanche of catastrophes had been thrust into his helpless hands to commit: He had thrashed an undersized sickly youth named Billy White; he had called Billy names; he had made these names inclusive of the shocked and intervening teacher; he had told the principal to mind his own business. And he had not been sorry for any of these things when severely interrogated, whereupon he had found himself expelled from school.

All this because Billy had traded him a watch which fell short of his expectations.

"Oh, it's a grand mess we're in," his mother had lamented cheerily—she always included herself in his troubles—and had sent him straightway to the fine good man.

While he sat there waiting for Mr. Jennison, who was at the moment occupied with the problem of trading an expiring little railroad for a flourishing water system, the poisonous thought came to Kenneth that he was beginning to be like his father. He had brought that old half-forgotten look of unwilling fear into his mother's eyes. This thought was disastrous to his defiant mood, for a shame of his father had grown on with the years as he had come increasingly to respect the valor of his mother. Chastened by these reflections he entertained serious intentions of killing himself; perhaps by jumping out the open window. But inherent love of life kept him glued unhappily to his chair.

"Good Lord! I haven't time to bother with any kids!" he heard Mr. Jennison growl at the stenographer who had taken Mrs. Andrews' note to the inner office and was hastily coming out again. "Wait a minute!" Mr. Jennison yelled after her. There was something different in his voice—he must be reading the note; then he said, "Come in, Kenneth. Come in."

At sight of the big friendly man, one side of whose mouth grinned at him while the other side stayed firm on an enormous cigar, Kenneth's defiance deepened. This was the sort of man who would understand why he couldn't be sorry. Mr. Jennison reached out a long arm and drew him up beside his chair, giving him a terrific and cordial slap that sent a cloud of dust from his short trousers. "Now hurry up and tell me the whole business," he said.

Standing encircled by the strong sympathetic arm it took Kenneth just five minutes to show conclusively that Billy White was the root of all evil.

"—— an' so you see, sir, he played me a dirty trick, an' everybody took sides with him when they hadn't ought to; so what's the use of me saying I'm sorry when I'm not sorry?"

During the recital Mr. Jennison bit his cigar as savagely as he had done over the tangle of the railroad and water-system matter, for this problem in lesser traffic required a finesse all its own.

"I see; I see. Who wanted to make this trade first, you or Billy?"

"I did" -promptly. "I needed a watch. He had two of 'em. He said 'at the one he had at home kept just as good time as the one he carries all the while."

"We-ell, you say it does, don't you, when it's tipped a certain way?"

"Why—why, yes, sir. But what good's it do me to have a darned watch tipped kitty-cornered on the dresser at home when I want to know what time to quit playin' ball so's I can get home to take mother's doughnuts round to folks by half past five?"

Mr. Jennison admitted that this gave the affair a serious aspect. But he said, "Since it was really business with you, it was up to you to see that you made a good trade. Did Billy know the knife you traded him was in good shape?"

"Sure he did. He borrowed it the day before. Besides, he gave it to me my last birthday."

"Oh!" Mr. Jennison converted a grin into a reflective grimace. "Well, why didn't you borrow his watch for a day and try it out too?"

"Why—because I believed him! We—we was friends!"

"Oh," said Mr. Jennison again, and looked hastily away from that earnest, troubled face so like his mother's with its blue, black-lashed eyes.

No man can meditate on self-perfection, but there come times when his human weaknesses seem vicious out of all proportion. Tom Jennison was a born trader and had no reason for shame of it, but at the moment it seemed strangely difficult to express the ethics of his birthright.

"Well, you know, Kenneth, friends seem to have a lot of trouble over this trading game. Now trading is a regular game, like baseball or—or—well, more like checkers. If you play a game of checkers with a friend and he beats you, you don't get mad and tear into him, do you?"

"Maybe I would if he cheated. Decent kids don't cheat," Kenneth argued quite logically.

"You're right. But that's just the part to think about. Now suppose you're playing a game of checkers; the other fellow does every single thing he can to keep your mind on a certain play so that you'll overlook another one that would save the day for you. Then he jumps you where you didn't expect it, and gets the best of you. But you were right there and could have seen it if you'd had your wits about you. Looks to me as if that's just what Billy did in this trade. If you had said 'Say, Billy, I'll try out the watch while you try out my knife,' then the joke would have been on him. By the way, isn't he smaller than you are?"

This was the terrible part of it. Kenneth met his gaze bravely, but he got very red.

"Yes, sir, he is. But I was so mad I didn't have time to think about his size. I'm willing for him to get some bigger kid'n me to fight me back."

"I know, but that isn't the point. I've traded a good deal in my day, and I've

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You can be sure of getting these needed food factors from Fleischmann's Yeast, for it is a fresh food rich in vitamin and other elements your body needs. It helps you get more benefit from the other foods you eat.

A natural corrective food

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Doctors prefer to recommend Fleischmann's Yeast because it is fresh and has not been subjected to any process which spoils its wonderful therapeutic qualities. One of the most harmful effects of bad food habits is clogging the system with waste matter which stays in the intestines and poisons the whole body. It does not remove the cause of this trouble to take laxatives, for these merely relieve for a time. They weaken the muscles of the intestines and keep them from doing their own work naturally.

How to eat Fleischmann's Yeast

Many like to eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain, rubbing it from the cake a little at a time. Others prefer it in water, milk or fruit-juices. Others, especially when meals are eaten at home, like it as a sandwich spread or used with crackers just like cream cheese. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table. You will find a number of ways of fixing it that you will like.

Begin today by eating Fleischmann's Yeast two or three cakes every day. If you prefer you may buy six cakes at a time. They will keep fresh for two or three days if kept in a cool, dry place.

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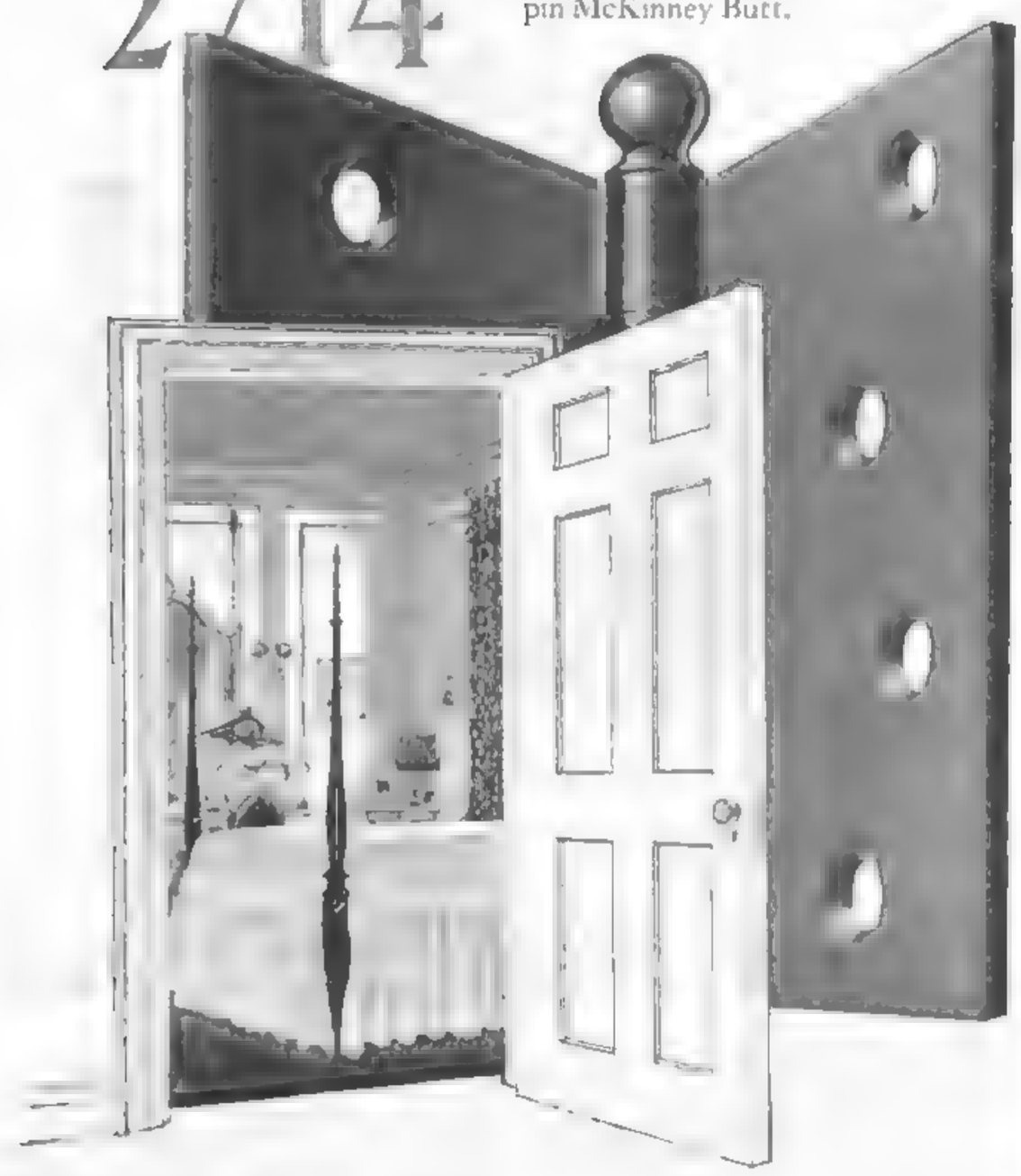

Behind this door begins and ends the day

YOUR bedroom—the room where greatest care should be taken in planning the entrance and the closet doors.

The booklet, "Suggestions for the Home Builder," will review for you certain niceties of arrangement which will make this room more comfortable, more personal and more livable. Possibly you have never thought much about the importance of doors and the little pieces of metal which make them possible—the hinges. The aim of this book is to point out this importance and to outline how hinges contribute to quiet, seclusion and beauty of design.

For more than fifty years McKinney Hinges have been silently swinging countless doors. We believe you will be interested in reading a few pages taken from our experience with doors.

Send for "Suggestions for the Home Builder." Another booklet describing and picturing the latest designs for garage doors, made possible by McKinney Complete Garage Sets, will also be forwarded you, without obligation, if you are planning the building of a garage.

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Western Office, Wrigley Building, Chicago Export Representation

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come to notice that every time I get mad like that I've been the poorest trader. Yes, sir, it never seems to fail that it's the poorest trader that calls the names."

"I s'pose it is," Kenneth finally mumbled into the uncomfortable silence.

"And I've noticed, too, that if I never call a name I never have to take one back."

Kenneth had nothing to contribute to this next silence, and after a little Mr. Jennison continued his confessions. "But when I do make a fool of myself and know I'm wrong I admit it just as fast as I can. Then the other fellow hasn't got anything on me."

Another silence allowed this observation to gather weight. Then Mr. Jennison said confidentially, in the manner of one sharing a very dear philosophy, "You know, Kenneth, it's the things we do ourselves that make life pleasant or miserable for us. You're getting old enough to think about that now. I talked to Junior about it just the other day, but it's something you boys have to teach yourselves. But you think about it. Every time you get in bad, look back and see how you could have avoided it. Now it's what you've done, and not what Billy did, that's got you into trouble. If you'd just swallowed your mad and said 'Well, Billy, you got the best of me that time, but I'll get even with you some day'—all friendly, you know—well, I'm dead sure you'd have come out ahead."

The big voice went on and on, and as the big arm tightened about his shoulders Kenneth had a horrible feeling of approaching tears. At the first silence he edged out from under the heavy arm.

"I s'pose I better 'pologize to 'em then," he mumbled, making for the door.

"I believe that's the best thing. Good-by, my boy," Mr. Jennison said.

But before he got to the door Kenneth turned and came quickly back—very close. He did not look at Mr. Jennison's face, but stared at the middle of his tightly knotted necktie.

"Do you s'pose I'm going to be like my father and—and do wrong things?" he whispered.

Mr. Jennison jerked his long, loose body into a straighter posture in his swivel chair. Then he put down his cigar and coughed. Then he took Kenneth's arms above the elbows, one in each hand.

"Kenneth," he said in a low, slow voice, "don't worry about being like your father. He was one of the most likable men I ever knew in my life. He wronged himself more than anybody else—just like I've been telling you. But where he was weak you have your mother's strength. And I'm just as sure as I know my name that you're going to be the fine, square man your mother wants you to be."

No greater proof than this could have been given. It was such a terrific relief to have his destiny thus decided that Kenneth knew he could no longer repress the approaching tears. To hide them he fled and shut the door behind him. But outside in the waiting room he smeared them away with his shirt sleeves and opened the door a crack. Mr. Jennison was smiling at him.

"She wants me to be just like you, sir," Kenneth told him. It made Mr. Jennison look very queer.

That afternoon was historic. Kenneth took his apologies sincerely and earnestly to the amazed and admiring teachers, and to the much more amazed Billy White, who was so moved by the occasion that he appeared in the evening with the good watch to exchange for the erratic one. Kenneth and his mother protested in vain. Billy insisted, and not only Billy but Billy's father and mother and maiden aunt. It was all very gratifying. Oh, how wise, how wise Mr. Jennison was!

As he was going to sleep that night a wandering little memory came sleepily into Kenneth's tired boy brain. It was something about a wheelbarrow and a team and buggy. It was too bad Mr. Jennison had never explained trading to his father. Kenneth knew, that night, that he loved Mr. Jennison. Not for the proven profit of his words, nor for the value of his friendship. He loved him because of the kindly thing he had said about his father.

. . . . . .

Then love.

Mary Winsor was Mrs. Tom Jennison's niece. When Kenneth was sixteen she came from Massachusetts to visit the Jennisons, and Kenneth's quietly busy existence became an alternating cycle of heaven and hell. Mary Winsor's hair was black, like his mother's, and she had two little curls on the back of her neck, just as his mother had. Whenever Kenneth saw them he thought of his father and how he had used to kiss his mother's curls, and something alarming, like fear, would shiver over him.

But Mary Winsor's eyes were not blue like his mother's; they were dark—neither black nor brown, but simply dark, as are deep unrevealing pools in a forest. She was a very poised little person. There wasn't a girl in Boomton like her. Although totally different in appearance from her tall, blond Aunt Mary, some analogous quality in the two of them made Kenneth wonder what it was about Massachusetts that made people different. Junior Jennison had told him before she came that she was a snob. Junior had overheard his mother reading one of her sister's letters aloud to Mr. Jennison, and it had said, "I do hope that you and your male family will cure her of her snobbishness." Even after she came the stalwart Jennison boys were somewhat skeptical of her. But when Kenneth looked upon Mary Winsor his naturally discerning gaze found graces that blinded all practical judgment.

The eyes of the entire Jennison family were present at his presentation.

"I'm pleased to meet you," Kenneth said, properly polite. He had a thwarted thought of shaking hands.

But Mary Winsor remained languidly leaning against the far end of the living-room table and her words fell like little flowers of insult.

"How do you do? It is nice to meet the perfectly splendid person whose mother makes such perfectly wonderful doughnuts."

Her voice said that if these strange Western relatives of hers wanted to know such proletariat, she, as their guest, could of course tolerate them. Having initiated Kenneth into the knowledge of class distinction she began an animated chatter with her Aunt Mary. All the Jennison boys sensed that she had insulted Kenneth, though only the proud and honorable truth had been spoken.

They looked at their father expectantly, waiting for him to rise up and make her eat her words, but he merely asked solemnly, "Mary, do they have doughnuts—in Europe?"

Mrs. Jennison smiled at something. Mary Winsor shuddered daintily.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Only the darlingest little cakes! Some of them are too pretty!"

If Mr. Jennison's remark anticipated results it was disappointed, for Kenneth was concentrating all his powers on escape. This divinely disdainful person had been to Europe. Her presence was no place for him. He made awkward but determined farewells, and departed.

But love went with him.

It was the first secret he ever had from his mother. How could he tell her about that insinuating, insidious inflection which had rested on the word "doughnuts"? Worse still, how could he think of, dream of and adore a girl who had spoken sneeringly of his mother's proud labor? Love, however, took none of these things into consideration, and persisted. When he met Mary Winsor on the street or in the Jennisons' back yard, which was the Andrews' front one, instead of saying "Hello" she said "Mr. Andrews"—a mere acknowledgment of his existence. He thought this was silly, but nevertheless "Mr. Andrews" had its charm.

Meanwhile she chose Frank Thompson as her summer's slave. Frank was the son of the new banker, recently from Denver. Frank was a senior, sophisticated and debonair. Kenneth came to know hatred when he looked upon him.

One night he came home late from the law office where he studied in vacation. And because he was late he hurried with his delivering of the doughnuts. Flinging the huge basket on his handlebar he went cycling swiftly down the narrow walk. At the Jennison gate, not six feet from the Andrews smaller gate, stood Mary Winsor and Frank Thompson.

"'Lo, Andrews," said Frank.

"Mr. Andrews," murmured Mary.

Kenneth lifted his cap, and just as he did so the front wheel found a crack in the sidewalk, and stopped. Not so the rear wheel. No natural catastrophe was ever more complete; the bicycle became discriminative with diabolical cunning. Having catapulted him into heights where he saw tree tops, it contanued to attack him

(Continued on Page 53

"Came Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer, he who snatched from the sun's glowing chariot thrice-precious fire and brought it, hidden in a fennel-stalk, to earth, that men might live like gods in its pleasant warmth."
(Transl. Greek Myth)

THIS is today's Prometheus . . . . . Bringer of comforts . . . . The Chemical Engineer!

One of civilization's pioneers, it is he who has brought to mankind comforts and conveniences that a century ago were only wishes.

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The world's debt to The Chemical Engineer is one that can never be paid.

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E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. *Wilmington, Del.*

TRADE DUPONT MARK

The materials which make up your telephone and where they come from

1 Rubber	5 Wool	9 Copper	13 Gold	17 Copal
2 Silk	6 Coal	10 Zinc	14 Silver	18 Shellac
3 Cotton	7 Iron	11 Nickel	15 Platinum	19 Tin
4 Linen	8 Lead	12 Aluminum	16 Mica	20 Asphaltum

They searched the earth so you could talk

Gold! In your telephone? Why, of course. And also coal, and eighteen other things hidden away under its modest coat of black.

But what kind of gold, coal, rubber, silk, wool? And why from such far flung places? Just because all cotton isn't alike, and because it is a long journey from the nearest platinum mine to Chicago, where your telephone is made.

Searching the markets of the world is part of the Western Electric Company's work—to find materials of high quality and to make from these an instrument that is a marvel of precision and ruggedness.

Your telephone today, sensitive to your voice, alert to be of service, was made possible only through 45 years' relentless meeting and raising of standards in its manufacture.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

(Continued from Page 50)

when he landed in the gutter. And doughnuts! Gravity lost control over them. They floated buoyantly in the air, no one of the ten dozen returning to earth until it had playfully flecked Kenneth with its powdered sugar.

Then laughter, horrible hideous laughter that made agony of his humiliation and grew gooseflesh all over him, finally clarified into jeering words, "Ho, ho! Look at our noble King of the Doughnuts! King of the Doughnuts!"

Kenneth was somewhat stunned from having encountered the pavement with his left temple, but he managed to get to his feet.

"Damn you!" he muttered thickly. "You shut up or I'll knock your head off! It took my mother four hours to make those."

For it seemed to him they were laughing at his mother, and the dominant thought in his hurting head was of how tired and flushed his mother had looked when she handed him the big basket, with damp little curls all about her face.

But hang it all, he couldn't lick anybody. His knees were queer; he had to sit down hastily on a bank by the sidewalk. Hideous male laughter continued, then suddenly was still. In its place came a clear indignant voice.

"I think you are a very hateful person, Mr. Thompson! Indeed I do. And I'm indeed sorry to have been your friend the last two weeks. Please leave me. I never wish to see you again—never!"

Though histrionic, there was undoubted sincerity in this dismissal.

Then Mary Winsor was there, kneeling close beside him, her pretty daisied hat pushed back from the face that had always remained the most beautiful in the world to him.

She was really frightened and quite shamelessly concerned.

"Oh, you poor dear, you poor dear," she kept whispering. She was surely a queen of her species. What girl in Boomton would have said "Oh, you poor dear"? They would have said "Gosh, kid, are you hurt?"

While he sat there, unable to move, and speechless, watching this beautiful, disdainful, desired creature murmur over him, they heard his mother's light running footsteps.

"He isn't hurt!" Mary Winsor called.

He heard his mother's trembling breath. She knelt down with the two of them, her eyes swiftly covering his bruises, but she made no other sign of alarm, nor did she touch him. It was bully of her—to know that in Mary Winsor's presence, even under the circumstances, he was no longer a boy, but a man.

Having capitulated, Mary Winsor was generous. While words were still dead within him she remarked carelessly to his mother, as if they had gathered there on their knees to discuss that very subject, "Uncle Tom told me I would like Kenneth better than any boy in Boomton, and I certainly do—indeed."

Perhaps his mother divined that this was meant as a stimulant for her wabbly son—and as a comfort. Anyway she listened as solemnly as Mary had spoken.

"I'm so glad you do. I do myself," she said; and they all laughed together. But laughter had become beautiful again.

And above the delicious embarrassment of it all Kenneth's mind flashed away for an instant to render passionate gratitude to Mr. Jennison for having opened a path for him into Mary Winsor's heart. Every keen ecstasy of his life included Mr. Jennison.

For the rest of that summer Mary Winsor was Kenneth's girl, and his mother taught her how to make cream puffs.

"Next to my own mother, I love yours," Mary Winsor told him. She was all flour, standing across their kitchen table from his mother as she labored determinedly at pastry dough. Kenneth was standing beside her. Her hair was twisted on top of her head and fastened with one of his mother's big bone hairpins.

Kenneth leaned down as she bent over the table and quickly kissed the most little curls on the back of her neck. Then, furiously flushed, he bolted through the screen door.

"Why—why, whatever made him do that, Mrs. Andrews?" he heard Mary Winsor stammer. "The devil, I'm afraid," his mother answered in a hard, frightened voice.

She talked to him very earnestly that night about being gentlemanly to nice girls.

. . . . . .

There was a crumpled scrap of letter which Kenneth carried in his bill folder. It was written in that tight little handwriting which always seemed odd for so big a man. Tom Jennison had written it to Mary Winsor's disturbed mother in those young years of Kenneth's and Mary's unbroken correspondence and love for each other. Mary had sent it to him. And to that letter and to the heart behind it, Kenneth knew he owed the most wonderful thing in his life. The excerpt began:

If you and Will are going to trust to my judgment, Agnes, I'd say let the youngsters go ahead and write to each other. In my opinion Mary will never—if she hunts to the world's end—find a mate with better stuff in him than this kid has. Judging by your suffragette and democratic speeches which we read in the Eastern papers, it won't make any difference to you if Mary should marry a poor man, though I can well imagine it'd be a bitter pill for Will. And I wouldn't like to prophesy that the boy will soon be rich—he's too conscientious; he's almost godlike in his honesty. But don't worry about his father; he's his mother's son.

Oh, but was he altogether his mother's son? This was the thorn whose pricking Kenneth never allowed himself to ignore. There had been occasions—college larks, other times, when other girls, and lesser far than Mary Winsor, had proved that they had a cursed lure to them, even though the steadfast voice of his heart said always, "Mary Winsor is my love."

"I meant to tear off the part about your father," Mary Winsor told him two summers later, when she again visited the Jennisons. He had granted her the delightful intimacy of looking through his secret pockets, and she had found the letter.

"Why? Why? I don't see why," Kenneth floundered. "I know my father was a quitter. Don't you suppose I realize that other people know it too?"

"Oh, but, Kenneth," she corrected, her voice hollow with solemnity, "his leaving your mother isn't the—the real thing about it at all."

With Kenneth it was very much the real thing at this period. He was then at the close of his sophomore college year, and because he had large views of life and often entertained tremendous ideas he considered himself very old for his age.

But Mary Winsor was old, old, older than his mother, older than her Aunt Mary Jennison. She was as old as the spirit of woman. She no longer said "indeed" intermittently, or allowed—consciously—literature to influence her conversation in any way. She was an individual. But always she was a winsome sweetheart, too, for she was born with a value of balance.

"No, the real part that mattered was the—the deceit," she made clear to him. "No marriage is honorable when there's deceit. Don't you feel that way?"

"Oh—why, why, sure," Kenneth muttered. He hated to feel younger than Mary Winsor, but her almost abandoned candor embarrassed him out of all big mature thought.

"Women of the future will never be slaves to men's whims the way the poor things used to be," she calmly announced. "They will demand all—or nothing."

Kenneth's type of mind was naturally unable to digest generalities, but he knew from Mary's voice that great things were astir.

"When you think of what women used to put up with," she marveled. "Well, goodness knows it's time the worm turned!"

Her tone intimated that, having turned, the worm might easily develop formidable aspects and subdue all that was male in the universe.

Kenneth could have found arguments for this if she had given him time. But, "I think," she went on in dispassionate reflection—"I really think that if you should ever be untrue to me I would ——"

This was a case where, though generalities might be confusing, they were infinitely preferable to specific prophecy.

"Oh, hush!" he cut her short. "You know darned well I never will be."

Her caress was subtly contrite. "No-o, I don't think so either," she confidently agreed, "but then, I think we love each other in—in a bigger way than most people do. More like Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary. Don't you?"

And having ended the discussion in the same serenity in which it was born she did not notice that Kenneth did not answer.

He did not answer; and he did not forget.

. . . . . .

And then the war.

While Kenneth was in training camp his father came to see him. Even in a uniform, with gold leaves on his shoulders, his father was so little changed that for a paralyzing instant Kenneth wondered if all the full years had been merely myth and if he were still a little chap, pleased that his father should smile so kindly on him.

How dapper he was, how graceful, as he walked smilingly out of the years.

"I see you remember me," he greeted Kenneth, whose hand came slowly into his own, under the watching eyes of several student officers in a group near by.

"Yes, I remember you," Kenneth said. "What have you come for?"

He took his hand away as quickly as he could, but he wanted to leave it clasped in his father's. The old fascinated love was strong upon him. He loved this man. How proudly he would have liked to claim him, before the fellows, as his father. But the sound of his mother's smothered crying, unforgetable from the dark nights of his boyhood, beat strangely in his ears, and a stubborn loyalty to her hardened him.

"I'm ordered here—secret matter," his father replied, carelessly important. "But then, I knew you were here. I've always kept track of you. How's your mother?"

"Quite well," said Kenneth, revolted at the casual query. Before he could think he raised his hand in salute and said briefly, "They're expecting me at the adjutant's office. Good-by, sir."

As he turned his father said quietly but quickly, "I'll look you up then, this afternoon."

Kenneth stopped and faced him. "I—I'd rather you wouldn't, sir," he said.

His father looked exactly as if he were going to laugh his old quick teasing laughter. But the laughter did not come. His attempted unconcern was like a mask that sat loosely and grotesquely on his dark attractive face. The moment stripped him of pretense. For he had built mightily on this revealing himself in these clothes of consequence with which the war had graciously garbed him. Because of his newspaper training and his scent for situation the Intelligence Department had given him a majority. And in his pride he had dreamed foolishly, so that the awakening was bitter.

All these things Kenneth realized as they stood there stiffly, staring at each other. And the fact that his father possessed any capacity for pain lent him mercy.

"You surely understand, sir, that I can't feel otherwise," he said in a constrained voice. "Besides, mother and the Jennisons are coming this afternoon. It'd be mighty unpleasant for them to run into you."

A nervous twitching, less definite than a sneer, disturbed his father's pale face.

"So the perfect Jennison is still manifest, is he?" he said. Kenneth stood silent, reminded by an old surmise of his childhood that his father had never liked Tom Jennison. "And by the Lord, you even look like him!" his father added, whipping out suddenly unrestrained words like a scourge. "Yes, you walk like him, and stand like him, and have the same satisfied manner! By the Lord, it's so!"

"I shouldn't wonder," admitted Kenneth easily, aware that his short laugh and indifferent manner were possible only because of his heritage from this very man whom he helplessly punished with them. "He's been the nearest thing to a father I've had, you see, and I can't remember the time I haven't tried to be just like him. Good-by, sir."

He saluted and turned away quickly, before the older man could again offer his hand, uncomfortably conscious as he strode off toward headquarters that his father stood there unmoving, watching him until he disappeared behind a barracks building. Old words of Tom Jennison's, from that miserable night of long ago, freshened themselves in his mind:

"I'd a lot rather live her life than his, Mary. She'll get some satisfaction out of hers."

It was true. Out of his mother's pain and years of hard striving had been born proud recompense. Kenneth thought of it all that afternoon. He knew that his father was watching them from a certain high window of headquarters building. He was sitting there on a straight-backed chair, alone. Some woman, somewhere, was probably loving him. But her love availed him nothing in the face of this desire that the great normality of Nature had laid upon him. And in time he would fail her, as he had failed all love.

That afternoon, for the first time in his life, Kenneth gloated because of his broad fine shoulders and his handsome face—so like his mother's. But his conceit was not for himself; it was for his mother. He was childishly glad that his father should see her looking so smart in the new suit whose tailoring Mary Winsor had superintended; that his restless amber-colored eyes should note how Mary Winsor—the loveliest guest, surely, any cantonment ever had—how Mary Winsor so evidently loved his mother and paid her pretty little courtesies; that he should see the colonel, a friend of Tom Jennison's, walking beside his mother and leaning to chat to her with marked deference; that he should see the sisterly affection between Mrs. Jennison and his mother—how they stopped, waited for each other, laughed together. In fact Kenneth gloried that the animation of the little group seemed to center about his mother.

All his passionate loyalty was hers. It troubled him because a love beyond his willing went from his heart to that silent figure in the high barracks window. It made him feel guilty toward her.

It was a strange afternoon, which ended with the kisses of three women who loved him, for Mary Jennison loved him too. And after the kisses came the fine firm hand clasp of Tom Jennison.

"Perhaps—if you hadn't come today ——" thought Kenneth, looking into Jennison's quiet gray eyes, but he did not finish his thought. Exceeding love that admitted no questioning or regret for what might have been flowed over him for his mother. Always, into every difficulty, into every temptation Tom Jennison came, and the way seemed clear again.

. . . . . .

Captain Kenneth Andrews.

And Mary Winsor wanted to be married before he left for France. She wanted to share the responsibility of this thing that was before him. Mary Winsor was now a mature modern woman, and her love was splendid in its serenity. Illusion fled before it; she met modern issues with a candor that robbed them of their complexity, and sought to cure them with common sense and the salt of humor. And her love was as candid as her philosophy. If Kenneth came back in need of her eyes to see for him or of her hands to help him she wanted to be sure that no vicarious concern of his could bar her from the happiness of serving him. She had kissed the shining bow bars on his shoulders, so that they now meant two laws for him—the law of duty and the law of love. Her kiss made them mentors of his conduct, even as was the crumpled old torn piece of letter that he always carried in his pocket—the letter Tom Jennison had written to her mother. "He's almost godlike in his honesty," the letter had said.

It was not far from true. And his inherent regard for womanhood, rooted in the courage he knew of his mother and coupled so closely with his love for Mary Winsor, had led him into a fear of himself that amounted almost to the abnormal.

If he had loved Mary Winsor less she would have been his wife at her first willingness. Even now that he sat in Tom Jennison's office, waiting for words that would clear his way, he could not have formulated definitely the reason for his coming. His own blundering words sounded strange to him.

"I know Mary wants to be married before I go, but—but ——"

Tom Jennison did not help him out; he sat leaning back in his old swivel chair, studying him with his grave gray eyes.

"—— but—but I'm not sure if it's best," Kenneth mustered lamely.

"Why not?"

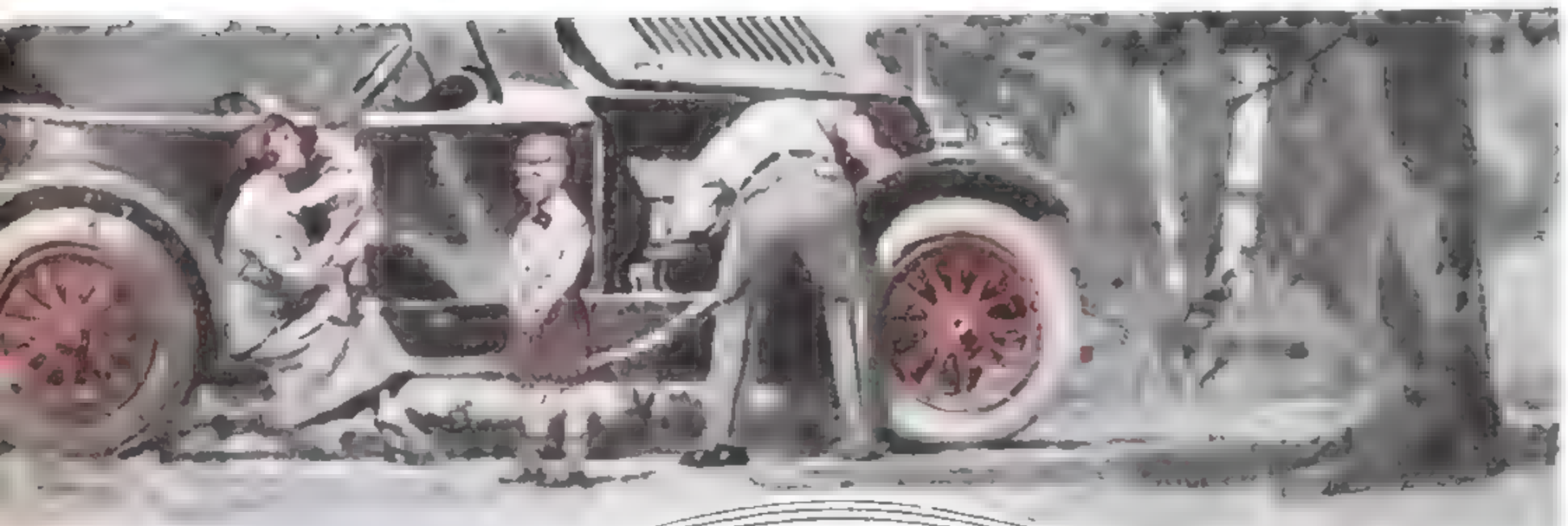
There was antagonism in the sharp words, something Kenneth was far from expecting. He fell back from the essential to a more plausible reason.

"Well, for one thing, I may come back—done for, like those Canadian fellows we saw in training camp. I couldn't stand it to spoil Mary's life. She'd be game if it killed her."

"It wouldn't kill her," said Jennison quietly, "and chances are you'll come through without a scratch. I don't expect anything to happen to my boys. Don't get the idea of harm into your head. It's poor business."

(Continued on Page 56)

VACUUM OIL COMPANY



Your Holiday
Make it a day of rest

EVERY SEASON the crankshaft of the average car makes twenty million revolutions—sending pistons up and down. Twenty million friction risks! Twenty million calls for scientific lubrication!

Is it a wonder, then, that trouble follows the careless request "Give me a quart of oil"? Is it a wonder, then, that thoughtless lubrication turns many a promising holiday into a work day?

If you want your car to give you a real holiday, it is only fair that you should supply it with real lubrication.

Then:

You leave trouble behind you instead of carrying it with you under the hood.

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Most lubricating oils are simply by-products secured through manufacturing gasoline. In such cases the crude oil is chosen for great *gasoline* yield.

When you buy lubricating oil remember that 9 out of 10 oils offered you are simply these gasoline by-products.

The Vacuum Oil Company specializes in *lubrication*. It selects crude oils primarily for their *lubricating* qualities. These oils are refined to *bring out* that lubricating value. The *gasoline* in this case is the by-product.

Make the Chart your guide. If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here, ask your dealer for our booklet "Correct Lubrication"—or write us for a copy. This booklet contains the complete Chart, which specifies the correct oil for every make and model.

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company, in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

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Chart of Recommendations
(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

1922
1921
1920
1919
1918
NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS
All Other Models
All Other Models
All Other Models

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MODERN chemical science has discovered a new way to kill flies—a quick, safe, clean method. Flyosan will kill every fly or mosquito in a room within five minutes without damage to another thing.

You apply this wonderful new liquid with the ordinary garden sprayer which comes in the introductory package. Merely pump a few sprays in the air of a closed room. Then watch the flies struggle toward the windows to die. It's wonderful how quickly and effectively Flyosan acts.

Flyosan is absolutely safe. It is non-poisonous to everything except bugs and insects. Its pleasant aromatic odor soon disappears when a room is aired. Flyosan will not stain.

Best of all, Flyosan is equally effective against flies, mosquitoes, roaches, bedbugs, ants, fleas, lice, moths and most other insect pests.

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If your drug, department or hardware store does not carry Flyosan, send us a dollar and we will send you an introductory package containing a pint of Flyosan and a sprayer.

If Flyosan doesn't do all we claim for it, we will refund your money without argument.

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By stocking Flyosan you do two things.

1. You give active help in the national war against disease carrying insect pests.
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Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer)	1.00

KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL

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(Continued from Page 53)

A queer chill went down Kenneth's spine. Jennison's short defiant words betrayed the fear they sought to cover, and he felt that the man's keen mind had sped to that censored spot in Flanders where Junior Jennison might at that very moment be in action; or perhaps to the treacherous high sea, where in some long camouflaged convoy his second son, Harry, played his small part in the mighty conflict. But after a brief pause he brought himself back to Kenneth with his characteristic interest in any matter at hand.

"What's the real trouble?" he asked, still sharply; and Kenneth, driven by his discomfort, flung his thoughts out as if they were in some way Jennison's fault.

"Well, sir, I don't want to give her the sort of deal my father gave mother—or anything approaching it. And I'm not sure I'm altogether different—from him."

"Why?"

"If you don't want to understand me, sir, I'm afraid I can't explain it."

Bewilderingly angered, Kenneth got out of his chair to go. But Jennison held out a long slow arm that held apology in its gesture.

"Sit down, kid; sit down. You're so much like your mother that I can't ever see a trace of your father in you. I suppose you mean that other girls have an unholy attraction for you?"

"Yes," said Kenneth, keenly uncomfortable. To ease the silence he went on jerkily, "You see, Mary and I haven't really been together very much all these years—just a few summers and two Christmas vacations, and we've always left each other free to go about with other people, and—well, it isn't that I've ever thought of wanting to marry any other girl but—but I've liked 'em—a hell of a lot."

With any man except Jennison he would not have floundered in such subtleties.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Mary's had the same experience," Jennison said easily.

"No; not the way I have," Kenneth persisted, wondering to himself that he found expression so immensely difficult. "She—she says that whenever she's with any chap who's especially—well, congenial, it only makes her think of and want to be with me."

"And it isn't that way with you?"

"No," said Kenneth. In fact it had several times been distinctly to the contrary.

His tone said as much, but Jennison's slow quiet smile held only affectionate amusement.

"You don't expect Mary to make all other women distasteful to you, do you?" he said.

Kenneth did not answer his smile; to him the matter was brain baffling and soul deep.

"I have expected my love for her to keep me from having a desire for other women," he said stiffly and boyishly.

"Well, don't." Jennison carefully balanced his cigar on a tray and threw himself back in his chair as if invigorated by the sudden decision to do something he had not in the least expected to. "There isn't any woman on earth who can, of herself, keep a man true to her. It's up to the man. There'll always be some other woman he could love if he lets himself. You bet. It's up to you. Want to know what I believe about marriage?"

It was exactly what Kenneth had come for, and was a generous opening.

"I'll tell you. I believe it can be made a paying proposition, just like any other worth-while venture—if you apply logical principles to it. Now you're a lawyer. Suppose you've taken offices across the hall from a young doctor. You're going through a starvation period—waiting for business. He seems to have all kinds of work—patients all the time—buys a car and all that sort of thing. You begin to chafe a little—wonder why you chose law out of all other professions; your office seems like a prison; you begin to wish you'd chosen medicine; to knuckle under; to lose your morale; in fact you begin to be a failure just because you haven't the guts to stick with the thing you chose for yourself and that's really best suited for you, if you hadn't set up a false standard to judge it by. Exactly the same with marriage. There isn't any woman or anything else on God's earth—once it's yours—that you won't get a little tired of. But just as soon as you begin to compare—the trouble begins. You'll notice that your wife isn't as careful about her dress as somebody else, that her hair perhaps isn't as tidy as somebody else's; that she nags at you. But you forget to take into consideration that that somebody else hasn't been married to you for so long a time, nor gotten so fed up with you as your wife has. You judge by a false standard.

"It doesn't make you strong if some woman's got enough attraction over you to chain you away from all other women. But what will do it is to give up something that you may at that particular moment want like hell. You won't want it in the long run."

He stopped, reached for his cigar, and thoughtfully regarded the ash it had accumulated.

"Not in the long run," he repeated. "I've watched a good many men find that out when it was too late. Trouble is, young men think that things won't matter one way or another when they're fifty."

Kenneth thought of his father, sitting alone in the barracks window. Then he thought of what Jennison had so surprisingly said about there being always another woman to love if a man permitted himself. Meanwhile the silence of the room grew in his ears. But the older man did not look as if he expected him to say anything. Finally Jennison put his cigar down again and went on talking, more in the manner of one dictating a lecture than of conversation.

"One of the most satisfactory things about marriage—no sentiment about it—is to have somebody to ease up your own knowledge of your faults and your mistakes and your sins. Lord! I'll never forget—but that hasn't anything to do with this discourse, I guess. All I mean is that when you're good and sick of yourself there's nothing that bucks you up like talking it all over with the woman you trust. If she isn't your wife she ought to be, for there's nobody else that'll fill the bill. I never did see where that fool poet got hold of his idea that love is blind. Anyhow, it doesn't fit women of today. A woman who loves you is a damn intuitive thing. Ever notice it, Kenneth?"

Yes, Kenneth had noticed it, but he had supposed it was only another of Mary Winsor's superior qualities.

"Now I figure that right here's where marriage can either make or break a man," Jennison went on in a less studied voice. "He can keep on sort of washing out his troubles in her knowledge of 'em or he can do the one thing that he can't ever talk over with her. Then—he can't beat human nature; some devilish trick of his own conscience makes him try to justify himself. Then's the time he begins to notice his wife's small shortcomings and to magnify 'em into faults. We-ell"—his tone changed abruptly and he brought his fist down on the desk so that the ash tray danced about merrily—"you know the rest as well as I do. He gets about as much benefit out of marriage as a fish gets out of a sand pile. I tell you, my boy, train yourself to know real value—to make whatever you do pay with satisfaction instead of discontent. Depend on yourself and not on Mary to make you live your married life so that you can go home from your office in the evening feeling you've got just as much to whistle and grin about as you had when you came down in the morning. Lord! I know a lot of poor devils that wish five o'clock never came. But what's the use playing a game if you don't get any fun out of it?"

Out of the far years an absurd condemnation of his father's struck into Kenneth's consciousness:

"Tom Jennison could shake a rattle all day and get fun out of it."

Well, the lesson was proved. But it was his father who was the fish in the sand pile.

Tom Jennison looked up at the clock and smiled. It was five minutes past five. Down below an auto horn was honking. He leaned out the window and a woman's eager voice came up to greet him.

"Hurry up, you old slow-poke! Here's a letter from Harry. He's safe over, dear."

Leaving Tom Jennison's office Kenneth telegraphed Mary Winsor asking her to meet him in Chicago and marry him. But before her answer hurried back, secret orders sent him to Camp Merritt—and on. So he did not see Mary Winsor again until many months after the armistice.

. . . . . .

There was another note now, folded away in his inside pocket with the one Tom Jennison had written to Mary Winsor's mother. And there were tear stains on this

(Continued on Page 58)

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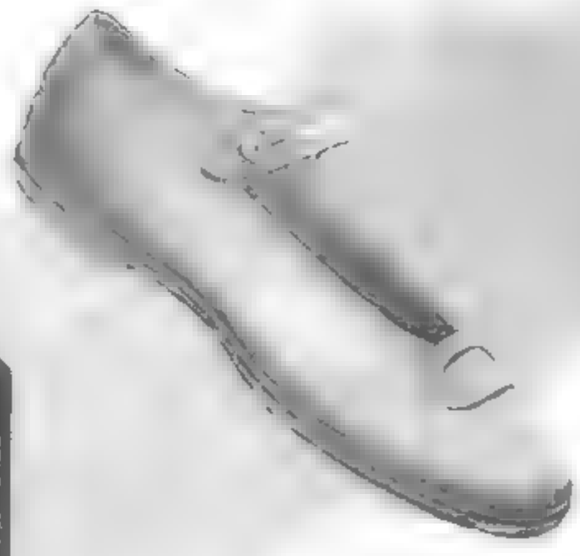

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The sweep of the Keds idea has been astounding even to those who at the beginning believed in a big future for them. Their success is due to many things—but principally to the craving for real foot comfort such as Keds can give, and to the quality of the famous Keds line.

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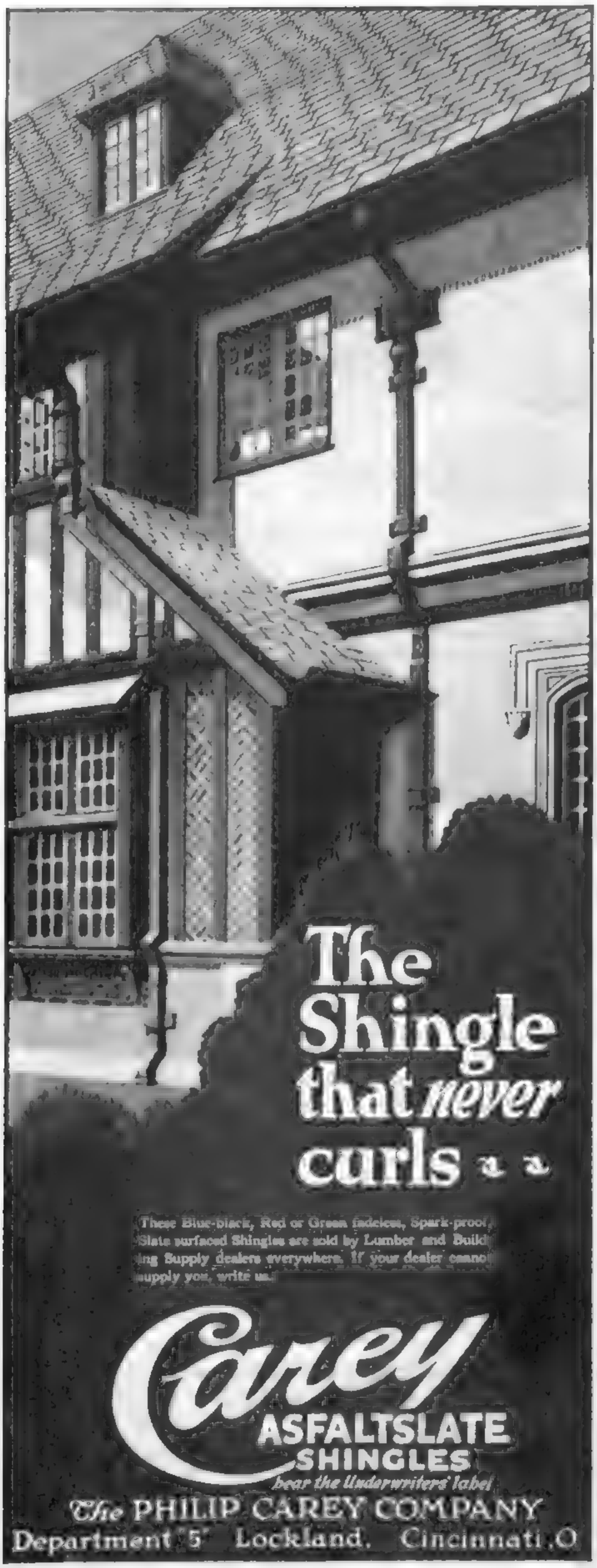
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(Continued from Page 56)

other note—such a poorly penciled little note, written by such effort. Mary Winsor had addressed the envelope to him after his mother was dead:

CAPTAIN KENNETH ANDREWS,
American Expeditionary Forces,
A P O 743.

Oh, Kenneth boy [it laboringly said], they tell me I'm soon to go. I want you not to grieve. Now mind me, honey. You've given me a beautiful life. I want you never to fail Mary, either. I'm coming straight to your side and keep you from harm and bring you safe back to her, here.

And if you should some day see your father, dear, be kind. He will want you. I'm feeling, and it's right you should love him as you did when you were a wee laddie.

Oh, my dear precious laddie. I'm too tired to—yes, if ever you're sore bothered about anything, Mr. Jennis

III

"BY MR. THOMAS JENNISON!" These loud words, acclaimed in a thick male voice, brought Kenneth headlong into the reality of the Bigger Boomton party. For the first time in twenty minutes he looked, seemingly, about him. The party was going gayly on, and no one had noticed his absence. The glass by his plate was empty—it was always empty; so was Tom Jennison's. Their glasses were always empty.

He raised his eyes to the place where Tom Jennison's head should be, but instead there was a confusing picture of Mary Winsor and her aunt, Mary Jennison, wailing together and trying to pull along a crippled youngster who stumbled between them, and fell. And, normally enough, the twisted broken figure seemed to be the boyish promise he had made himself about the clean faith he would keep with Mary Winsor.

Again the woman at his side—she was a pretty woman; she danced somewhere on a roof—concerned herself in his bewilderment. She nudged him cheerfully—such a sharp elbow—and smiled up at him as if to assure him that she was there for his best interests.

"What's your name?" he asked her, seriously. Funny, he couldn't place her.

"Why, it was Deadly Nightshade at the last count," she told him helpfully, "but it'll be mud, same as yours, if this liquor supply holds out. Look at your friend over there; he's changed his spots, all right."

Seemingly Tom Jennison had accomplished that very thing. He was another man than the one who had sat down across from Kenneth. The sullen hard look about his mouth, which had taken line there since the loss of his two oldest sons, was gone. Gone, too, was that reserve about him which made men feel he had gained an enviable serenity from life. His elation carried him far beyond the mere jubilant intoxication of the other men; it carried forgetfulness of those two narrow graves in France; and it held the exultance of having achieved great good for Boomton. That was his greatest drunkenness.

But there was no denying that he was as boisterously exhilarated, as hilariously drunk as in the long-ago days when he had come shouting down the quiet Boomton streets in a desperate search for his own house. And even then, Kenneth remembered, his mother had scorned to feel any sympathy for Mary Jennison. "You'll notice it's home he comes—to Mary, even if he's drunk," she had used to say.

Her words came to Kenneth so clearly that he shivered, as if his mother might be there, beside him, seeing Tom Jennison fail their faith in him. To-night Mary was a thousand miles away, and Cleopatra's languid eyes shone with conquest.

Laughter hovered on lazy wings over the table. The last speech was bringing its tired toll of appreciation. Then the toastmaster announced in a voice like a blundering bell that Mr. Thomas Jennison, the prince of the party, would respond to a toast. "Seven times one are seven."

There was a perceptible pause while many memories fumbled with the old familiar words. Evans Hall, the real estate man, who had been educated for an English teacher, began to quote the old poem in a contented singsong:

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven ——

It somehow struck a discord into the harmony of pleasure.

"Choke him! Choke him!" a voice advised. "This ain't a daisies-and-rain party. This is a seven-million-dollar party. We came for one million—an' we got seven! Come on, Jennison! Seven million for Bigger Boomton!"

Tom Jennison slowly rose. He had difficulty in pushing back his chair, so Cleopatra helped him and he patted the top of her golden head gratefully.

His upper lip lifted in the humorous twist that always prefaced something worth while. His eyes traveled slowly around the table and found eager anticipation on his friends' faces.

"I bet this'll be good!" Deadly Nightshade yelled into Kenneth's ear, though she leaned close to him as if she were whispering. Perhaps she thought he was deaf.

"Seven—times—one—are—seven," Tom Jennison said thoughtfully, one hand lingering pleasurably on Cleopatra's golden hair while his eyes continued their circle of the table.

They came finally to the gaze of Kenneth Andrews, and stopped there so suddenly it was like the silencing of sound. He stared an instant, queerly, and closed his eyes.

He looked like —— Where? Where? Kenneth's sensitized mind searched for and found the time when Jennison had looked like that before. It was long ago, in his mother's kitchen; and Tom Jennison had held both his mother's hands, and her eyes had been wide open, sick with pain and asking help—her blue, black-lashed eyes like Kenneth's own.

After the merest instant Jennison opened his eyes and quietly met Kenneth's staring gaze. Kenneth stretched his lips into a mirthless grin, and the older man answered with a smile of peculiar tenderness—such a look as the love of a woman might perhaps have brought to his face. Kenneth felt strangely cold. That queer aloof thing we call the soul had claimed his trembling body for its usage. And stabbing through his brain bewilderment came the quiet knowledge that his mother had been the "other" woman Tom Jennison could have loved; his little blue-eyed work-worn mother.

"Seven times one are seven," repeated Tom Jennison. His lips lost their humorous twist and he lifted his hand from Cleopatra's yellow head, looking close and searchingly at his palm which had rested on her perfumed hair.

The party laughed expectantly.

"Back in our town of Boomton," he began conversationally, "there's a big white house whose old walls have seen another case of seven times one are seven. The seven, ladies and gentlemen, were my seven sons. And the one is the mother of 'em all. An' her name is Mary, an' she's my wife—yeh, her name's Mary, an' she's my wife."

He had taken up his glass. Now, in the stricken silence, he put it carefully down on the table and looked over at Kenneth Andrews.

"This is a damn fine party," he continued, grinning, "but somehow it strikes me that the right place for me to drink a toast to Seven times one are seven is in that big white house. An' that reminds me that it needs painting. Coming along with me, Kenneth?"

And the last thing that Kenneth remembered of the petrified party was the reflection of the real-estate man who had been educated to teach English.

"They might have known he'd spill the beans," he was muttering. "I guess Galahad wasn't the guy, after all. I guess he couldn't have been."

EPILOGUE

So it was that Cleopatra and Deadly Nightshade went home without escort from the Bigger Boomton jollification, and went dutch in paying their taxi fare. But neither seemed so downcast as might be supposed.

"Oh, Lord!" said Cleopatra wearily. "I blew myself for a new dress to waste on that old John the Baptist. But still—it's worth something to know there is one man on earth like that."

"Two of 'em," Deadly Nightshade reminded her wistfully. "And both from one little town. I wonder what there is about that name Mary."

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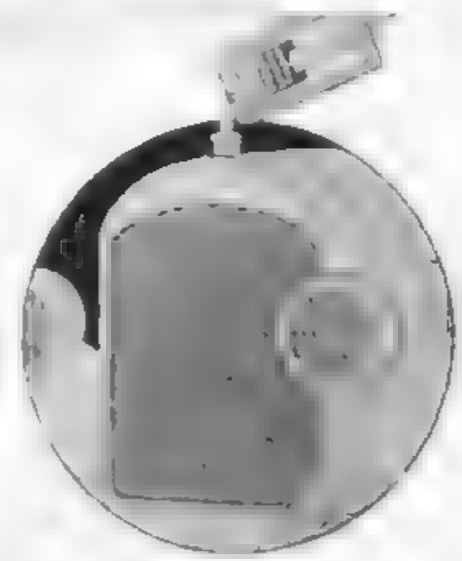

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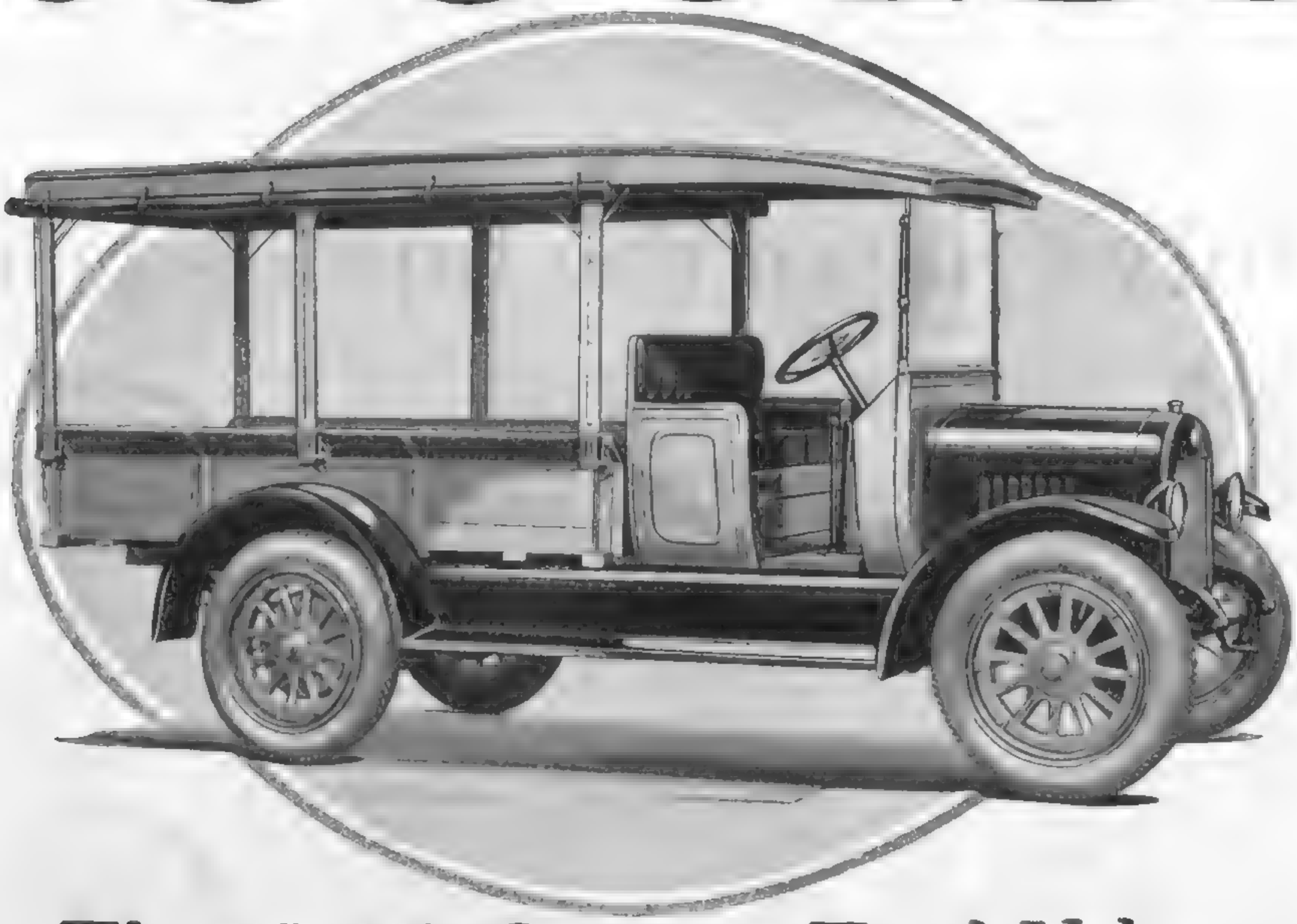

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THE VAN ROON

(Continued from Page 5)

"It's a small picture I happened to come across in an old shop at Crowdham Market."

"Picture, eh?" S. Gedge, Antiques, dubiously scratched a scrub of whisker with the nail of his forefinger. "Don't fancy pictures myself. Chancy things, are pictures. Never brought me much luck. However, I'll have a look at it. Take off the paper."

William took off the paper and handed to his master the article it had contained. With a frown of petulant disgust the old man held an ancient and dilapidated daub up to the light. So black it was with grime and age that to his failing eyes not so much as a hint of the subject was visible.

"Nothing to write home about anyhow," was the sour comment. "Worth nothing beyond the price of the frame. And I should put that"—S. Gedge pursed a mouth of professional knowledge—"at five shillings."

"Five shillings, sir, is what I paid for it."

"Not worth bringing home." S. Gedge shook a somber head. Somehow he resented his assistant making a private purchase, but that may have been because there was nothing in the purchase when made. "Why buy a thing like that?"

William took the picture gravely from his master and held it near the window.

"I have an idea, sir, there may be a subject underneath."

"Don't believe in ideas myself," snapped S. Gedge, taking a microscope from the counter. After a brief use of it he added, "There may be a bit o' badly painted still life, but what's the good o' that?"

"I've a feeling, sir, there's something below it."

"Rubbish, anyhow! It'll be a fortnight's job to get the top off, and then like as not you'll have wasted your time. Why buy a pig in a poke when you might have invested your five shillings in a bit more china? However, it's no affair of mine."

"There's something there, sir, under those flowers, I feel sure," said the young man, taking up the microscope and gazing earnestly at the picture. "But what it is I can't say."

"Nor can anyone else. However, as I say, it's your funeral. In our trade there's such a thing as being too speculative, and don't forget it, boy."

"I might find a thing worth having, sir," William ventured to say.

"Pigs might fly!" snapped S. Gedge, Antiques, his favorite formula for clinching an argument.

The mention of pigs no doubt again, by some association of ideas, enabled S. Gedge to notice, as he might have done any time for two minutes past, that his niece had emerged from the back premises, and that she was regarding William and the picture with frank curiosity.

"Well, niece," said the old man sharply, "what do you want now?"

"Is the cold mutton in the larder for dinner, Uncle Si?" said June, with a slight but becoming blush at being called upon to speak in the presence of such a very nice-looking young man.

"What else do you think we are going to have? Truffles in aspic or patty de four grass?"

"No, Uncle Si," said June gravely.

"Very well then," growled S. Gedge, Antiques.

IV

IT WAS not until the evening, after tea, when S. Gedge, Antiques, had gone by bus to Clerkenwell in order to buy a Queen Anne sofa from a dealer in difficulties that William and June really became known to each other. Before then, however, their respective presences had already charged the atmosphere of No. — New Cross Street with a rare and subtle quality.

William, even at a first glance, had been intrigued more than a little by the appearance of the niece. To begin with, she was a great contrast to Mrs. Runciman. She looked as clean and bright as a new pin, she had beautiful teeth, her hair was of the kind that artists want to paint and her way of doing it was cunning. Moreover, she was as straight as a willow, her movements had charm and grace and her eyes were gray. And beyond all else her smile was full of friendship.

As for June, her first thought had been when she had unexpectedly come upon William holding up to the light the picture he had bought at Crowdham Market that the young man had an air at once very gentle and very nice. And in the first talk they had together in the course of that evening, during the providential absence of Uncle Si, this view of William was fully confirmed.

He was very gentle and he was very nice.

The conversation began shortly after seven o'clock, when William had put up the shutters and locked the door of the shop. It was he who opened the ball.

"You've come to stay, Miss Gedge, haven't you?"

"Yes," said June, "if I can make myself useful to Uncle Si."

"But aren't you adopted? The master said a fortnight ago he was going to adopt you."

"Uncle Si says I'm half and half at present," said June demurely. "I'm a month on trial. If I suit his ways he says I can stay, but if I don't I must find a situation."

"I hope you will stay," said William with obvious sincerity.

There was enough woman in the heart of the niece of S. Gedge, Antiques, to cause her to smile to herself. This was a perfect Simple Simon of a fellow, yet she could not deny that there was something about him which gave her quite a thrill.

"Why do you hope so?" asked Woman, with seeming innocence.

"I don't know why I do, unless it is that you are so perfectly nice to talk to." And the simpleton grew suddenly red at his own immoderation.

Woman in her cardinal aspect might have said "Really!" in a tone of ice; she might even have been tempted to ridicule such a statement made by such a young man; but Woman in the shrewdly perceptive person of June was now aware that this air of quaint sincerity was a thing with which no girl truly wise would dare to trifle. William was William and must be treated accordingly.

"Aren't you very clever?"

She knew he was clever, but for a reason she couldn't divine she was anxious to let him know that she knew it.

"I don't think I am at all."

"But you are," said June. "You must be very clever indeed to go about the country buying rare things cheap for Uncle Si."

"Oh, anybody can pick up a few odds and ends now and again if one has been given the money to buy them."

"Anybody couldn't. I couldn't for one."

"Isn't that because you've not been brought up to the business?"

"It's more than that," said June shrewdly. "You must have a special gift for picking up things of value."

"I may have," the young man modestly allowed. "The master trusts me, as a rule, to tell whether a thing is genuine."

June pinned him with her eyes. "Then tell me this." Her suddenness completely took him by surprise. "Is he genuine?"

"Who? The master?"

"Yes—Uncle Si."

The answer came without an instant's hesitation: "Yes, Miss June, he is. The master is a genuine piece."

"I am very glad to hear it," said June with a slight frown.

"Yes, the master is genuine." Depth and conviction were in the young man's tone. "In fact," he added slowly, "you might say he is a museum piece."

At this solemnity June nearly smiled aloud.

"He's a very good man." A warmth of affection fused the simple words. "Why, he took me from down there, as you might say"—William pointed to the ground—"and now I'm his assistant."

"At how much a week," said the practical June "if the question isn't rude?"

"I get fifteen shillings."

"A week?"

"Yes. And board and lodging."

She looked the young man steadily in the eyes. "You are worth more."

"If the master thinks I'm worth more he'll give it to me."

June pursed her lips and shook a dubious head. Evidently she was not convinced.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure he will. In fact, he's promised to raise my wages half a crown from the first of the new year."

"I should just think so," said June, looking him still in the eyes.

"Of course I always get everything found."

"What about your clothes?"

With an air of apology he had to own that clothes were not included; yet to offset this reluctant admission he laid stress on the fact that his master had taught him all that he knew.

June could not resist a smile. Nice as he was she would not have minded shaking him a little. No Simon had a right to be quite so simple as this one.

A pause followed.

And then the young man suddenly said, "Miss June, would you care to see something I bought the other day at Crowdham Market?"

"Yes, very much indeed," said the gracious Miss June. She had seen the something already, but just now she was by no means averse to having another look at it.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind coming up to the studio," William laughed shyly. "I call it that, although of course it isn't a studio really. And I only call it that to myself, you know," he added naïvely.

"Then why did you call it the studio to me?" archly demanded Woman, in the person of the niece of S. Gedge, Antiques.

"I don't know why, I'm sure. It was silly."

"No, it wasn't," said Woman. "Rather nice of you, I think."

The simpleton flushed to the roots of his thick and waving chestnut hair, which was brushed back from a high forehead in a most becoming manner; and then, with rare presence of mind, in order to give his confusion a chance, he showed the way up the two flights of stairs that led direct to June's attic. Next to it, with only a thin wall dividing them, was a kind of extension of her own private cubicle, a fairly large and well-lit room, which its occupant had immodestly called a studio. A bed, a washstand and a chest of drawers were tucked away in a far corner, as if they didn't belong.

"The master lets me have this all to myself for the sake of the light," said the young man in a happy voice as he threw open the door. "One needs a good light to work by."

With the air of a Leonardo receiving a lady of the Colonnas he ushered her in.

A feminine eye embraced all at a glance—the walls of bare whitewash bathed in the glories of an autumn sunset, the clean skylight, the two easels with rather dilapidated objects upon them, a litter of tools and canvases and frames, a pervading odor of turpentine, and a look of rapture upon the young man's face.

"But it is a studio!" said June. Somehow she felt greatly impressed by it. "I've never seen one before, but it's just like what one reads about in books."

"Oh, no; a studio is where pictures are painted. Here they are only cleaned and restored."

"One day perhaps you'll paint them."

"Perhaps I will; I don't know." He sighed a little, too shy to confess his dream. "But that day's a long way off."

"It mayn't be, you know."

He had begun already to try, but as yet it was a secret from the world. "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," he said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Life is short, art eternal. It is the motto of the old man who teaches me how to clean and renovate these things. He says it keeps him up to his work."

"You go to an art school?"

"I should hardly call it that. But the master wants me to learn as much as I can of the practical side of the trade, so he's having me taught. And the more I can pick up about pictures the better it will be for the business. You see, the master doesn't pretend to know much about pictures himself. His line is furniture."

"Didn't I say you were clever?" June could not help feeling a little proud of her own perception.

"You wouldn't say that"—the young man's tone was sad—"if you really knew how little I know. But allow me to show you what I bought at Crowdham Market. There it is."

He pointed to the old picture on the smaller easel, which, now divorced from its frame, seemed to June a mere daub, black, dilapidated, old and worthless.

She could not conceal her disappointment. "I don't call that anything."

"No!" He could not conceal his disappointment either. "Take this glass." A microscope was handed to her. "Please look at it ve-ry, ve-ry closely while I hold it for you in the light."

June gave the canvas a most rigorous scrutiny, but she had to own at last that the only thing she could see was dirt.

"Can't you see water?"

"Where?"

With his finger nail the young man found water.

"No," said June stoutly. "I don't see a single drop. And that's a pity, because in my opinion it would be none the worse for a good wash."

This was a facer, but he met it valiantly.

"Don't you see trees?"

"Where are the trees?"

The young man disclosed trees with his finger nail.

"I can't see a twig."

"But you can see a cloud." With his finger nail he traced a cloud.

"I only see dirt and smudge," said June the downright. "To my mind this isn't a picture at all."

"Surely you can see a windmill?"

"A windmill! Why, there's not a sign of one."

"Wait till it's really clean," said William, with the optimism of genius.

He took up a knife and began delicately to scrape that dark surface, from which already he had half removed a top layer of paint that some inferior artist had placed there.

June shook her head. There was a lovely fall in the young man's voice, but it would take more than that to convince her. She believed her eyes to be as good as most people's, but even with a microscope and William's finger nail to help them they could see never a sign of a cloud, nor so much as a hint of water. As for a tree—and a windmill! Either this handsome young man—he really was handsome—had a sense that ordinary people had not or—or ——

V

JUNE suddenly remembered that she must go and lay the supper. William modestly asked that he might be allowed to assist.

"Can you lay supper?" Polite the tone, but June was inclined to think that here was the limit to William's cleverness.

"Oh, yes, Miss June, I lay it nearly always. It's part of my work."

"Glad of your help of course." The tone was gracious. "But I dare say you'd like to go on looking for a windmill."

"Yes, I think perhaps I would." It was not quite the answer of diplomacy, but behind it there was a weight of sincerity that took away the sting.

"Thought so," said June with a dark smile.

It would have been pleasant to have had the help of this accomplished young man, but above all things she was practical and she realized that the time of such a one must be of great value.

"But I'm thinking you'll have to look some while for that windmill," she said, trying not to be satirical.

"The windmill I'll not swear to, but I'm sure there's water and trees; although of course it may take a long time to find them." William took up a piece of cotton wool. "But we'll see."

He moistened the wool when she wasn't looking, then not too hard he began to rub the surface.

"I hope we shall," said June doubtfully. And she went downstairs with an air of skepticism she was unable to hide.

Supper, in the main, was an affair of bread and cheese and a jug of beer drawn from the barrel in the larder. It was not taken until a quarter past nine, when S. Gedge, Antiques, had returned from Clerkenwell. The old man was in quite a good humor; in fact, it might be said to verge upon the expansive. He had managed to buy the Queen Anne sofa for four pounds.

"You've got a bargain, sir," said William. It was William who had discovered the sofa and had strongly advised its purchase.

"That remains to be seen," said his master, who would have been vastly disappointed all the same had there been reason to think for a moment that he had not got a bargain.

After supper, when the old man had put on his slippers and an ancient smoking cap that made him look like a Turkish pasha,

(Continued on Page 64)

MO

Delicious—

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R R I S

Supreme
Ox Tongue
Vienna Sausage
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Choice meats—skillfully prepared and ready to serve. Morris Supreme Canned Meats offer a great variety of tempting, nutritious meals.

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The VESTA Code

1 *The customer's battery, of whatever make, must be made to function properly, if it can be done economically to the customer.*

2 *In all inspection service and repair work, only pure distilled water shall be used*

3 *All repairs are guaranteed for six months.*

4 *Whenever a customer's battery fails to take a charge it shall be opened in the owner's presence and condition explained unless inconvenient to the customer.*

5 *If, in the Vesta Battery man's judgment, repairs cannot be made with the indication of six months' further service such repairs shall not be made. If the customer insists, it is better to let others do it, for such jobs are only breeders of dissatisfaction and ill-will.*

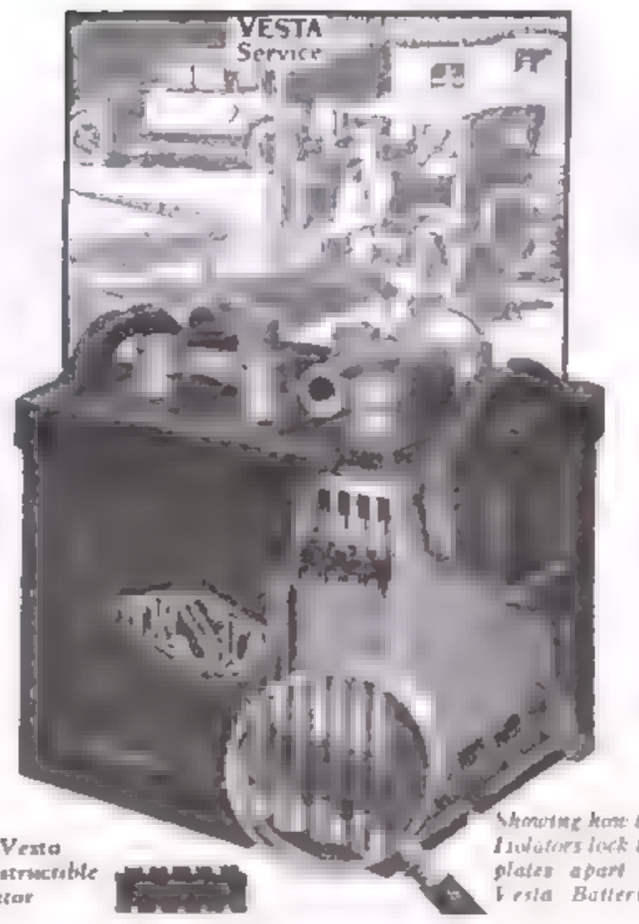
6 *Charging rate of generator on the car will be changed only at the owner's direction. Battery man shall first make explanation and suggestion for the good of the owner and receive owner's sanction for any change.*

7 *Corroded terminals, poor wiring, etc., which tend to increase battery troubles, are to be called to the customer's attention, so that he may order the necessary repairs in order to increase his battery's efficiency.*

8 *A Vesta recharge, by a Vesta Station, will be considered accomplished only when the gravity is brought to 1280° and the voltage to 2.45 volts or better per cell at 70° Fahrenheit and this condition attained without at any time during the process raising the battery's temperature above 105° Fahrenheit*

9 *Vesta Patented Impregnated Mats (separators) may now be used in the repair of other makes of batteries. The owner's attention should be called to the fact that the extra service from his battery is due to the addition of these parts.*

10 *The Vesta Battery is sold only on the policy of Service, First and Last. First, on the old battery until it cannot be made to perform economically, and, Last, when the Vesta Battery is sold, to the end that it gives the perfect satisfaction to which the owner is entitled.*



The Vesta Indestructible Isolator

Showing how the Isolators lock the plates apart in Vesta Batteries

Vesta Service is Impartially Rendered on all makes of Batteries

NO CAR OWNER need wait until he requires a new battery before he begins to enjoy Vesta Service.

For every one of the 3,500 Vesta Service Stations dotting the country is operated under the Vesta Service Code, the first article of which insures you every effort to make your old battery deliver its maximum term of service.

Furthermore, Vesta Service Stations are now allowed to use Vesta Patented Impregnated Mats in the repair of all batteries. The addition of these parts frequently lengthens the service-life of various batteries greatly.

The Vesta Service Code, printed at the left, is a code of business morals to which every Vesta Service Station unconditionally subscribes and upon the observance of which its franchise depends.

Therefore, any motorist may approach a Vesta Service Station for inspection, repair, or replacement of his battery, *of whatever make*, with fullest confidence that he will be squarely dealt with.

The superior life and efficiency of the Vesta Battery are due to its patented features for preventing the various sorts of short circuiting that shorten battery life. These are the famous Vesta Isolators and Vesta Impregnated Mats.

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CHICAGO

There are special "A" and "B" Vesta Batteries for your Radio Set, too

VESTA
STORAGE BATTERY
42
Costs Less Per Month of Service

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he took from the chimneypiece a pipe and a jar of tobacco, drew the easy-chair to the fire and began to read the evening paper.

"By the way, boy," he remarked quizzingly, "have you started yet on that marvelous thing you were clever enough to buy at Ipswich?"

"Crowdham Market, sir."

"Crowdham Market, was it? Well, my father used to say that fools and money soon part company."

June, who was clearing the table, could not forbear from darting at the young man a gleam of triumph. It was clear that Uncle Si believed no more in the windmill, not to mention the trees and the water, than did she.

A start had been made, but William confessed to a fear that it might be a long job to get it clean.

"And when you get it clean," said his master, "what do you expect to find, eh? That's if you're lucky enough to find anything."

"I don't quite know," said William frankly.

"Neither do I." S. Gedge, Antiques, scratched a cheek of rather humorous cynicism. And then in sheer expansion of mood he went to the length of winking at his niece. "Perhaps, boy," he said, "you'll find that Van Roon that was cut out of its frame at the Louvre in the '90's, and has never been seen or heard of since."

"Was there one, sir?" asked William with an air of interest.

The old man took up the evening paper and began to read. "'Canvas sixteen inches by twelve'—just about your size, eh? 'One of the world's masterpieces; large reward for recovery been on offer for more than twenty-five years by French Government'—but not claimed yet seemingly. 'Said to be finest Van Roon in existence.' Now's your chance, boy." A second time S. Gedge, Antiques, winked at his niece; and then folding back the page of the Evening News he handed it to William with the air of a very sly dog indeed. "See for yourself. Special article, Mystery of Famous Missing Picture. When you find the signature of Mynheer Van Roon in the corner of this masterpiece of yours I shouldn't wonder if you're able to set up in business for yourself."

Allowing fancy a loose rein in this benign hour the old man for the third time honored his niece with a solemn wink.

VI

THE next morning saw the beginning of a chain of epoch-making events in the history of S. Gedge, Antiques.

Shortly before eight o'clock Mrs. Runciman turned up as usual after her day off. With a most businesslike promptitude, however, she was given her quietus. In dispensing with her services from now on Uncle Si took a real pleasure in what he called telling her off. Many times had he warned her that she would play the trick once too often. And now that his prophecy had come true he was able to say just what he thought of her, of her male and female belongings, and of her sex in general. She would greatly oblige him by not letting him see her face again.

Mrs. Runciman, for her part, professed a cheerful willingness to take her late employer at his word. There was plenty of work to be had; and she departed on a note of dignity which she sustained by informing him in a voice loud enough for the neighbors to hear that he was a miser and a screw, and that he would skin a flea for its feathers.

On the top of this ukase to the char the old man held a short private conversation with his niece. June had begun very well; and if she continued to behave herself, got up in the morning without being called, was not afraid of hard work, and had the breakfast ready by a quarter to eight she would receive, in addition to board and lodging, two shillings a week pocket money, and perhaps a small present at Christmas.

As far as it went this was very well. "But," said June, "there's my clothes, Uncle Si."

"Clothes!" The old man scratched his cheek. "You've money of your own, haven't you?"

"Only twenty pounds."

"We'll think about clothes when the time comes to buy some."

S. Gedge, however, admitted to William privately that he had hopes of the niece. "But let me tell you this, boy: It's asking for trouble to have a young female sleeping in the house. Old ones are bad enough, even when they sleep out; young ones sleeping in may be the very mischief." In fact, the old man thought it wise to reënforce these observations with a solemn warning. "Understand, boy, there must be no carrying on between you and her."

"Carrying on, sir!" Such innocence might have touched the heart of King Herod.

"That's what I said. I can trust you; in some ways you hardly know you're born; but with a woman, and a young one at that, it's another pair o' shoes. Women are simply the devil."

William's blank face showed a fleck of scarlet; but the inwardness of these Menander-like words was lost upon him; and he was rebuked for being a perfect fool in the things that mattered. However, the arrangement was merely temporary. If the girl behaved herself, well and good; if she didn't behave herself, niece or no niece, she would have to go. But—touching wood!—there was nothing to complain of so far.

William quite agreed, yet he dared not say as much to his master. In his opinion there was no ground for comparison between the dethroned goddess, of whom he had always been a little in awe, and the creature of grace and charm, of fine perception and feminine amenity who slept the other side of the studio wall. For all that, in the sight of this young man, one aspect of the case was now a matter of concern.

"Miss June," he said on the evening of the second day, "do you mind if I get up early tomorrow and do a few odd jobs about the house?"

"What sort of jobs?"

Miss June's air of suspicion was tinged with sternness. Now that she reigned in Mrs. Runciman's stead she could not help feeling rather important.

"If you'll show me where the brushes are kept I'll blacklead the kitchen grate."

"Please don't come interfering." In June's manner was a touch of hauteur.

Beneath the tan of East Anglia the young man colored. "But you'll spoil your hands," he ventured.

"My hands are no affair of yours," said June, a little touched, and trying not to show it.

"Let me take over the kitchen grate for the future. And if you don't mind I'll clean the shop floor."

"Is there anything else you'd like to do?" said June with amused scorn.

"I'd like to do all the really rough jobs if I may."

"For why?"

The sawney had given his reason already, and in spite of a growing embarrassment he stuck to his guns.

Said June sternly, "You mustn't come interfering." Yet the light in her eyes was not anger. "You've got your department, and I've got mine. Windmills are your department. Blackleading kitchen grates and cleaning floors won't help you to find windmills. Besides, you have the shop to look after, and you have to go out and find things for Uncle Si and study art and talk to customers, and goodness knows what you haven't got to do."

"Well, if you don't mind," said William tenaciously, "I'll get in the coal anyway."

June shook her head. "No interference" was her last word.

Nevertheless the following morning saw a division of labor within the precincts of No. — New Cross Street. When June came downstairs at a quarter to seven she found a young man on his knees vigorously polishing the kitchen grate. He was *sans* coat, waistcoat and collar; there was a smudge on the side of his nose, and as the temper of a lady is apt to be short at so early an hour it was no wonder that he was rebuked crushingly.

"Didn't I say I wouldn't have interference? I don't come into your studio and look for windmills, do I?"

William, still on his knees, had penitently to own that she didn't.

"It's—it's a great liberty!" said June hotly.

He looked up at her with an air to disarm the Furies. "Oh—please— no!"

"What is it then?" Secretly she was annoyed with herself for not being so much annoyed as the case demanded. "What is it then? Coming into my kitchen with your interference?"

"I'm ever so sorry, but ——"

"But what?"

"I simply can't bear to think of your spoiling your beautiful hands."

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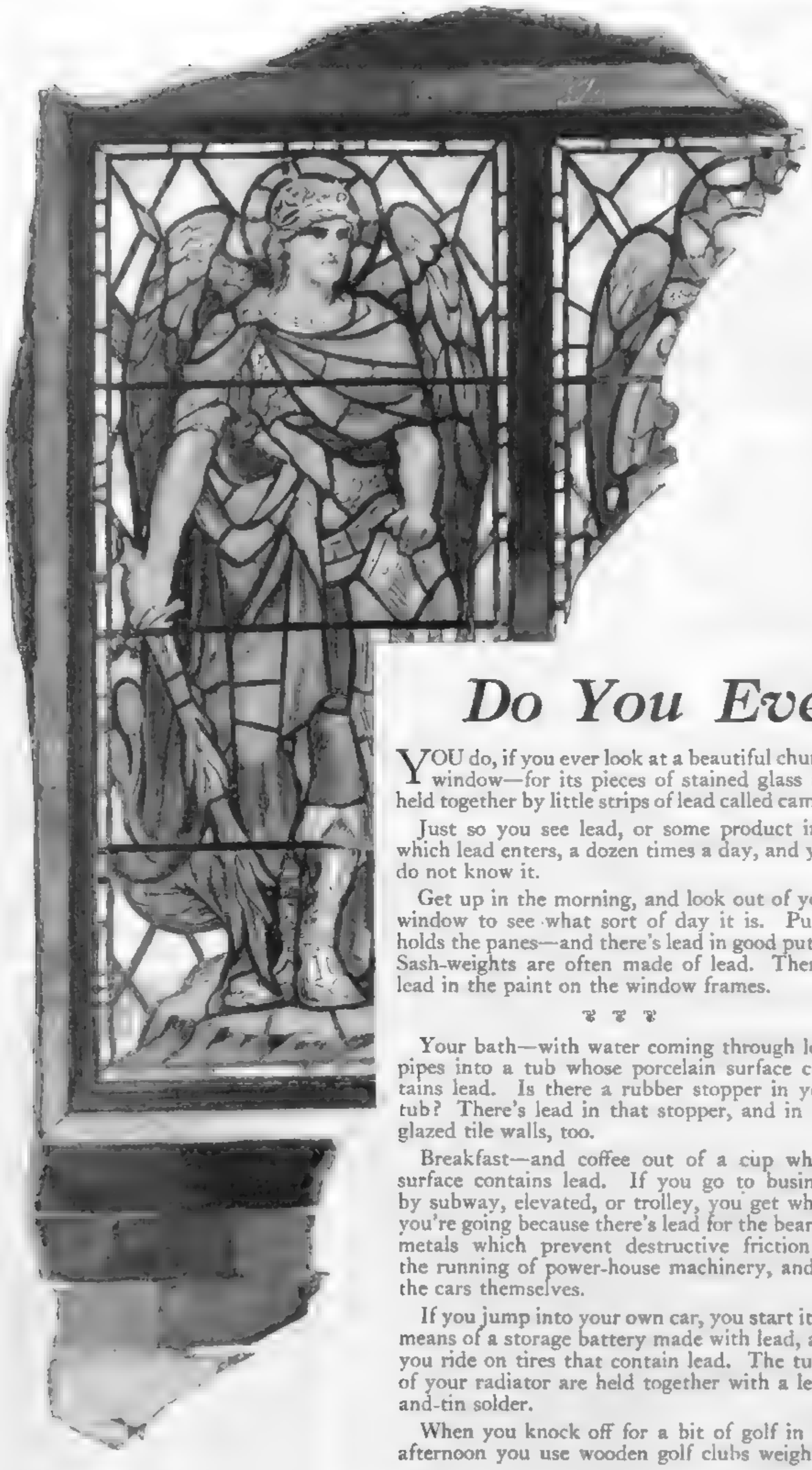

Do You Ever See a Came

YOU do, if you ever look at a beautiful church window—for its pieces of stained glass are held together by little strips of lead called cames.

Just so you see lead, or some product into which lead enters, a dozen times a day, and you do not know it.

Get up in the morning, and look out of your window to see what sort of day it is. Putty holds the panes—and there's lead in good putty. Sash-weights are often made of lead. There's lead in the paint on the window frames.

❦ ❦ ❦

Your bath—with water coming through lead pipes into a tub whose porcelain surface contains lead. Is there a rubber stopper in your tub? There's lead in that stopper, and in the glazed tile walls, too.

Breakfast—and coffee out of a cup whose surface contains lead. If you go to business by subway, elevated, or trolley, you get where you're going because there's lead for the bearing metals which prevent destructive friction in the running of power-house machinery, and of the cars themselves.

If you jump into your own car, you start it by means of a storage battery made with lead, and you ride on tires that contain lead. The tubes of your radiator are held together with a lead-and-tin solder.

When you knock off for a bit of golf in the afternoon you use wooden golf clubs weighted with lead, you wear rubber-soled shoes, and perhaps you use a rubber tee. Rubber contains lead.

❦ ❦ ❦

Of all the ways in which civilization makes use of lead and its products, the most important is the use of white-lead as the principal factor in good paint.

Thousands of tons of pure metallic lead are corroded into white-lead every month, all over the civilized world, to make the paint that decorates and preserves buildings and manufactured articles. A painted surface is a protected surface—and when you "save the surface" you "save all."

Some paint manufacturers use more white-lead, some less, in the paint they make. Most painters use the white-lead straight, thinning with pure linseed oil. The quality of the paint depends on the quantity of the white-lead it contains. White-lead furnishes the durability and the working qualities.

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America Needs the World

The United States has reached a point in its industrial and commercial development where constantly increasing expansion of foreign trade is essential.

If labor is to continue its high standard of living, foreign markets must be available for surpluses of manufactured goods.

So long as manufacturers depend altogether on domestic consumption will they face the danger of recurring demoralization in prices due to overproduction.

This country imports from all points on the globe raw materials and fabricated goods essential to the support of our civilization. The volume of these imports is dependent upon what we sell abroad for, generally speaking, one country must pay in goods for what it buys from other countries.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York, through its world-wide banking service, offers a comprehensive helpfulness to commerce and industry in this vital task of winning for the United States a firm position in foreign markets.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital and Surplus Fifty Million Dollars

(Continued from Page 64)

June's eyes were fire; her cheek flamed like a peony. "Go and look for your beautiful windmills, and leave my hands alone!"

But the owner of the beautiful hands was now fettered by the knowledge that she was beginning to blush horribly.

VII

IN THE evening of the next day, about half an hour before supper, June climbed the attic stairs and knocked boldly upon the studio door.

"Come in," a gentle voice invited her.

William, a lump of cotton wool in one hand, a piece of raw potato in the other, was absorbed in the task of looking for a windmill. He had to own, the queer fellow, that so far success had not crowned his search.

"I should think not," said June.

"But there are the trees." William took up a knife and laid the point to a canvas that was already several tones lighter than of yore.

There was a pause while June screwed up her eyes like an expert; and in consequence she had reluctantly to admit that they were unmistakable trees.

"And now we are coming to the water, don't you see?" said the young man in a tone of quiet ecstasy.

"Where's the water?"

With a lover's delicacy William ran the point of the knife along the canvas.

"Don't you see it, Miss June?" There was a thrill in the low voice.

"Why, yes," said June. "It's water right enough." No use trying now not to be impressed. "Now I call that rather clever."

"I knew it was there. And if you know a thing's there, sooner or later you are bound to find it. Do you know what my opinion is?" Of a sudden the exalted voice sank mysteriously.

June had no idea what William's opinion was, but she was quite willing to hear it, whatever it might be, for he had just had a considerable rise in her estimation.

"It wouldn't surprise me at all if this turns out to be a ——" He broke off with a perplexing smile.

"Turns out to be a what?"

"Perhaps I'd better not say."

The words in their caution and their gravity intrigued a shrewd daughter of the Midlands. June in spite of herself was beginning to respect this odd young man.

"You think it might be something very good?"

"It might be something almost too good." William's tone had a deep vibration. "If it keeps on coming out like this it'll be wonderful. Do you see that cloud?"

June peered hard, but she could not see a suspicion of a cloud.

"Take the microscope."

Even with the microscope no cloud was visible to June.

"I'm as sure of it as I ever was of anything," said William. "There's a cloud—oh, yes!" The note of faith was music. "And there's a sky—oh, yes!" A stray beam of the September sunset made an effect so remarkable as it slanted across those upturned eyes that June paid them rather more attention at the moment than she gave to the canvas.

"Has Uncle Si seen those trees?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, the master came up to look at them a few minutes ago."

"What did he say when he saw them?"

"He just scratched his cheek and changed his spectacles."

"Did you tell him what you've just told me?"

The young man nodded.

"Did Uncle Si believe you?"

"He said he'd wait till he saw it."

"Well, he can't deny the trees anyway."

"No, he can't deny the trees. But of course the real picture is only just beginning to come out, as you might say. All the same, he's made me an offer for it, even as it stands."

With a swift, sudden intuition June cried: "I hope you haven't taken it!"

"As a matter of fact I haven't," said William casually. "I feel I'd like to keep the picture until I find out what it really is."

"Well, mind you do. And if the question isn't a rude one, what did Uncle Si offer you?"

"Seven and sixpence. But that's for the frame mainly."

June grew magisterial. "You mustn't think of parting with it," she said.

With an innocence hard to credit in one so clever William asked why.

"Why?" June almost snorted. "Because if Uncle Si offers you seven and sixpence for a thing which he knows you bought for five shillings, you can be sure that he considers it may be valuable."

"The master has always been very good to me," said the young man with extreme simplicity.

At these words June felt a stab of pain, so great was the contrast between the two men. One saw the wares in which they dealt only in terms of beauty, the other in terms of money.

"You are too modest. And although you are so clever, if you don't mind my saying so, you are also rather foolish in some ways—at least, that's my opinion."

William frankly admitted the impeachment.

"Well now," said June, a cool and steady eye upon him, "suppose you tell me where you think your foolishness lies?"

"Why, I was foolish enough to think that patch"—the simpleton pressed the finger of an artist upon the patch—"was really and truly a windmill. But of course it's nothing of the kind."

"I'm not speaking of windmills now," said June severely. "I'm speaking of things much more important."

"Oh, but a windmill can be very important. Have you ever really seen a windmill?"

"Yes, of course I have."

The sawney asked where.

June had seen a windmill in Lincolnshire.

"Lincolnshire! Oh, but you should see the one in the National Gallery."

"The one in the where?" said June with a frown.

Of a sudden his voice took its delicious fall. The rare smile which lit his face was for June an enchantment. "It's a Hobbema."

"A what—emma!"

"A Hobbema. On Saturdays the shop closes at one, so that I could take you to see it if you'd care to. I should like you so much to see it—that's if it interests you at all. It will give you an idea of what a windmill can be."

"But I meant a real windmill. I'm only interested in real things, anyway."

"A Hobbema is better than real."

"Better than real!" said June, opening wide eyes.

"When you see it you'll understand what I mean. I do hope you'll come and look at it."

June was such a practical person that her first instinct was to refuse to do anything of the kind. But that instinct was overborne by the complexity of her feelings. In some ways he was the simplest Simon of them all; a longing to shake him was growing upon her, but the disconcerting fact remained that after a fashion he was decidedly clever. And leaving his mental qualities out of the case, when you got his face at an angle, and you caught the light in his eyes, he was by far the handsomest young man she had ever seen. Therefore her promise was reluctantly given that on Saturday afternoon she would go with him to the National Gallery to see what a windmill was really like.

VIII

BEFORE June's promise could be fulfilled, however, much had to happen. Saturday itself was put out of the case by the departure of William early that morning to attend a sale in Essex, where several things might be going cheap. And on the following Thursday he was sent on a similar mission to Tunbridge Wells. During his absence on that day, moreover, June's interest in the picture he had bought at Crowdham Market was roused suddenly to a very high pitch.

Even before this significant event occurred her mind had been full of this much-discussed purchase. Day by day William had wrought upon it with growing enthusiasm. There was now no more doubt in regard to the clouds and the sky than there was as to the trees and the water. S. Gedge, Antiques, had been up to the attic several times to see for himself, and although in his opinion the best that could be said for the picture was that it might turn out to be a copy of a fair example of the Dutch School, he went to the length of doubling his offer of seven and sixpence. In other words, which he issued with point at the supper table on the evening prior to William's trip to Tunbridge Wells, there was "a full

week's extra wages sticking out" if only the young man cared to take it in exchange for a dubious work of little or no value

William needed, among other things, a new pair of boots; he was short of the materials of his craft, and the sum of fifteen shillings meant a great deal to him at any time, facts with which his employer was well acquainted. The temptation was great. While the offer was under consideration June held her breath. She had a frantic desire to signal across the table to William not to part with his treasure. Much to her relief, however, the young man resisted the lure. His master told him roundly that only a fool would refuse such an offer. William allowed that it was princely, but he had quite an affection for the picture now; besides, much had to be done to get it really clean.

At present, moreover, he had not even begun to look for the signature.

"Signature!" S. Gedge, Antiques, took up the word sarcastically. And there were times, as June knew already, when the old man could be terribly sarcastic. "You'll be looking, I suppose, for the signature of Hobbema. Seems to me, boy, you're cracked on that subject."

"I don't think, sir," said William in his gentle voice, "that this picture is a Hobbema."

"Don't you indeed?" To conceal a rising impatience Uncle Si made a face at his niece. "You're cracked, my boy!" He gave his own forehead a symbolical tap. "Why waste your time looking for a signature to a thing you bought for five shillings at an old serendipity shop at Crowdham Market? You'd far better turn over a snug little profit of two hundred per cent, and forget all about it."

The next day, however, when William set out for Tunbridge Wells he was still the owner of the picture. And in the light of what was to follow it was a fact of considerable importance.

In the course of that morning, while June was helping Uncle Si to dress the front window, there sauntered into the shop a funny, oldish, foxy little man, who wore a brown billycock hat at the back of his head, and had a pair of legs as crooked as a Louis Quinze chair. She set him down at once as a character out of Dickens.

"Mornin' to you, Mr. Gedge," said the quaint visitor.

"Mornin' to you, Mr. Thornton," said S. Gedge, Antiques, returning the salutation with deference.

June cocked her ears. The note in Uncle Si's rasping voice, which always seemed to need a file, told her at once that the visitor was no common man.

As a preliminary to business, whatever that business might be, Mr. Thornton fixed an eye like a small bright bead on the hoodoo, whose sinister bulk seemed to dominate half the shop.

It was fixed, moreover, with an air of whimsical appreciation as he murmured, "The British Museum is the place for that."

"There I'm with you, Mr. Thornton," S. Gedge, Antiques, looked his visitor steadily in the eye. "Wonderful example of early Polynesian craftsmanship."

"Early Polynesian craftsmanship." The little man stroked the belly of the hoodoo with a kind of rapt delicacy which other men reserve for the fetlock of a horse.

"Only one of its kind."

"I should say so," murmured Louis Quinze-Legs, screwing up his eyes; and then, by way of afterthought: "I've just dropped in, Mr. Gedge, to have a look at that picture you mentioned to me yesterday."

"Oh, that, Mr. Thornton." The voice of S. Gedge, Antiques, suggested that the matter was of such little consequence that it had almost passed from his mind. "S'pose I'd better get it for you." And then with an odd burst of agility that in one of his years was quite surprising the old man left the shop, while June, her heart beating high, went on dressing the window.

In three minutes or less William's picture appeared under the arm of William's master.

"Here you are, Mr. Thornton!" The voice was oil.

June made herself small between a Chinese cabinet and a tallboy in the window's deepest gorge. From this point of vantage the privilege of seeing and hearing all that passed in the shop was still hers.

Foxy Face received the picture in silence from Uncle Si, held it to his eyes, pursed his lips, took a glass from his pocket and examined it minutely back and front, turning it over and tapping it several times in the process. The slow care he gave to this ritual began to get on June's nerves.

"There's good work in it," said Louis Quinze-Legs at last.

"Good work in it!" said S. Gedge, Antiques, in what June called his selling voice. "I should just think there was!"

"But there's one thing it lacks." The little man, looking more than ever like a fox, chose each word with delicacy. "It's a pity a great pity —there's no signature."

"Signature!" The old man's tone had lost the drawling sneer of the previous evening. "Tell me, Mr. Thornton"—he must have forgotten that June was so near—"if we happened to come upon the signature of Hobbema down there in that left-hand corner—in that black splotch—what do you suppose it might be worth?"

Mr. Thornton did not answer the question at once. And when answer he did his voice was so low that June could hardly hear it. "I wouldn't like to say offhand, Mr. Gedge. Mosby sent a Hobbema to New York last year, but what he got for it I don't know."

"I heard twenty-eight thousand dollars."

"So did I, but I doubt it. Still, the Americans are paying big money just now. Did you see that thing of Mosby's, by the way?"

"Yes; it was a bit larger than this chap, but it hadn't the work in it."

"Well, get it a bit cleaner; and then, if you can show me Hobbema's signature with the date, about the place where I've got my finger, I dare say we can come to business, Mr. Gedge."

"I quite expect we'll be able to do that," said the old man, with an air of robust optimism that surprised June considerably.

Foxy Face ventured to hope that such might be the case, whereupon the voice of Uncle Si fell to a pitch that his niece had to strain a keen ear to catch.

"Suppose, Mr. Thornton, we omit the question of the signature? Do you feel inclined to make an offer for the picture as it stands?"

The pause that followed was long and tense, and then June was just able to hear the cautious voice of Foxy Face: "Possibly, Mr. Gedge—I dare say I might. But before I could think of doing that I should like a friend of mine to see it. He's wise in these things, and knows what can be done with them."

"Right you are, Mr. Thornton," said S. Gedge, Antiques, brisk and businesslike. "If you can tell me when your friend is likely to call I'll be here to meet him."

"Shall we say tomorrow morning at ten?"

"That'll suit me."

"Very well, Mr. Gedge. And if my friend can't come I'll telephone."

Foxy Face was bowed out of the shop with a politeness that fairly astonished June. She could hardly believe that this mirror of courtesy was Uncle Si. In fact it was as if the old man had had a change of heart. With the light step of a boy he took back the picture to the attic, while June, thinking hard, retired to the back premises in order to cook two middling-sized potatoes for dinner.

IX

IT WAS not until the evening that William returned from Tunbridge Wells. He had been to look at a picture that his master had seen already, but S. Gedge, Antiques, was wise enough to recognize that his assistant had an instinct for pictures far beyond his own. In the matter of bric-a-brac he would always trust his own judgment, but when it came to an oil painting he was very glad to have it fortified by the special and peculiar knowledge that William had now acquired. There was no doubt that in this sphere, which for his master was comparatively new and full of pitfalls, the young man had a remarkable gift. It was a gift, moreover, of which he had yet to learn the true value.

In "summer-time" September the days are long; and as supper was not until nine o'clock there was light enough for William on getting home to spend a rare hour in the studio delving for further beauties in that derelict canvas which already had far exceeded his hopes.

"I know where you are going," whispered June in the young man's ear as he left the little sitting room behind the shop, where sat Uncle Si, spectacles on nose, poring over the pages of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. "And I'm coming up to look at it again if I may," she added as she followed him out of the room.

Continued on Page 70

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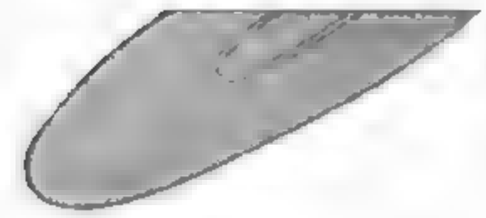

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SCHRADER
TIRE-PRESSURE-GAUGE

(Continued from Page 67)

"Please, please do," he said delightedly.

As she climbed the steep stairs William, in the seventh heaven, followed close upon her heels. What a pleasure to expound the merits of such a work to one so sympathetic!

As for June, her quick mind was at work. Even before the coming of Foxy Face she had guessed, or some instinct had told her, that this picture was no ordinary one, and now that she had overheard that gentleman's recent talk with Uncle Si she had been given furiously to think. To understand all its implications needed far more knowledge of a deep, not to say tricky subject than she possessed, but one fact was clear: Her opinion as to the picture's value was fully confirmed. Here was a treasure whose real worth even William himself might not be able to guess.

Now was the moment, June shrewdly saw, for prompt and decisive action. Uncle Si had set his heart upon this rare thing: but if flesh and blood were equal to the task she must take immediate steps to balk him. Alas, she knew only too well that it was likely to prove an immensely difficult matter.

June halted in front of the easel and set her head to one side quite in the manner of an expert.

"It seems to grow finer and finer," she said in a soft voice.

"Yes, it does," said William, touching it here and there with loverly fingers. "If I can but manage to get the top off without hurting the fabric I'm sure it'll be a nonesuch."

June fervently said that she hoped it would be.

"There's the cloud I spoke to you about the other day."

"Why, yes," said June, screwing up her eyes in unconscious imitation of Foxy Face. "I see it now. And it's very beautiful indeed."

"And the touch of sunlight in it. I hope you notice that!"

As William spoke it almost seemed to June that she could see the reflection of the sunlight in the eyes of this enthusiast.

"Yes, I do," said June stoutly.

"A real painter has done that!" The young man's voice took that dying fall she had learned already to listen for. "This is a lovely thing, Miss June!" Pure cadence touched her heart with fire. "Do you know, I am beginning to think this little picture is the most perfect thing I have ever seen?"

"Very valuable, I dare say," said June, bringing him to earth.

"I only know it's good."

"But surely if it's good it's valuable. What do you think it might be worth?"

"Miss June" the queer little tremble in his voice sounded divine—"don't let us think of it as money."

But at those hushed words, at the far-off look in the deep eyes, she felt once more a touch of pain.

"Uncle Si would call that sentiment. He believes that money is the most important thing there is. He believes it is the only thing that matters."

She meant it as a facer for this sawney who had declared to her that Uncle Si could neither think wrong nor ensue it. A hit, shrewd and fair, but the sawney was still in business.

"In a manner of speaking, it may be so. But I am sure the master will tell you there are things that money can't buy."

"What are they?" June's frown was the fiercer for the effort to repress it.

"Take this glint of sun striking through that wonderful cloud. All the money in the world couldn't buy that."

"Of course it could. And I don't suppose it would take much to buy it either."

He solemnly dissented. She asked why not.

"Because," said he, "that bit of sunlight only exists in the eye that sees it."

"That's sentiment," said June severely. "You might say the same of anything."

"You might, of course. Nothing is, but thinking makes it so."

Again June heard the queer little tremble in his voice, again she saw that strange look steal across his face.

"What you say sounds very deep, but if you talk in that way I'm quite sure you'll never get on in the world."

"I'll be quite happy to live as I am, if only I'm allowed to see the wonderful things that are in it."

June had a fierce desire to shake him, but he beamed upon her, and she became a lamb.

"On Saturday," he said, "when we go to our little treasure house, you will see what I mean."

"If you talk in this way," said June, once more severe, "I shall not go with you on Saturday to your little treasure house. Or on Sunday either. Or on any day of the week. If you were a millionaire you might be allowed to talk like this. Being what you are, and your salary less than half what it should be, I really think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She was a little astonished at her own vehemence. He seemed a little astonished at it also.

"Nothing is, but thinking makes it so!" said June, with fine scorn. "That's what Mr. Boultby, the druggist at the bottom of our street at home, would call poppycock. It means you'll be very lucky if some fine morning you don't wake up and find yourself in the workhouse."

One smile more he gave her out of his deep eyes.

"That sort of talk," said June with growing fierceness, "is just potty. It won't find you tools and a place to work in, or three meals a day and a place to sleep in at night."

"But don't you see what I mean?"

"No, I don't. As I say, to my mind, it's potty. But now tell me, what do you think this picture's worth if you were buying it for Uncle Si to sell again?"

"That is a very difficult question to answer. The master is so clever at selling things that he might get a big price for it in the market."

"Even without the signature?" And June fixed the eye of a hawk on the young man's face.

"I don't say that. The signature might make a lot of difference to a dealer. But don't let us talk of the price. There are things in this picture that money ought not to buy."

An impatient "Poppycock!" all but escaped Mr. Boultby's disciple. Yet of a sudden, in a fashion so unexpected as to verge upon drama, her own voice took that quick fall he had taught her to listen for.

"I can't tell you how much I love it," she said dreamily. "I would give almost anything if it were mine."

William's limpid glance betrayed that he was only too happy to believe her.

"It is quite as beautiful to me as it is to you," June plunged on, but she did not dare to look at him. "And I think it would be a terrible pity if it ever came to be sold by Uncle Si. I simply love it. Suppose you sell it to me?"

"To you, Miss June!"

"Yes—to me." There was swift decision and the fixing of the will, "I like it so much that I'll give you nineteen pounds for it, and that's all I have in the world."

William was astonished.

"I hadn't realized," he said, in charmed surprise, "that you admire it so much as all that."

"Yes, I do admire it." Her heart beat fast and high. "And I want it. I can't tell you just what that picture means to me. But nineteen pounds is all I can pay."

He shook his head in slow finality.

She did not try to conceal her disappointment.

"I couldn't think of taking a penny of your money," he said shyly. "But as you love it so much I hope you will allow me to give it you."

(Continued on Page 73)

Pageant of Progress

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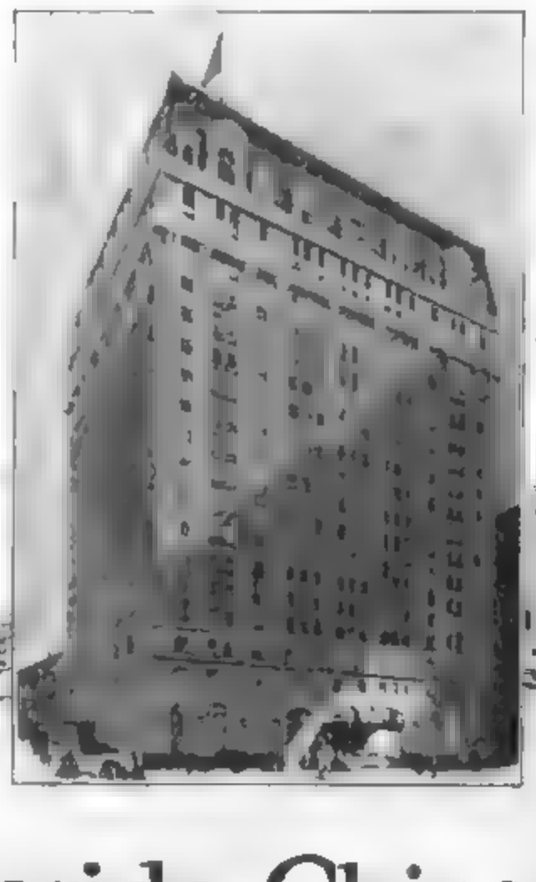

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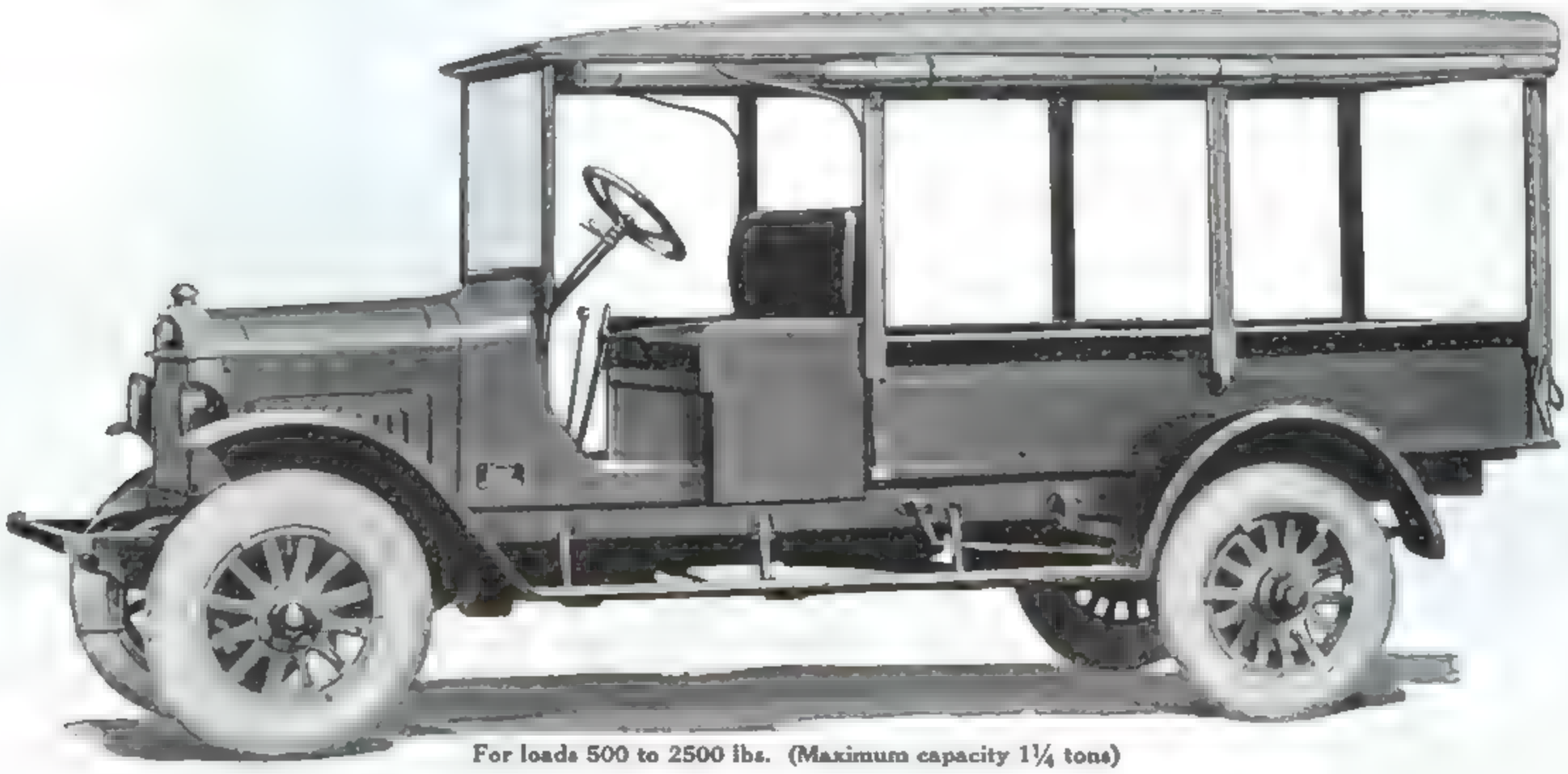

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(Continued from Page 70)

She gave a little gasp. An act of such pure generosity was rather staggering.

"I hope you will, Miss June." He spoke with a delicious embarrassment. "Loving it so much really makes it yours. To love a thing is to possess it. And I shall always have the happiness of feeling that it has made you happy."

She turned away a face glowing with shame. She could never hope to feel about it in the way that he did, and it seemed almost wicked to deceive him. But a young man so poor as he could not afford to be so simple; and she soothed her conscience by telling herself what she was now doing was for his future good.

Conscience, however, was not to be put out of action that way. The part she was playing hurt like a scald on the hand. Both their tongues were tied by the pause that followed, and then she said in a weak, halting manner that was not like her: "You must have something in exchange for it of course; not that I shall ever be able to offer anything near its true value."

"I ask no more than what you have given me already."

"What have I given you?"

"You have given me the wonderful look I see sometimes in your face and the light that springs from your eyes and the glow of your hair. When you came to this house you brought something with you that was never in it before."

"How funny you are!"

June's cheek was aflame. But he spoke so impersonally, delicately weighing each word before a passion for sincerity gave it birth, that any effective form of rebuke was out of the question.

"Miss June," this amazing fellow went on, speaking for all the world as if she were a picture whose signature he was looking for, "when you came here you brought the sun of beauty. Color and harmony and grace—you brought those too. If only I knew how to paint"—he sighed gently—"I could never rest until I had put you on canvas just as you stand at this moment."

It was clear that he had forgotten completely that this was the niece of his employer. She also forgot that no young man had ventured yet to speak to her like that. This was William the wonderful who was addressing her, and his voice was music, his eyes slow fire, his whole being a golden web of poetry and romance.

"You oughtn't to give away such a thing," she persisted, but with none of her usual force. "It's valuable; and I oughtn't to take it." The sound of her voice, she knew only too well, was thin and strange.

"Please, please take it, Miss June," he quaintly entreated her. "It will give me more pleasure to know that you are caring for it and that its beauty means something to you than if I kept it all to myself. I love it, but you love it too. If you'll share the happiness it brings me, then I shall love it even more."

Shadows of the evening were now in the room. His face was half hidden, and the wildness of her heart scarcely allowed his voice to be heard. She thought no longer of the worth of the gift, nor was she now concerned with the propriety of its acceptance. Her mind was in the grip of other things. Was it to herself he was speaking? Or was he speaking merely to a fellow worshiper of beauty? To such questions there could be no answer; she trembled at the daring which gave them birth.

His mere presence was a lure. She longed to touch his hand very gently, and would perhaps have done so had she not been cruelly aware that she was cheating him outrageously. The only excuse she had was that it was all for his own good; such, at least, must now be her hope, her prayer, her faith.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE JAZZ BABY

(Continued from Page 7)

"What you got?" demanded his father in the tone of one whose patience is being worn thin.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," answered the youth, going to the box and undoing a catch at one end.

But instead of releasing the other catches and opening the box he turned and with all the impressiveness he could command delivered a final word.

"It cost two hundred and seventy-five new," he declared, "and what do you think I paid for it? Only one hundred and fifty dollars! That's all! Yes, sir, only one hundred and fifty! Why, if I hadn't of bought it it would of been a crime! Nothing less than a crime! I want you to keep that fact in mind, dad, because ——"

"For heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Merriam, "what—you—got—in that—box?"

Dramatically Lindsay threw back the lid, revealing in a velvet recess a shining, tubular, twisted, bell-mouthed something, scaffolded with metal bars and disks.

"Oh, Lindsay!" cried his mother in an anguished voice.

"Quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate!" her son reiterated.

"You haven't mentioned what it is—not even yet!" commented Mr. Merriam with abysmal cynicism. "Is it a fire extinguisher, or a home-brew outfit?"

"No—home blew," replied his son.

Seizing the gilded instrument and holding it as if to play, he began to shuffle, undulating his body in a negroid manner and singing:

"When I blow those home-brew blues
On my sexy saxophone,
I can get any gal I choose—
Come, ma baby, youse ma own!
Bring yo' bottle, baby dear;
Fill it full of gin or beer;
Come and lap the home-made booze,
While I blow those home-brew—
Hear me blow those home-brew—
Blues!"

Having finished his song he blew upon the instrument, evoking from its golden throat sounds resembling ribald laughter, ending on a dissonant note.

"Oh, Lindsay!" cried Mrs. Merriam again.

"That's a nice refined song!" said his father caustically. "I suppose that's what they teach you in college."

At this juncture Chet Pollard came from the telephone closet.

"I had an awful time getting 'em," he said. "They had to page 'em all over the hotel. It's a darn nuisance!"

"Can they go?" Lindsay demanded.

"Naturally," replied Pollard.

Lindsay introduced him to his father; then: "We want to get theater seats for tonight, dad," he said. "I was wondering if you'd work your drag at the club."

"It would be nice if you could get seats for the new Shaw play," said Mrs. Merriam.

Again she sensed an exchange of wireless messages between the two young men.

"But look, mother ——"

Pollard, however, cut Lindsay short.

"That's so, Mrs. Merriam," he declared. "I understand the Shaw play is very—very clever. In my opinion Shaw is one of the cleverest playwrights there is; but you see, these girls we're going to take are musical—uh—they're very musical, and—uh—they thought they'd like to go to something—uh—something musical this time."

"There's a lovely little operetta called Mignonette," the mother suggested. "Quite the daintiest thing I've seen in years. If you ——"

"But look, mother," Lindsay broke in, "we were planning ——"

Here, however, the more adroit Pollard again took matters into his own hands.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Merriam," said he, "I hear Mignonette's awfully dainty. But I guess these girls must of—uh—must of seen it, or something. Anyway they were speaking of another musical show they hadn't seen, and ——"

"So we thought ——" began Lindsay.

"What's the name of it?" Mrs. Merriam asked.

"It's at the Apollo," answered the guest.

"I don't remember what's at the Apollo," she said, and turning to her husband, who had begun to read the evening paper, asked him to look it up.

At that, however, Pollard spoke up quickly.

"Oh, yes," he said, as if the name had just come to him. "It's called Jazbo."

Mr. Merriam now became interested.

"Jazbo?" he repeated. "Isn't that the name of the show the police were ——"

"It's quite all right now, though," his son interposed hastily.

"Who says so?"

The Triumph of Steel

Glance back over the history of automobile development and you will recognize one outstanding fact—

The tendency from the first has been toward an all-steel motor car.

Power and speed express themselves most effectively through steel.

Steel combines lightness with tremendous strength. It is readily shaped to sleek and beautiful contours. Being resilient and springy it resists vibration and the countless shocks incident to road-travel.

The amazing rapidity with which Michelin Steel Wheels are replacing spoked wheels on all types of motor cars is a natural step in this great development.

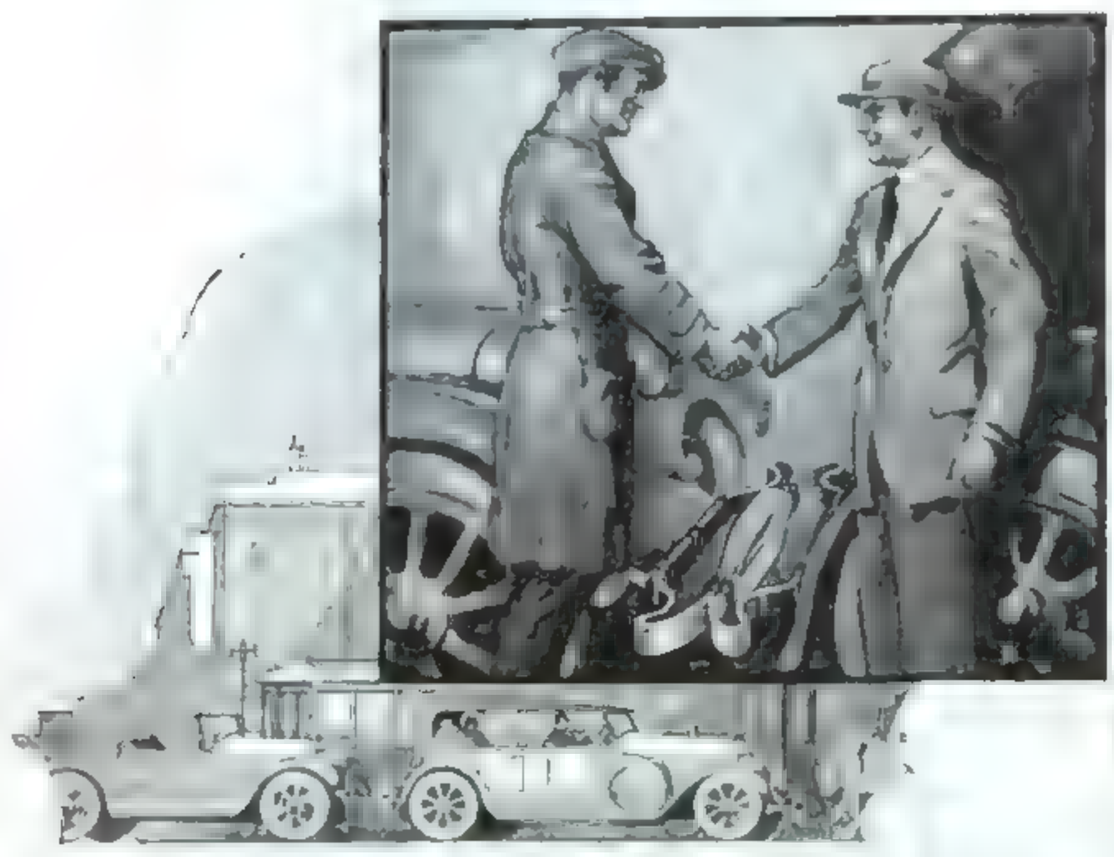
Michelin Steel Wheels—*five in each set*—perfect the evolution of the steel motor car, both in the quality of their performance and the singular grace and smartness of their design.

Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, Nash, and also White Truck are among those who have recognized the superiority of Michelin Steel Wheels by adopting them as standard or optional equipment.

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
Philadelphia

BUDD
Michelin
STEEL WHEELS

"All right friend — no harm done!"



(Overheard in New Brunswick, N. J., between owners of cars No. 560-541 New York and No. 101-000 Conn.)

"All right, friend, no harm done."

"Some collision, too!"

"I'll say it was. No way of avoiding it, either."

"Didn't bother me a bit when I saw you had on Weed Bumpers, too."

"They certainly saved us from a bad smash-up, —my gas-tank and rear fenders, your front fenders, headlights, radiator—maybe worse."

When you have on the "deep-chested" Weed Bumpers you know you are safe in a collision. They absorb the heaviest blows.

With Weed Bumpers a collision is merely a harmless incident instead of a costly accident. They pay for themselves many times over, to say nothing about keeping a car going. And they save you good money on your insurance in the first place.

Nothing to compare with the Weed Spring-Bar Bumper design. It is scientifically right. Did you read that "Up Against A Stone Wall" test? That super-test proved and sold the Weed Bumper to thousands of motorists.

As for looks, there is nothing that sets off a car so handsomely. The Weed Bumper adds distinction and beauty to any car.

See your car dealer, accessory dealer, or garage man today

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WEED SPRING-BAR BUMPER

"I was reading in the paper where they made those girls put on different costumes."

"Costumes?" said his father. "Was there trouble about costumes too? I understood it was the dancing of this woman, What's-her-name, that ——"

"Khiva," said Pollard. "But they say her manager paid the police to make a row, Mr. Merriam."

"Yes, just an advertising dodge," quickly supplemented Lindsay.

"The advertising dodge seems to have worked so far as you two boys are concerned," his father commented.

But this elicited immediate protests.

"No, sir, that's not it!" declared Pollard righteously.

"No, I should say not!" Lindsay added. "Why, dad, the music in this show's a knock-out. Three big fox-trot hits in one show: My Raggedy Rose, Sweet Cookie and You Gorilla-Man. And besides, if you invite a lady to go to the theater, and she expresses a desire to see some particular show, and you ——"

"And they have Joe Eckstein and his Saxophone Six," urged Pollard.

At this Mr. Merriam became still more interested.

"Oh, those fellows?" he said. "They must be the ones I heard last year. They're very good." He smiled at the memory; then looking with dawning curiosity at his son's new treasure lying in the open case he asked: "Is that the same sort of thing they play?"

"Sure," replied the collegian; "a saxophone—but this one's quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate."

"Let's hear you play it, then."

Lindsay took it up, put the mouthpiece to his lips and blew a stream of bubbling bursting notes.

"Can't you play us a tune?"

But the saxophonist shook his head.

"Needs other instruments—a piano anyhow," he answered.

"There's your mother—she'll play for you."

But Lindsay shook his head again.

"Oh, mother can't play jazz," he said.

"Your mother can't?" exclaimed Mr. Merriam. "I guess your mother can play anything anybody else can!" He looked questioningly at his wife, but she remained silent.

"No," said Lindsay, "jazz isn't like other music. It's a trick by itself. Maybe, if you'd like, we can get somebody in to play before vacation ends. Chet, here, has got his clarinet with him, and he's great on it."

Having won his father over to his instrument he now exhibited it in detail, showing how the stops worked.

"Gosh, I was lucky to get this one!" he said. "I never would have got it if Len Spinney hadn't been dropped out of college. You remember Len, mother?"

She nodded. "You say he's been dropped? That's too bad."

"Yes, and he didn't need to be. But he kept going to New York to see a girl, and he took too many cuts. He didn't mind much, though. He'd been thinking of marrying her anyway, so when he got dropped he decided to do it; but he hadn't any money and that's how I came to get it so cheap. He had to have a hundred and fifty dollars."

"A classmate of yours—married?" cried his mother.

"On a hundred and fifty dollars?" demanded Mr. Merriam.

"Uh-huh," replied Lindsay with a nonchalance that both his parents found ghastly. "That was all he really needed right away. His wife couldn't go on a wedding trip. She has to stay in town because she's in the Follies."

Mrs. Merriam stared at her son, thunderstruck, but the father was vocal for them both.

"My God!" he exclaimed.

"Well," said Lindsay, "she's knock-out for looks and a wonderful dancer, and a fellow has to marry sometime, doesn't he? By the way, dad, I need twenty-five dollars and —— Oh, I tell you who we could have in to jazz up the piano—Bea Morris—eh, Chet?"

"None better," said the other youth.

"Who's Bea Morris?" Mrs. Merriam inquired.

"Girl 't's going to the theater with us tonight. Say, dad, would you mind phoning for those seats?"

"How many?" asked his father, moving toward the door.

"Four."

"Aren't these girls to have a chaperon?" Mrs. Merriam asked.

An expression of pain came over the boy's face. "Gosh, mother!" he sighed. "Where you been all this time? If a girl's so dopeless she has to have a chaperon she doesn't get asked—that's all."

"Well, I'm thankful we haven't a daughter to bring up, the way things are," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," returned her son. "Just because there's no chaperon it doesn't necessarily mean necking."

"That's a comfort," Mr. Merriam said. "Then it's four, is it?"

"But really, Hobart," pursued his wife, "do you think it's proper for these boys to take young ladies to see a musical comedy the police were going to close?"

Again the look of pain swept over her son's face.

"Oh, mother!" he protested. "Don't be a flat tire! You'd call the Hallocks proper enough, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Mrs. Hallock took Bobby and a lot of young people to see Jazbo—a big theater party, and a lot of subdebs at that."

"I could telephone and ask her what she thought of it."

"Mother! What kind of a position would that put *me* in? Asking people what shows I'd ought to see or not! You seem to forget I'm practically twenty."

"It can't hurt to ask her what sort of show it is," his mother contended, "if I don't tell her ——"

"Well," he said, still protesting, "I don't say she'd exactly *recommend* this show. Maybe she didn't know about the police and everything, but she took 'em, all the same. One of the girls came down to the prom, and she told me. She said she was kind of disappointed in the show, herself, after so much talk; said it wasn't so very rancid—just a little sour in spots."

"I'm not worrying about you," said his mother, "but about where you take these young girls."

But Pollard hastened to reassure her.

"Oh, don't worry about that, Mrs. Merriam," said he. "They're not young. Both of them are over twenty."

"But what will their mothers think if I ——"

"As far as that goes," he told her, "their mothers won't know anything about it. Midge hasn't got any mother, and Bea's mother is in White Sulphur or some place. And anyhow, Mrs. Merriam, she's a very broad-minded woman—she lets Bea do just whatever she pleases."

"What do you think, Hobart?" the mother asked.

"Oh," said her husband, "I'd let 'em go. These girls aren't our daughters, and from what I hear, it's the way all of 'em are now." And as she interposed no further objections he went to telephone for the theater seats.

III

IMMEDIATELY after dinner the two boys, slim and clean-looking in their tuxs, rushed away in a taxi, and a little later Mrs. Merriam, having been unable to find anyone to accept her belated invitation, left her husband reading in his library and departed alone in her limousine for the concert.

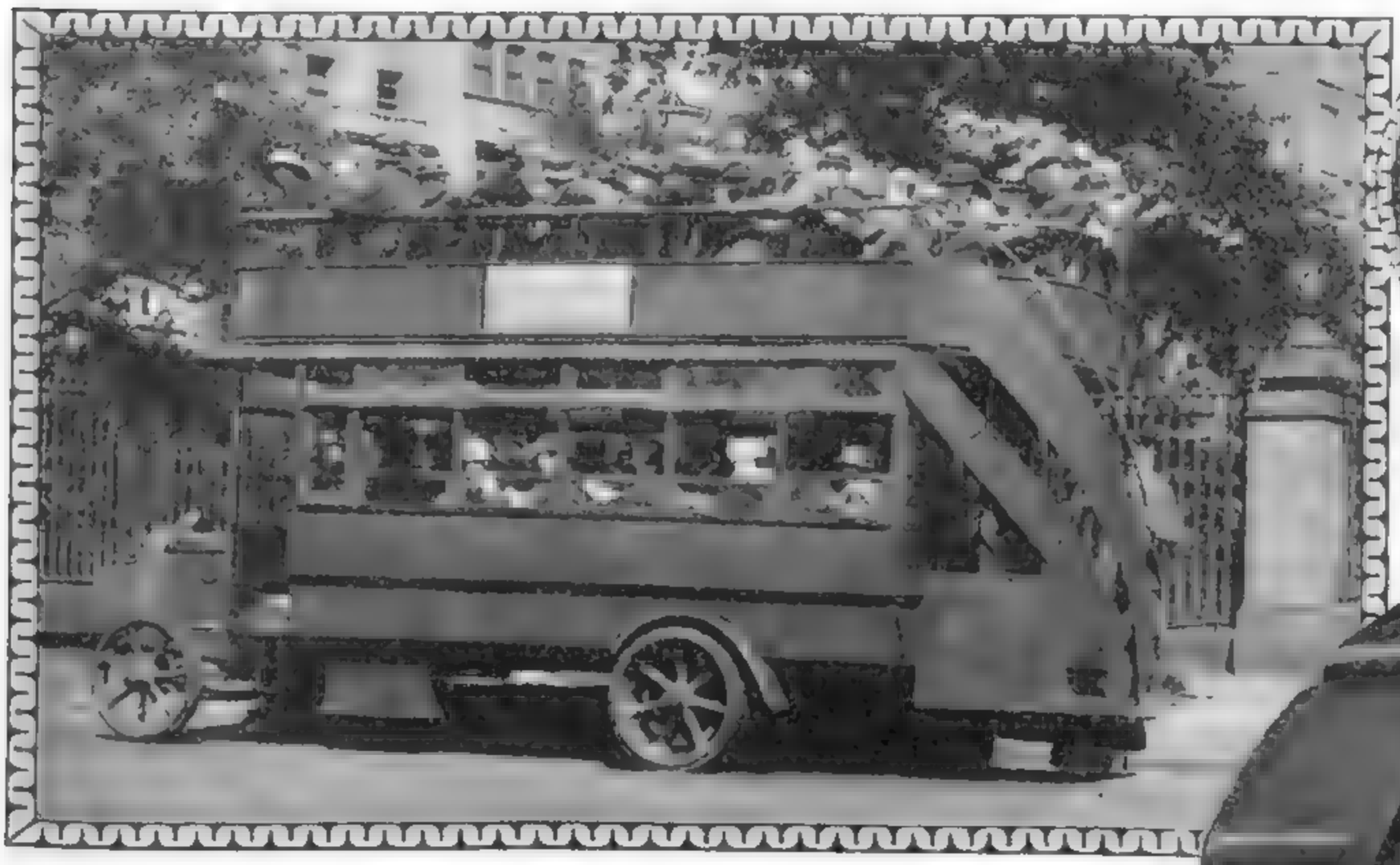
But tonight the music, whirling in great somber currents through the auditorium, made only a background for her thoughts. Her mind was full of Lindsay. She was troubled about him; he had not only left his cello at college but had brought home what an instrument instead! A saxophone! And it had belonged to a boy who had been dropped from college and had married a chorus girl.

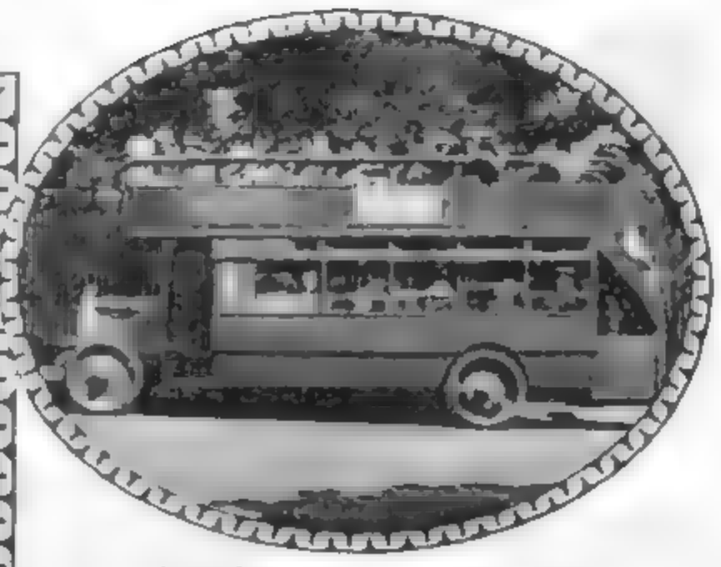
Who were these girls Lindsay was with? What had come over her son that he wished to take them to a tawdry show? She thought of her incessant efforts to develop in him a fastidiousness not only in music but in other things which should be his aesthetic and moral safeguard. And was this to be the outcome?

During the intermission she found friends to talk with; then the orchestra reassembled and she was left alone again. Lazlof, the great cellist, entered at one side, carrying his instrument, and amid applause made his way to a chair at the center of the stage; the choir of stringed instruments softly played the prelude, Lazlof lifted his slender bow, and the miracle began.

The sound of the cello added poignancy to her thoughts of her son. How often she had secretly visioned him playing to just

(Continued on Page 76)





One of the many new type Fifth Avenue 'buses which are being equipped with Caterpillars

52,000 miles of service on rear wheels— and still running

For a long time the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which operates the famous Fifth Avenue 'buses in New York, was skeptical as to the ability of Caterpillars to stand up on its vehicles.

Conditions of service on these 'buses are severe. The side-sway and the constant starting and stopping are a test of any tire's stamina.

The anxiety of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company to find tires that would be easier-riding than solids finally led it to give Caterpillars a trial. The following letter, dated May 12, 1922, and signed by Mr. George A. Green, General Manager of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, tells the rest of the story:

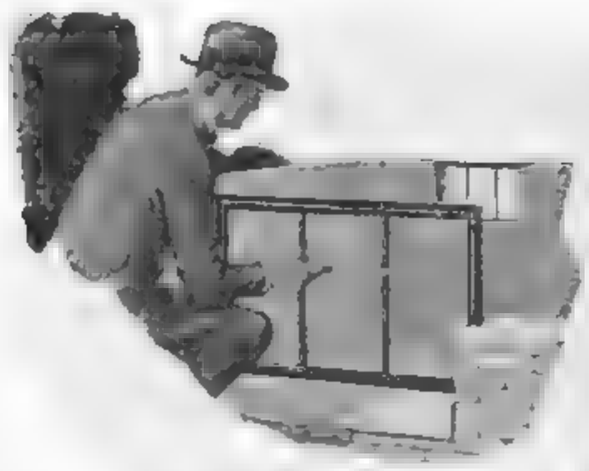
> "In response to your request for data in connection with service rendered by your Caterpillar Cushion tires when mounted on our 'buses, please be advised that in December, 1920, we applied four 36x5 Caterpillar tires on the rear of 'bus 68, which successfully operated up to April, 1921, and which were then changed over to 'bus 538.
>
> "These tires are still in service and up to this date have performed a total mileage of 52,000 miles. As their condition is still good we have no doubt but that they will continue for some time longer to render satisfactory service."

Many more of the Fifth Avenue 'buses are now being equipped with Caterpillars.

Caterpillars are made in sizes suitable for trucks of every type and weight. If you are not familiar with their advantages, send for our little booklet "Caterpillar Logic."

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

GENERAL SALES DEPARTMENT 250 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK



How Much Daylight For Your Basement?

When you put in windows, you buy that much daylight. Naturally the more daylight the windows afford, the better is your purchase. Truscon Steel Basement Windows offer you double value. Not only do they give you a great deal more daylight than wooden windows, but surprisingly enough they cost you less.

83% More Daylight

In this illustration an actual Truscon Steel Basement Window is superimposed upon a wood window of same size. Note that the space occupied by the entire steel window, including the frame and sash, is no greater than that of the wood frame alone. Thus, from an opening 33¾" x 15", a Truscon Steel Basement Window gives 83 per cent more daylight.

46% More Daylight

This illustration shows the same comparison for an opening 33¾" x 23"; and here again the Truscon Steel Basement Window occupies only the space used by the wood frame and thus admits 46 per cent more daylight than the wood window.

Other Advantages

Truscon Steel Basement Windows can't stick or warp. They are always easy to open and close; they lock automatically. Their double contact weathering effectively keeps outwind, rain and snow. They are simple to install.

Get more daylight at lower cost

Dealers: Get our plan

Cost Less than Wood

With all their advantages the actual cost of Truscon Steel Basement Windows is as little as wood. In making comparisons remember that the Truscon Window comes complete with hardware attached, and with coat of paint, while for wood window you must add the cost of frame, sash, hardware, labor of fitting and priming coat of paint. Based on the amount of daylight received, the cost of the Truscon Window is one-third to one-half less.

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Truscon Steel Company
Youngstown, Ohio
Send me information on Truscon Steel Basement Windows. I am ☐ owner ☐ architect ☐ contractor ☐ dealer
Name _____
Address _____ SEP 9

(Continued from Page 74)

such a hushed audience as this! But alas, that dream, like so many others, must be relinquished.

"Did you hear those boys come in this morning?" her husband asked at breakfast.

"Yes."

"Did you notice the time?"

"Yes; I didn't sleep very well."

"Nearly seven!" he said, and she had a wanly humorous sense of his looking at her accusingly, as though the lateness of their home-coming were in some way her fault.

"I went into Lindsay's room before I came down," he continued gloomily. "I could have set off a bomb in there for all they'd have known! Room in horrible disorder—clothes all over the place. I stepped on a watch—don't know which of them it belongs to. What condition do you suppose they came home in?"

"Lindsay has always thrown his things around," she said.

"What could they have been doing?" he went on. "Do nice girls stay out with boys all night?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't believe I understand these young people."

"Well, I've been reading a book about them," he declared, "a novel some young fellow's written. If they're what he says they are they're a pretty queer lot."

"What's the name of the book?"

"I don't remember. If you want to look at it you'll find it on the table by my bed; it's got a red cover. Do you know anything about these two girls?"

"No."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they were chorus girls," said he.

"Oh, no!" It was as much a prayer as a denial.

"Why not? Didn't Lindsay say a classmate of theirs married a chorus girl? Didn't he seem to approve of it?"

"Oh, I can't believe he was thinking of that side of it," said she. "I think he was just glad to get the boy's saxophone."

"Well," he said in a sinister tone as he left the room, "you just read that book!"

Having the morning to herself she did read some of it and skimmed the rest. The publisher's announcement on the paper jacket proclaimed it A Passionate Tale of Youth in Revolt, and described the author as A Fearless Young Iconoclast, Impatient of Literary Shackles. Except one drunken middle-aged woman, there were in the world with which the story dealt no grown-up people. It was a world of flappers, gin and familiarities.

When about noon the boys came down to breakfast she looked apprehensively for signs of dissipation, and was infinitely relieved to find them clear-eyed and in high spirits. Lindsay, kissing her, did not smell of gin, but of the sticky oily stuff that made his hair so shiny.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked as she poured their coffee.

"Did we! Do you know what time we got in? It was darn near seven."

"How was Jazbo?"

"Pretty peppy, and great music. We just naturally had to go around to the Prowlers' Club afterwards, and dance all night."

"A club?"

"Not a real club; just a restaurant—the joint where they have the best music in town. Gosh, I can hear Sinzy yet, whanging out that You Gorilla-Man!" He began to hum, bouncing in his chair.

"Sinzy?"

"Yes," said her son; and as she looked blank he continued: "Mean to say you've never heard of Sinzy? Why, he's one of the greatest characters in this town. He's got a face like bad news from home, but I guess he's the best jazz piano player in the world."

"And the young ladies didn't get tired?"

Lindsay laughed.

"If they had their way we wouldn't be home yet, would we, Chet?"

"No," and he explained: "You see, Mrs. Merriam, these girls are a couple of the busiest little pep artists this side of Cayenne."

"They both dance well?"

"A girl's got to dance well to make the grade these days," her son informed her. "She's got to be practically as good as a professional."

"Then these girls aren't professionals?" she asked quickly.

"For heaven sakes!" returned her son. "What would we be doing with professional dancers?"

"Professionals look good on the floor," said Pollard, "but they try to lead you too much. But you take Midge"—he was speaking now to Lindsay—"did you ever dance with anybody as light as she is?"

"I sure did!" the other answered almost indignantly. "Bea's every bit as light as Midge—except maybe above the ears."

"Oh," retorted his friend, "you think so 'cause Bea falls for you harder! She sure was handing you a heavy line last night."

"Aw, what you talking about! She was not!"

"Sure she was! Didn't I hear her saying how you were so cynical and everything."

"I guess you're sore because she didn't shoot you a line," Lindsay returned. "Next thing, I s'pose, you'll say she's got a wooden leg or something. Why don't you say that too? Why don't you say she can't bang the box?"

"No, I wouldn't say that," conceded Pollard. "I got to admit she's some jazz baby."

"You just ought to hear her, mother!" Lindsay said.

"I should like to. Do you expect to see her again this vacation?"

"Do we? We're going to see 'em this afternoon."

"And again tonight," Pollard added.

"And that reminds me, mother—I'd like the car if you're not going to use it; and I need twenty-five dollars."

"What's on tonight?" she asked.

"Dance."

"But this is Good Friday, dear!"

"Oh, we won't begin dancing till after midnight. We can start kind of late, and eat along, and go to a movie or something."

She saw her opportunity and seized it.

"Why not ask them here to dinner? We can have some jazz afterwards."

Again the wireless went to work between the boys.

"Why, I think that would be fine," Pollard said in answer to his friend's unspoken question.

"Yes, if we could get 'em," Lindsay said, "but they might have a date for dinner or something. You know, mother, they're about two of the most popular girls in New York."

"Oh, we'll get 'em all right," declared Pollard.

"Hadn't you better telephone and ask them?" suggested Mrs. Merriam.

"Way I look at it," said Chet, "if I was doing it I wouldn't ask 'em anything. Keep calling a girl up and you don't have her guessing. These dopeless birds keep calling their girls up, 'Can you do this?' 'Can you do that?' and so forth; so that girl isn't guessing, 'cause she sees the bird's dopeless. But my way would be, I'd wait till I saw 'em this afternoon, and then I'd tell 'em. I'd just say, 'You're coming to dinner, woman.'"

"All right," said Lindsay, impressed; "you handle it."

"Well, I'll expect them at eight," Mrs. Merriam said. "If they can't come telephone me."

IV

WITHOUT having definite knowledge of their plans she had supposed that the boys would return in time to dress for dinner, but when at eight they had not appeared she concluded that they would arrive with the young ladies.

In a few minutes, however, they came in alone, paused breathless in the drawing-room door to tell her that the girls would be along presently, and rushed upstairs to dress; but when at half past eight they came down the guests had not arrived.

"Where's dad?" asked Lindsay.

"He had to stay downtown on business. Where are the young ladies?"

"Oh, they'll breeze in pretty soon," said Pollard with the insouciance of one accustomed to hotel service.

"You asked them for eight?"

"Yes, but it was after eight when we broke away."

It was nearly nine when the girls arrived. Though much of the slang she heard the boys use seemed meaningless, the term "breeze in" struck Elsa Merriam as describing very accurately the manner of Miss Bea Morris and Miss Midge Ayres. Their appearance fascinated her. Their figures were slight and supple, their necks and arms round and white like young birch trees, and their filmy little evening gowns, continually agitated as they flirted their bodies about, called to mind the cloudlike texture of springtime tree tops whipped by erratic April winds. She could hardly tell them apart. Their faces had a look of unreality, suggesting carved masks, very pretty and almost human in expression; eyebrows plucked to a narrow line, cheeks frankly tinted, lips like scarlet poppy petals, hair like a shock of yellow uncurled ostrich plumes. Shaking hands with them she heard a little clatter of gold boxes knocking against each other as they dangled from short chains attached to their wrists.

"Oh, Mrs. Merriam!" panted Bea, hardly waiting for Lindsay to introduce her, "we've had a perfectly fantastic time getting here!" She clutched her chest like an emotional actress.

"Simply revolting!" cried Midge.

Whereafter they ran on together in gasping broken sentences, noisily exclamatory, recounting the misadventures of the preceding hour. Mrs. Merriam gathered that they might, by implication, be apologizing for the tardiness of their arrival; at all events it was the nearest thing to an apology that she received. Stripped of dramatics, their story was a simple one. They

At the Center of the Stage She Stopped, Faced the Audience, and Touched Up Her Cheeks and Lips

(Continued on Page 79)

Genuine
Fuller Brushes
carry this tag in
addition to the trade
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WITH a refreshing spray of water at the temperature you desire playing gently upon the body—the Fuller Friction Shower cleanses and refreshes, while its bristles stimulate the circulation. No bath could be more luxurious—combining invigorating shower with gentle massage. It will not wet the hair or splash the room.

This brush is one of the forty-five Fuller Brushes—each one especially designed for some personal or household use. All Fuller Brushes carry the Fuller Red Tip Tag and have the Fuller trade mark stamped on their handles.

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You have never seen Fuller Brushes in stores. They do not sell them. Instead, the Fuller Man calls at your home and explains the adaptability of Fuller Brushes to your own household requirements. He assists in selecting those brushes which will make the care of your home more efficient and economical. Because of this service the Fuller Man is welcomed. He is a gentleman, worthy of admission anywhere. Unless he has called recently, write and we will send him. Also, let us mail you a copy of "The Handy Brush Book"—it's free.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

Engine trouble—
and your vacation trip just started!

Your motor tuned up—battery fully charged—new tires all around! You thought you had prepared against every possible trouble.

And you had—except one vital thing. *You failed to replace the old, "dead" oil in your crankcase* with a fresh supply of good, clean oil of the proper type.

On the first clear straight-a-way, your engine began to heat up. *Faulty lubrication was getting in its deadly work.*

Whether it was a burned-out bearing, "frozen" piston, broken connecting rod or damaged crankshaft, the results were the same—trip spoiled and a big repair bill to pay.

Two things you MUST do—*and this means all the year 'round*—if you want a full-powered, dependable, trouble-free engine. (1) Use a high-quality oil of the right type. (2) Drain your crankcase every 500 to 800 miles.

Make this a habit. Go regularly to a dealer who sells SUNOCO Motor Oil. Have the old oil cleaned from your crankcase and refill with the type of SUNOCO *designed for your car.* Remember—this should be done every 500 to 800 miles.

SUNOCO is a high quality and scientifically accurate lubricant—a clear, clean oil of heavy body that will maintain a proper piston-ring seal and eliminate carbon troubles. It is made by a company that has specialized in lubrication for 25 years.

Thousands of car owners who use SUNOCO exclusively realize what proper lubrication means in added pleasure and economy.

Ask your dealer for a copy of our new booklet, "Lubrication or Just 'Oil'"—or write to us. It explains how proper lubrication saves you money and saves your car.

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SUNOCO
MOTOR OIL

GIVE A THOUGHT TO LUBRICATION

(Continued from Page 76)

seemed to wish her to understand that there had been difficulties with the shoulder straps of the new frock Bea was wearing, and that the chauffeur had driven them to a wrong address.

"These old shoulder straps! And just when I was trying to hurry! And that fantastic chauffeur! I told him West Forty-eighth as plain as could be, didn't I, Midge? But he drove ——"

"You don't mean West Forty-eighth!" shrilled the other. "You mean East Forty-eighth. You told him ——"

"Yes, that's what I mean—East Forty-eighth! East Forty-eighth, I told him, as plain as could be! But he drove us to West Forty-eighth. Poor creature must be feeble-minded!"

"And he stopped in front of a tailor shop!" cried the other.

"Yes, fancy! A tailor shop!"

So they ran on, their arms, shoulders and fluffy bobbed locks continually in motion, while Elsa, bewildered, listened and watched.

Catching sight of her reflection in a mirror Bea turned suddenly and crossed the room, revealing that the back of her dress consisted, above the waist, of very little more than the shoulder straps, which were flesh-colored ribbon. Before the mirror she took from her hair a comb, with which she fluffed up her outstanding yellow mane. Midge followed suit; then the two flopped down together on a couch, crossing their knees, exhibiting the tops of rolled down stockings. Elsa had hardly convinced herself that she saw aright when the entrance of Wilkes, with the announcement that dinner was served, caused the girls to open the little gold boxes hanging from their wrists, and gazing into the mirrored covers, freshen the color on their already tinted lips.

"Did I tell you," cried Bea to the boys as she took her chair at the dinner table, "that I'm going up to the prom at New Haven? I'm so thrilled I'm almost insane!"

"Huh—New Haven!" commented Chet; while Lindsay asked, "Who you going with?"

"Freddie Spencer." And in response to a contemptuous snort from her host, she added, "Why, what you got against Freddie?"

"Sofa specialist," said he.

"Oh, indeed! Well, a New Haven boy told me he was a wonderful athlete."

"Cozy-corner athlete," the boy muttered.

"Look, Bea," put in Chet in a fatherly tone, "I wouldn't advise any woman I cared about to go to a lot of proms."

"Well, I like that!" she exclaimed. "Why, the prom at Princeton was the first one I ever went to in my whole life."

"New Haven's a very different matter," Pollard declared.

"Oh, is it?"

"I'm only advising you f' your own good," Pollard went on. "A woman doesn't want to get herself known as a prom trotter."

"Specially with a bird like Freddie," Lindsay put in quickly.

"Prom trotter!" she repeated pettishly. "Don't be fantastic!" And to Lindsay: "I certainly wish I'd known you didn't like Freddie, though, 'cause if I had I wouldn't have invited him around."

"Around here?" he repeated, surprised. "When?"

"Tonight, of course."

"What you do that for?"

"We need somebody to drum, don't we? Freddie drums like an angel."

"Oh, we could of got along without drums"

"Well anyway," said Bea, "he wasn't certain he could come. He was just starting out from the hotel when we met him—going to some putrid party—but he said he'd get away if he could."

"He's a knock-out dancer," Midge put in.

"Yes," said Bea, "and of course you've noticed how wonderfully his hair grows. I've never seen a boy with such divine hair."

Whereat Pollard, who had been gazing at her, shook his head, exclaiming as if with reluctant admiration: "Oh, you woman! You woman, you!"

V

AS WILKES failed to pass cigarettes to the young ladies with the coffee, they produced them from their own cases, which, together with their make-up boxes, they had laid beside their plates on reaching the table; and the butler, thus prompted, hastily brought matches.

"I'll have a cigar," said Chet, and when Lindsay remarked at this deviation from custom he explained, "I'm off cigarettes—they're too effeminate."

"Listen," said Bea, "if we're going to play let's go to it," and though the hostess had not finished her coffee the two girls rose from the table.

"Hold on," said her son. "Mother hasn't finished."

"Oh, don't wait for me," she said, whereupon the four young people left the room.

Nor was she greatly surprised at this, for with the exception of Lindsay, who had tried to include her in the conversation, they had ignored her throughout the meal.

When a little later she followed her guests to the drawing-room she saw no sign that her entrance was observed. Midge and the boys were standing at the piano watching Bea, who was beating out a syncopated tune with a rhythm that reminded Elsa of a mechanical piano. She sat down in a chair across the room and watched. A cigarette was dangling from the girl's lower lip and as it burned shorter she threw her head back to keep the smoke out of her eyes.

"Give us an ash tray, somebody," she said, blinking and addressing the room.

The boys began to look about for ash trays, but they were on a table near Elsa, so she carried one over and placed it on the shelf at the side of the music rack, receiving by way of acknowledgment a little nod from the girl.

Presently the music was interrupted by the arrival of the sleek Freddie Spencer with his two drum cases.

"Yay boy Freddie!" was Bea's greeting. "Glad you made the grade."

"Got in wrong doing it," he said.

"Why, was she snooty to you?"

"Yop."

"She's that way. She was snooty to me once too," Bea told him. "I never get invited there any more. I should lie awake nights!"

While Freddie adjusted his drums Lindsay ran upstairs for the saxophone and clarinet, and when he returned the little orchestra assembled around the piano.

"We'll play Sweet Cookie," announced Bea. "Everybody ready? Altogether now—let's go!"

And with a crash they began; the piano, drums and cymbal beating out the rhythm, the saxophone belching the melody, the clarinet garnishing the composition with squealing arabesques. The music, moreover, was accompanied by physical activities. Bea at the piano and Freddie at the drums were dancing—if people sitting down may be said to dance; Chet, his body undulating, maneuvered in short steps upon the rug, while Lindsay swayed in what appeared to his mother to be a sort of negroid ecstasy, swinging his instrument about as he played, and occasionally throwing his head back like one drinking from a bottle.

With a feeling that Midge was temporarily left out, Elsa moved over and joined her on a couch where she was seated, but Midge had no intention of remaining in the background. As they finished Sweet Cookie she leaped to her feet shrieking a demand for You Gorilla-Man, and upon their complying, began to shuffle loose-jointedly, her whole body shaking as if with palsy; and upon their reaching the refrain she added to the tumult by singing loudly through her nose:

Oh, you Gorilla-Man, I'm so in love with you!
Come catch me if you can! It won't be hard to do!
Oh, swing me through the trees, beneath the moon serene.
You're my Gorilla-Man, and I'm your Jungle Queen!

"But she doesn't know what the words mean," Mrs. Merriam reflected in extenuation; and as an afterthought she added: "Neither do I."

Overwhelmed at first by the mere volume of barbaric sound she found herself after a time trying to analyze jazz. It seemed to her to be musical Bolshevism—a revolt against law and order in music. Apparently, too, the jazz Bolsheviks were looters, pillaging the treasure houses of music's aristocracy. One piece was based upon a Chopin waltz, another was a distortion of an aria from Tosca, another had been filched from Strauss' Rosenkavalier. Had something gone wrong with the mind of the world? Was there a connection between the various disturbing elements—free verse, futuristic painting, radicalism, crime waves, obstreperous youth, jazz music, jazz dancing, jazz thinking? She rose, crossed the room, and standing behind Bea, watched her hands upon the keyboard.

"How do you do that bass?" she asked the girl in an interval between pieces. "You seem to hit a lot of black notes with the flat of your hand."

"That's what a crash bass is," said Bea over her shoulder.

"How did you learn it?"

"Just picked it up. But there are lots of basses I can do that are more difficult than that; take the Honky-tonk, for instance, or the Hoochy." Nonchalantly she exhibited several of her left-handed accomplishments. "It's a gift," she explained. "One of the best jazz players I know can't read a note—picked it up from listening to records and watching the keys go down on a mechanical piano. And they say Sinzy himself can't read very well. Anyway, people that play classical music can't play jazz; they ruin it trying to put expression in it."

"Then," said Elsa, "the idea of jazz is to ——"

But she was cut short by Pollard, who had been wandering restlessly about, and who now, unable longer to control himself remarked, "It's getting late. We've got to ease along pretty soon. Let's play Tag. You're It!"

"No, I can't play any more," said Bea. "This fantastic shoulder strap's cutting the arm off me." She pulled the ribbon aside, exhibiting a red mark upon her flesh.

"If you'll come up to my room," invited Elsa, "I'll try to fix it."

"All right," said the girl, and they went upstairs.

"I'll have to take off my dress," she said on reaching the bedroom. "Guess you better give me something to get into."

Mrs. Merriam brought a peignoir; then she undid the few catches holding the dress together in the back, and Bea stepped out of it.

Hastily Mrs. Merriam looked away, holding the peignoir toward her.

"And he's going to dance all night with this girl!" she thought.

During the three remaining days of the vacation Elsa saw Lindsay hardly at all. After their noontime breakfasts the boys would dash away, returning at nightfall to change into their ties and disappear again.

On Monday night as he and Chet were leaving the house Lindsay said good-by to her. "We're going to take our bags to the station now," he told her, "and dance till train time"

"When does your train go?"

"Six."

"You're going out on a morning train in evening clothes?"

"Sure," he returned debonairly; "and to an eight-o'clock class."

"Then," she said, too wise to let him see how the picture shocked her, "I hope it's a gut course."

As she kissed him good-by at the front door she seemed to remember something.

"What's the name of that jazz piano player at the Prowlers' Club?"

"Sinzy"

"I thought that was it, but it's not in the telephone book."

He smiled, saying, "It's short for Sinzenheimer."

VI

RESTLESSNESS was apparent in the first few letters Elsa Merriam received from Lindsay after his return to college, and she observed with concern that as the term progressed he frequently came to New York for week-ends. Shortly before the beginning of the summer vacation he wrote:

Why do we always have to spend our summers in the same old place? I'm sick and tired of Westfield. Why can't we take a house at Southampton, where there's something doing? If we've got to go to Westfield I want to visit around. Bea's invited Chet and me to spend a couple of weeks at their place in Southampton.

In her reply she suggested that instead of his going to Southampton, Bea and Chet come up to Westfield immediately after college closed. In her letter she said:

Westfield's going to be quite gay in June and July. There's the golf tournament, and I've already heard of several house parties. Dorothy Hallock will be coming back pretty soon, and they're planning to have the amateur

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vaudeville at the country club soon after we get up there. You'll be glad to know that I've engaged Sinzy's orchestra to play for the dance afterwards.

She had barely finished writing when Wilkes announced the arrival of the instructor, an acknowledged leader in his special branch of the musical art, who since the Easter holidays had been giving her three lessons a week at a fabulous fee.

She found him in the drawing-room, a slight, dark, foreign-looking man, dressed in a black-and-white-striped suit, much cut in at the waist. His buttoned shoes had gray cloth tops and his haberdashery was obviously expensive, but his face, which was all nose and mouth, looked, as Elsa remembered hearing someone say, like bad news from home.

"Well," he said genially as she entered, "how's d' little woman t'day?"

"Fine," she answered, and congratulated herself on having made the appropriate reply.

"All right," he said. "Go to it!" And she sat down and played The Spinning Mouse.

"Swell!" said her professor when she finished. "Take it from me, you won't find nobody can play that piece like you can. They're scared of it—it shows 'em up. All you gotta do now is keep on—agitate the ivories."

She did keep on, in New York, and later in Westfield, until Lindsay came home, though after his arrival she was not able to practice when he was in the house. But he was not often in the house—particularly after Bea and Chet arrived from Southampton in Bea's yellow roadster.

In the week that followed she found herself somewhat in the position of a roadhouse keeper, supplying meals to transient motorists who might arrive at any hour or might not arrive at all.

On the night of the vaudeville and dance she sent the three young people over to the country club for dinner, saying that she would dine quietly at home with Mr. Merriam, who had arrived from New York that afternoon

"One thing's sure," Lindsay told her proudly before leaving, "Bea's jazz is going to be a knock-out at the vaudeville. I told 'em they better put her at the end of the program, 'cause if she played early she'd kill the other acts."

Outside the open door the yellow roadster was purring, and Bea in the driver's seat was impatient.

"Snap it up!" she called in to Lindsay, whereupon he hastened out, and his mother went upstairs to dress.

Tonight it took her a long time. When she came down her husband was waiting, and from his expression she was immediately aware that her costume interested him.

"My goodness!" he chuckled. "Why, I'd hardly have known you. You look about eighteen. How did you get your hair like that?"

"It's a wig." She spun around, making the fluffy mass stand out.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed again.

When they reached the club she said, "You go out and sit in the audience. I'm going in the back way."

As Mr. Merriam entered, the vaudeville was about to begin; the footlights were turned on, the lights in the assembly room were dimmed, and those who had dined at the club were hastening to find seats.

In the half darkness Lindsay caught sight of his father.

"Where's mother?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess she's around some place," answered Mr. Merriam, his eyes twinkling.

"Here's three places!" Chet called, and Lindsay hastened on.

As he made his way between the rows of chairs, followed by Bea and Chet, he perceived that the Hallocks were seated in the same row, and that a young lady, evidently their guest, was in the chair next to his. She was talking to Bobby Hallock, and her face was turned away from him, but he liked the way her dark hair was piled up on her head, and it struck him that her gown had, somehow, a very fashionable look.

As usual there were no printed programs; the names of the performers were displayed successively on large cards placed at either side of the proscenium. The first card announced George M. Cohan, the second Uncle Remus, and the third Signora Wilsoni, who was additionally billed as The Sweet Singer of Hillside Road. But the members of the Westfield Country Club were much too astute to be deceived by the names upon the cards or the disguises worn by the performers. They recognized Ellen Niles, dressed in her brother's clothes, which were much too large for her, flourishing a cane and singing nasally from the corner of her mouth; Bud Smith in blackface, feigning to hoe the stage while he gossiped humorously in negro dialect about various members of the club; and young Mrs. Templeton Wilson, singing ballads in a demure blue frock.

The cards for the fourth number announced The Painted Jazzabel, but when the curtains were drawn back the stage was empty, save for a grand piano and a bench. Almost at once, however, The Painted Jazzabel strolled on, and the manner in which she did so might accurately have been described as breezing in. Her figure was slight and supple, her neck and arms round and white like a birch tree, and her filmy little evening gown, continually agitated as she flirted her body about, might have made an onlooker think of the cloudlike texture of springtime tree tops whipped by erratic April winds. Her face had a look of unreality, suggesting a carved mask, very pretty and almost human in expression; eyebrows penciled to a narrow line, cheeks frankly tinted, lips like scarlet poppy petals, hair like a shock of yellow uncurled ostrich plumes.

"Gosh!" gasped Lindsay. "It's mother!"

The note of burlesque in the costume was accentuated by two large tin boxes dangling at the end of dog chains wrapped around the wrist of The Painted Jazzabel. At the center of the stage she stopped, faced the audience, opened one of the tin boxes, took from it a large stick of crimson grease paint, and gazing into the mirrored interior of the lid, touched up her cheeks and lips. Then, closing the make-up box, she took from the other a cigarette, lighted it, and let it dangle from her lower lip as, with a gait suggesting a surcharge of vitality, she proceeded to the piano, her arms, shoulders and fluffy bobbed locks continually in motion.

As, after a moment, Elsa was generally recognized, there was amused whispering throughout the room; then laughter and applause—in which, however, her son did not participate.

"Gosh!" he muttered again when, in taking her seat at the piano, she momentarily revealed the fact that her stockings were rolled down.

"How perfectly fantastic!" Bea exclaimed. "What's she going to do?"

"Darned if I know—in that get-up! She usually plays Chopin."

But this time she did not play Chopin. Detaching the dog chains from her wrist she flung the two tin boxes with a clatter to the bench beside her, and with her cigarette still dangling, began in an extremely efficient manner to agitate the ivories, playing a composition which, despite embellishments, was instantly recognized by those familiar with the music of the moment as Booful Baboon Babe. The music, moreover, was accompanied by physical activities. Elsa was dancing—if a person sitting down may be said to dance.

Her final burst of pyrotechnics was met by a roar of applause, but she seemed unconscious of it. Putting down her cigarette she opened the tin make-up box, took out a comb, and gazing into the mirrored cover, fluffed up her bobbed locks, amid increasing laughter. Then after adjusting her shoulder straps and pulling up her stockings she played the eccentric fox trot Stub Your Toe, and modulated from that into The Spinning Mouse. This performance drew a comment from Bea, for The Spinning Mouse was notoriously difficult, and was seldom attempted by pianists because, to quote the words of an authority, "They're scared of it—it shows 'em up."

"Why, I didn't know your mother could rag!" she said, during the tumult that followed.

"Neither did I, but she certainly can! I think she's got Sinzy trimmed, don't you?"

Bea did not answer his question, but remarked: "Well, I never could see that Spinning Mouse."

Lindsay had his own views as to his mother's appearance, and was planning to express them to her at the earliest possible moment; but for this new accomplishment of hers he had only admiration, and the criticism implied in Bea's remark annoyed him.

"Do you mean you couldn't see it, or you couldn't play it?" he demanded.

"I mean," she replied stiffly, "that it's just a stunt to show off with."

"Anybody that can play like my mother can," he said, looking her pugnaciously in the eye, "has got a darn good right to show off." And he added: "I don't remember as I ever saw you showing off that way!"

She looked at him angrily, then turned away and spoke to Chet.

"It's awfully stuffy in this place," she said. "It's given me a headache. Come on, let's get the roadster."

She rose and Chet followed.

"But look, Bea," protested Lindsay; "you can't go like that! They're expecting you to play."

"Then they're going to get fooled," she said scornfully. "They've got too much piano playing on their program. This whole place makes me sick abed anyway! Come on, Chet."

And the two moved away.

Lindsay watched them to the door. All right, then! If Bea wanted to go like that, let her! He was pretty well fed up on Bea anyway—and Chet, too, for that matter! It was one thing to go out to dances with them, but quite another to have them visiting for days and days in your own house. What did he care whether Bea played tonight or not? It made no difference to him. All he'd have to do was notify the committee that she'd changed her mind—a simple enough matter, since Mrs. Hallock, the chairman, sat but a few seats away from him.

During the intermission he rose and informed her of Bea's departure; whereupon the young lady beside whom he had been sitting smiled up at him and ventured a remark:

"I'm not surprised that your friend doesn't want to play," she said. "Your mother's a perfect marvel."

Lindsay's eyes grew large as he looked back at her.

"Why, Dorothy!" he cried. "For heaven sakes! And I've been sitting right next you all this time!" He seized both her hands.

"I've been wondering how long it was going to take you to speak to me," she said.

"Believe me," he answered, gazing at her appreciatively, "I wouldn't have waited long if I'd recognized you; but how could I, in that grown-up dress, and with your hair done that way?"

"Do I look so much older? You know short skirts and bobbed hair aren't considered smart any more. They're *vieux jeu*."

"In Paris, you mean?" he asked her eagerly. "Are they? Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it! I'm fed up with flappers, with their short skirts and their stockings at half-mast. I like a woman to be dignified, and her hair done up." He sank down in the chair beside her and continued: "You know, Dorothy, as a matter of fact, I don't think much of modern girls. What can they do? Nothing but dance. Or if they play it's only jazz. Their manners leave much to be desired and they haven't got anything above the ears. In my opinion your father did a mighty good job to send you to a nice conservative place like Paris. I tell you, if I had a daughter ——" But at this juncture, catching sight of his mother, still in that outrageous flapper make-up, he broke off. "Excuse me," he said. "I've got to see about something. I'll be back."

VII

AS HE paused on the margin of the group surrounding his mother one of the older men spoke to him.

"Well, Lindsay," he said, "I didn't know your mother was such a siren."

"She isn't!" he returned shortly, and began to elbow his way toward her.

The young men were around her too; they were congratulating her and she was handing them a line. He was beginning to feel a contempt for his own sex. You might think they were hoping she was going to keep on like this! Dumb-bells!

As he was about to speak to her he found himself cut off by a small, dark individual wearing a tight-waisted tuc.

"Well, little woman," Lindsay heard him say as he patted her on the arm, "you sure did put it across. I'll tell the world you're some jazz baby!"

Lindsay crowded in and put his arm roughly around her.

"Look, mother," he said in a low, determined voice, "you come out of here!" And without regard for the maestro or the others he drew her toward the porch.

"What do you want, dear?"

"What do I want? I want you to go home and get some clothes on!"

"But I have to stay for the rest of the show, and the dance. I promised young Mr. Curtiss ——"

Still with his arm around her he was propelling her down the porch toward the door of the ladies' dressing room.

"Look here," he said, "you don't dance with young Mr. Curtiss, or young Mr. Anybody Else, till you get some more clothes on! The idea of your coming to a public place like that!"

"What you so snooty about?" she demanded.

"Mother!"

"Well, don't you want me to be up-to-date? I haven't had so much attention in years."

"Up-to-date!" he repeated with vast superiority. "If you kept really up-to-date you'd be aware that short skirts and bobbed hair aren't considered smart any more. They're *vieux jeu*—that's what they are!"

He thrust her through the door, planted himself outside, and waited until she reappeared in her light cloak; then taking her by the elbow he hurried her down the gravel drive and into the car, and drove her home. As they neared home they saw, disappearing down the road, the tail light of another car which had just left the house, and Lindsay thought he knew what car it was.

"Did Miss Morris and Mr. Pollard just drive away?" he asked Wilkes, who let them in.

"Yes, Mr. Lindsay. They came home and packed in a hurry—got Sarah and me to help them—and from what they said I don't think they're coming back."

"Didn't they leave any word?" asked Mrs. Merriam.

"No, madam; but they were saying how they would make Southampton in time for breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Yes," said Lindsay to his mother, "and they'll stage a snappy entrance at Southampton—breezing in to breakfast in evening dress, and thinking they're the hit of the piece. If you want to know what I think, I think that kind of a performance is pretty juvenile."

"But they can't have gone without leaving a message," she said, incredulous. "That would be so rude."

"They think it's the thing to be rude," he told her, "and there are lots more like 'em. Park in people's houses, order their servants around, treat their hostess like a hotel keeper, and get up and go when they feel like it, without so much as saying thank you. There's modern young people for you! Nothing above the ears. I tell you, mother, if I had a daughter you bet I'd get her out of all this kind of thing. I'd send her over to Paris, where it's conservative."

He had walked upstairs with her and they were standing at her bedroom door.

"Paris? Conservative?" she repeated, mystified.

"Yes. Now hurry, mother, will you, so we can get over to the club by the time the dancing begins? I told Dorothy I'd be back."

"Ah!" she said to herself as she shut the door.

While she was dressing he paced the hall outside, occasionally shouting to her.

"Didn't you think she looked wonderful?" he demanded at the top of his lungs.

"Who?" she called back, laughing silently.

"Why, Dorothy"

"Of course," she shouted. "Dorothy always looks well." Then, with an amused sense of experimenting with words, she added: "And she's such a sweet girl."

This time he did not correct her, but heartily agreed, whereupon she asked: "You wouldn't call her dopeless, would you?"

"I should say not! Not since Paris. She's a very sophisticated woman. Look, mother, let's get her over for some real music tomorrow afternoon."

"All right!" Elsa called back happily.

When a little later she emerged from her room he surveyed her critically.

"That's more like it," he said.

They descended and got into the car, but after he had started the motor he thought of something and, setting the brake, jumped out again.

"Wait a second," he said. "I want to get my saxophone to show to one of Sinzy's men. I bet he's never seen one that's quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate. I think maybe I can sell it to him."

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"—— THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP"

(Continued from Page 17)

goes round motherin' up stray ash cats and lost dogs and other people's neglected babies. And there's another kind of old maid that don't seem to fit in anywheres, but air shy and awkward and always on the outside of whut's goin' on. And I reckin there ain't no more mournful lot fur any human bein' to fill than that is—specially in a town about the size, say, of this one, where everybody knows who and whut you are. But, shuckin's, son, whut's the use of my drivelin' on about Miss Cordelia Bray, when you saw her every day of your life, purty near it, up till the time you went away frum here to live? You kin picture her jest ez well ez I kin."

I did get the picture clearly enough. Across the eye of my mind it came waxing in out of the darkness—that small, shrinking, flat-chested shape, dressed always in garments which seemed to have been devised for some other woman to wear, that shy, bleak face, those pale, yearning eyes, of the town's chief heiress. The completed image as I had last seen it was most amply conjured up. But it had taken the old judge's words to give me adequate understanding of this woman, who might have had everything which money will buy, and yet through all the days she walked this world utterly lacked for those gifts which money cannot buy—physical comeliness, grace, warmth, high spirit, personality, the art of making friends, the joys of loving and being loved in return. Oh, yes, I could see her.

"Let's see, now, where wuz I?" went on Judge Priest when Jeff, obeying a wheezed command, had done his duty by the drained toddy glasses. "Oh, yes! Well, suzz, fur all the money she had now at her command, Miss Cordelia Bray went on livin' purty much ez she had lived whilst her paw wuz alive. She did fix up the old Grundy homestead with paint and a new roof and one thing and another, and she had the fences mended, and planted flowers round the house where before there'd been a regular jungle of weeds and briers, but she didn't put on any special amount of style, otherwise. Fur one thing, she didn't clutter the place up with servants—jest kept right on with Aunt Jurdina and Uncle Silas, them two faithful old darkies that had been workin' fur the Bray family since away back before she wuz born. But in a quiet kind of a way she done a right smart fur charity and fur her church, which that, I'm bound, wuz one trait she hadn't inherited frum her paw. With old Humphrey it wuz a case of charity beginnin' at home and stayin' right there too. It never got a chance to stray off the premises whilst he held the purse strings. And he'd never been much of a hand fur churchgoin', neither, and certainly he'd never qualified at church givin'. 'Lowin' him his dues, we've got to admit that he differed frum some of these here confirmed money grabbers—he never tried to hide his greedy little soul under the mask of religion. But Miss Cordelia took after her mother, I jedge. Anyhow, she wuz mighty faithful to her church and mighty generous to it, too, oncet she got the control of her estate.

"Well, the years went rollin' by. Lawsy, but how they do roll by on a feller! And here, all of a sudden, seemed like, Miss Cordelia wuz an old maid in real downright earnest, same ez she'd always been one in spirit—her hair turnin' gray and her face gettin' lined and wrinkled before her time. Yit down in her soul I'm certain shore she never had got entirely reconciled and used to bein' an old maid. Somehow, there wuz a look out of her eyes that told you she wuz starvin' fur a little genuine affection in her life. Every woman is entitled to at least one romance and she'd never had hers and she wuz rebellious, I take it, at the trick that had been played on her. Ez I recall, she'd never had any beaux sparkin' round her when she wuz a little trick growin' up; she didn't even have anybody to come a-courtin' after she come into her fortune, and that wuz a curious thing, and yit, after all, not such a curious thing neither when you think it over. Ef jest oncet some stranger had a-tried to flirt with her on the street I jedge it would a-been a sweet boon to her. She probably would a-ducked her head and run like a deer, but at any rate she could have nursed the belief always afterwards that fur one precious little minute a man had been drawn to her. But nothin' like that came to pass. And then, here three years ago this comin' summer, the romance she'd been waitin' fur all her days came into her life—and a pretty sorry sort of a romance it turned out to be too."

"I'll say it was," put in Doctor Lake, and I knew the doctor had been absorbing the slang of the newer generation. "I'll tell the world."

"Not jest yit," said Judge Priest dryly. "Let's tell this boy here about it first, and then sort of let nature take its course. Here's the way it started: One day a gentleman freely advertisin' himself to be named Christopher Columbus Gaffney and by profession to be a free-lance journalist, whutever that may be, hit this town. He let on to hail frum the city of Chicago, but it's my private opinion that a crack in the earth opened up somewheres and he crawled out frum a damp moldy hole underground. Take notice, son, frum now on, he's the official villain of the piece. 'Enter the villain!'—ez they say on the stage; only, nearly every stage villain ever I seen was long and limber and dark complected with coal-black hair turnin' white around the temples, thus denotin' a dissipated past. Whereas this party wuz short and fat and kindofroly-poly, with a little bitsy pursed-up mouth and a pair of little sharp eyes; and he wuz pink ez a baby in the face, and instid of black hair he hadn't scarcely no hair at all to speak of, and whut he did have wuz a sort of rusty red that sprayed out in a fringe around his scalp, with a slick bald spot in the center."

"Like a secondhand halo on a counterfeit saint," stated Doctor Lake. "Don't forget, Billy, to describe his smile while you're on the subject."

"I won't," said Judge Priest. "I wuz jest comin' to that. The smile wuz one of Christopher Columbus Gaffney Esquire's chief distinctions. It wuz, ez you might say, a chronic failin' with him—smilin' wuz. I don't know whether he took it off when he went to sleep at night, but he always wore it daytimes. You've heard, ain't you, of the look on the face of the cat that had jest et up the canary? Well, imagine the set, expectant hungry look on the face of the cat that's prowlin' round fixin' to eat the canary ez soon ez he locates it, and is smilin' fur practice in advance of the happy event, and you'll git a fairly accurate likeness of our friend frum the shores of Lake Michigan. And one or the other of those little fat freckly hands of his wuz forever and eternally playin' at the corners of his mouth where the smile started frum."

"Show me a man that can't keep his fingers away from his mouth and I'll show you a man that's striving to hide greediness or cruelty or both," interrupted Doctor Lake. "If ever I ran across an unwholesome-looking object—why, even his fat wasn't good honest fat! You could wipe it off with a rough towel, almost. Excuse me, Billy, for breaking in on you, but when I think of that Gaffney I get red-headed myself—the conniving, colleaguing, despicable, little fat—fat porpoise!"

"You must pardon this old gentleman fur his strong statements," explained Judge Priest, addressing me with playful gravity. I could almost hear his eyes twinkling. "His private feelin's air involved, ez you'll be learnin' a little bit further on, and likewise he's been wounded in his professional pride. Now me, I aim to be milder and more conservative in my choice of words. In passin' I'll merely risk the assertion that in my deliberate judgment the said Gaffney got included in the human family by mistake in the first place.

"Well, be that ez it may, the main p'int wuz that here he wuz, landed in our midst without bein' invited, and givin' every outward indication of settlin' down and remainin' fur quite a spell. He gave it out that he wuz compilin' data fur a history of the lower Ohio River Valley, but the work didn't seem to be pressin' and he filled in his spare time writin' locals and pieces fur the mornin' paper. But he made it clear to everybody that he wuzn't jest an ordinary reporter or a mere newspaper man. No, suh, he wuzn't anything so mere ez that—he wuz a journalist. I jedge he wuz too. If bein' a journalist implies the use of stylish language he had his credentials right with him at all times. F'r instance, he never admitted that anybody had been buried after a funeral service; invariably deceased wuz 'suitably interred following the solemnization of impressive obsequies.' It wuz him

that introduced us to 'high noon' too. Before that we'd only had two kinds of noon around here—twelve o'clock and dinnertime. In private he talked like he wrote—flowery and yit majestic and overpowerin'. And no matter whut the weather might be, he always wore a fancy vest—frequently white, but sometimes stripetty or ring speckled, and generally more or less soiled. I don't think he owned but one suit of clothes to his back when his native Chicago reluctantly surrendered him over to us, but he had a vest for every occasion. I used to say to myself, times when he'd come pompousin' into my court room pickin' up items, that out of the depths of Christian charity I might find it in my heart to forgive him everything else if only it hadn't abeen fur them dog-gone vests. Funny, son, ain't it, how you'll tote a special grudge against some little thing about a feller's wardrobe, specially if you haven't been closely drawn to the feller himself?"

"Get along, Billy, can't you? I, for one, have got to be getting home sometime tonight." Doctor Lake was taking vengeance for that sideswipe of a minute or two before. "You've painted the man's portrait—and rambled all over creation doing it. The next thing is for you to tell about his getting acquainted with Miss Cordelia Bray."

"Ef you know how and when and where he first met up with her s'pose you tell it," countered Judge Priest. "All I know is that all at oncet word got noised round that our new literary light wuz attendin' the Old First Church—attendin' it regular, not only Sundays but prayer-meeting nights ez well—which natchelly made talk, him bein' a person who didn't look like he'd be frequentin' a church house without he had private motives fur so doin'. And on the heels of that came the startlin' news that he wuz actually keepin' company with Miss Cordelia Bray. Nobody seemed to know how it started; but there was the amazin' fact to speak fur itself. Just think of it: This visitin' nobleman, direct frum the great city, payin' respectful but seemin'ly devoted attentions to the richest woman in town, and her, till then, at least, belongin' to the permanently onmarried class, ez you might say—well you could jest feel the community rock and sway under the tidin's. He escorted her home one We'n'sday night—a dozen pairs of eager eyes watchin' 'em when he joined her at the church door comin' out, and a great gross of clackin' tongues busy next mornin' retailin' it frum Island Creek to the Big Gulley. He set alongside of her at services the followin' Sunday mornin'—the first time in many a long day that the Bray family pew had had more'n one occupant—and 'twuz him found the place fur her in the hymnbook whilst the whole place rustled with suppressed excitement, and the Reverend Doctor Brower purty near lost the thread of his discourse, ef any such there wuz.

"He trailed in with her that evenin' fur the night preachin', her flustered and smilin' and lookin' skeered and self-conscious and yit proud and blushin' -yes, suh, actually blushin'—fully thirty reliable witnesses saw the blush and reported it promptly—and him squirin' her jest ez courtly and gallant ez ef he'd been five or six Sir Walter Raleighs rolled into one and then stomped down to about five foot seven. You had to say one thing fur him, anyway—oncet he got his campaign planned out he moved fast. Stonewall Jackson nor old Bedford Forrest never moved to the attack no prompter than whut he did—and that's about ez high a compliment ez you kin pay to speed and strategy. Ain't it, Lew? Inside of three weeks it leaked out that they wuz engaged. By a conservative estimate I'd say fully one thousand individuals were helpin' it leak."

"Huh!" From Doctor Lake came a deep-chested grunt. "A pity that somebody didn't have the gumption to go to that poor, deluded, flattered little old spinster and warn her that all the low-flung scoundrel was after was her money!"

"The trouble wuz that them that had gumption enough to do so had too much gumption to do so," said Judge Priest, coining his epigram without, I think, meaning to do it. "Reguardless of your own private convictions you can't go, on your own hook, meddlin' in the intimate affairs of a woman old enough to be a grandmother and commonly reckined to be smart enough to handle three-quarters of a million dollars in cash and real estate. It ain't bein' done. And, even now, rememberin' whut the lamentable outcome wuz and all that, I'm prone to admit I think she wuz entitled to her pitiful little hour of happiness and triumph without let or hindrance. She wuz havin' her romance at last, even ef she wuzn't to have it fur very long. I'd not been the one to try to snatch it away frum her after her waitin' so long fur it, and neither would you, Lew Lake, fur all your indignant snortin's jest now.

"No, suh, you done like everybody else—took your feelin's out in talk. I didn't know a city the size of this here one could produce such a noble output of talk on short notice. It wuz proof of our hidden resources. Who knew anything about the gentleman's past? Everybody asked it, nobody answered it, but nearly everybody was inclined to hope the worst. Whut on earth could she be thinkin' of—trustin' herself and all that wealth to a stranger? And jest look at the difference in their ages! There wuz no need, though, fur this last suggestion—the lookin' wuz already bein' conducted on a general scale. He might pass fur forty, or even fur thirty-five in a poor light amongst nearsighted people. But she'd never see her fiftieth birthday ag'in without she peered backward over her shoulder. In a big town, whut with paint and hairdressin' and youngish clothes, she might fool a few, but not here, where she wuz born and brought up. We had amongst us too many official historians with good memories—mainly of the gentler sex. 'Let's see, now—she was putting her hair up the year my nephew Harry fell out of the cherry tree and broke his right arm in two places, and he was going on nine then, because he was eighteen when the Spanish American War broke out, because I remember how set he was on enlisting and how his mother carried on—yes, she's fifty-one if she's a day.'"

I had to laugh. The old judge's mimicry of Mrs. Puss Whitley, our most efficient and painstaking gossip, was a little bit of perfection. He slipped back into his own purposely ungrammatical fashion of speech:

"Yes, suzz, there wuz indeed consider'ble talk. There were people who swore they'd go to that weddin' ef they had to git up out of a sick bed to do it and crawl there on their hands and knees. But here's where a large number of our citizens suffered a most grievous blow. Because them two slipped off down to Dyersburg and wuz married without anybody knowin' anything about it in advance. There wuz a feelin' that an unfair advantage had been took on the populace at large. And then, as though to arouse popular disappointment to a still higher pitch, they went off on a honeymoon and wuz gone all of two months."

"Aren't you overlooking one important detail?" suggested Doctor Lake.

"No, I ain't; I'm jest gittin' to that. Here's whut Doctor Lake means, son: Before they eloped thataway they entered into whut us lawyers call a prenuptial arrangement. Unbeknownst to anybody they went down to Dabney Prentiss' office and had Dabney Prentiss draw up their wills fur them. On the face of it, ef you didn't know the respective circumstances of the contractin' pair, you'd a-said 'twuz a fair deal. Ef he died first everything he owned went to her. Ef she died first everything she owned went to him, with the exception of a few private bequests here and there; but in the event of her outlivin' him and dyin' without issue the bulk of her estate wuz to be devoted to erectin' and maintainin' a public hospital ez a memorial to her father. I'm inclined to think this here last provision—fur the hospital—wuz the only part of her last will and testament that Miss Cordelia had any actual hand in dictatin'. Probably it soothed away any lingerin' suspicions she might have had that her adorin' lover wuz nursin' mercenary motives in the back part of his head, when he fell in so prompt with her notion of doin' somethin' on a big scale to redeem her daddy's reputation in this community. I kin almost see him settin' alongside her on a sofa out yonder at the old Grundy place holdin' her withered, flutterin' little hand in his and agreein' with her that the idea of the Humphrey Bray Memorial Hospital wuz a perfectly splendid idea and an everlastin' credit to her.

"But the kernel in the nut wuz that she had to outlive him to carry out her ambition. Doubtless it never occurred to her that ef he died first about all she'd inherit would be mebbe a pair of moss-agate cuff buttons and his collection of fancy vests; whereas, on the other hand, ef she wuz the

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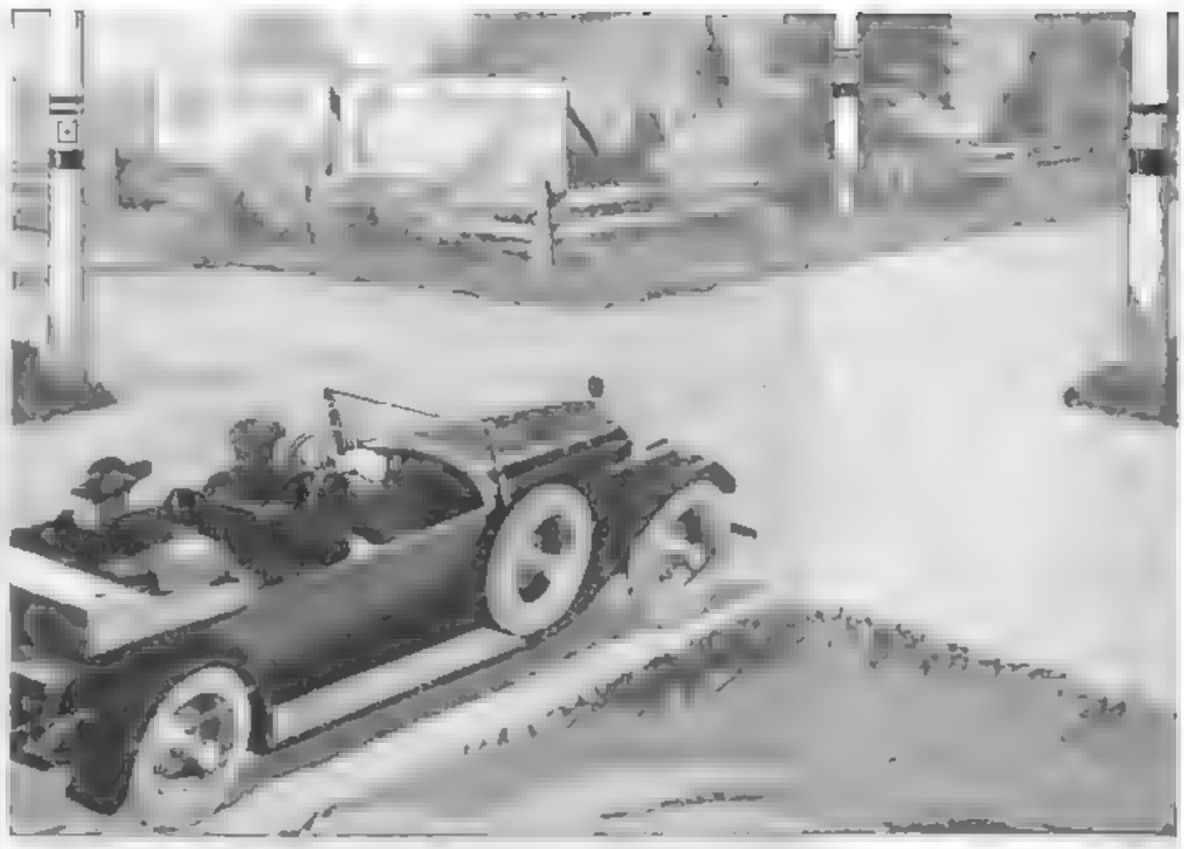

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first to pass away he'd come into one of the biggest fortunes in this end of the state of Kintucky. Bein' swept off her feet the way she plainly wuz, she doubtless couldn't see any selfish motive lurkin' behind his little proposition. It must a-been his proposition; we kin lay bets on that. And it wasn't Dabney Prentiss' place to point out to her that the thing didn't perzackly track square. Ez an attorney it wuz his place to make the papers legal and shipshape and keep his mouth shut. Anyway, him bein' a lawyer, I figger that all the time he wuz settin' at his desk draftin' them two interestin' documents he wuz renderin' to the prospective bridegroom the tribute of a sneakin' and begrudged admiration fur his financial sagacity. Leavin' out any discussion ez to his soul, it's not to be denied that this here Christopher Columbus Gaffney had a good business head on his shoulders."

"And a heart as black as the underneath side of a skillet," interjected Doctor Lake.

"Figgerin' out the state of a party's vital organs is part of Doctor Lake's trade," remarked Judge Priest blandly, as though speaking for my benefit solely; "so I reckin us two better not quarrel with his diagnosis in this case, but jest go ahead with our yarn.

"Two months the happy pair wuz off in Eastern parts on their bridal tour. And they wuz, indeed, a happy pair when they got back, ef ever I seen one. The distinguished husband wuz happy in the possession of a most ornate and picturesque wardrobe which he'd amassed in the great marts of fashion whilst on his travels, and happy in havin' onlimited cash money in his pocket, and in his plans fur remodelin' the old Grundy place and makin' it over into whut he called a country estate, and fur buyin' himself a high-powered touring car right away, and fur first one thing and then another. 'Twould appear he'd returned to us with quite an elaborate spendin' campaign already mapped out.

"And his lady wuz happy in her proud estate of wifehood—so happy she couldn't see a single flaw in him anywhere; and that only goes to show true love is not only blind but frequently half-witted, also, seein' that here she wuz, visitin' her idolatrous worship upon a hero who, to the observant eye, appeared to be made up of probably the most conspicuous and outstandin' collection of flaws that's been consolidated together in one package during the entire Christian Era. But to her he wuz jest absolute perfection. She showed it by the way she looked at him, by the way she spoke to him and about him, by every breath she drawed and every step she took. She couldn't see yit—in time, of course, she would, but so fur she couldn't—whut immediately wuz painfully apparent to every well-wisher she had, which wuz that even this soon he wuz speakin' of her behind her back with the early beginnin's of a sneer, not more'n half tryin' to hide his contempt fur her lack of good looks and her gawkiness and her poor, distressful attempts to make herself purtified and youthful in the new clothes she'd brought home with her. She didn't know that already he wuz braggin', ez he spent her dollars over Link Seever's bar and in Andy Hooker's crap game, how easy it wuz to git onlimited funds out of her. He'd established his connections with Andy's layout before he'd been back two weeks; but she didn't know it. It wuz the mercy of God she never did know.

"It may have been a fool's paradise she lived in fur the little time she wuz to live, but I'm mighty glad for her sake that she had it, and that disillusionment didn't come to spile it fur her during them last three months or so before she had her stroke."

He gave a little wheezy sigh. He scratched his match to relight his pipe and for a moment or two his old face, pink and wrinkled and compassionate, showed in flashes as the little suck of flame flared up, then down.

"Well, Lew," he said, "it's your turn to piece out the tale. Try not to be too technical fur the understandin's of us laymen."

"Billy just mentioned a stroke," said Doctor Lake. "It came without warning, so far as anyone ever knew—came on her one night as she was getting ready for bed. Bilateral hemiplegia, it was; probably with cerebral tumorous complications; a typical case; you'd call it complete paralysis. It was complete, too—not partial as the first attack frequently is. Arms, legs, body, face were all involved, all stilled and deadened in an hour. Only her eyes lived. It was the expression of her eyes that proved she still had consciousness. She couldn't speak, of course; couldn't move. She was merely a living spirit imprisoned in a dead body. She wasn't even so lucky as that other paralytic, that character in Les Miserables, who talked with his eyelids while his frozen tongue lay behind his frozen lips.

"There was no chance for her, naturally—that is to say, no chance for her betterment. There was really nothing medical science could do except provide for proper nourishment and proper nursing and be on the guard against bed sores. Even so, there was a possibility that she might linger on for months—might even last in that state for years.

"And he knew it—that dog of a husband of hers knew it—and didn't want this to be. He wanted her to die, and die quickly. He tried to mask his feelings, but the rôle was one his master, the devil, never meant for him to play. Behind his transparent efforts to appear grief-stricken, behind his faked and futile display of a sudden and devastating grief, behind his loud lamentations, what really was in his heart showed plainly enough for any reasonably acute observer to see. It showed in the look out of his greedy, cowardly little pig eyes, it showed in the way his hand—with big rings on it now; rings of her buying—played around his mouth. Most of all it showed in the questions he kept asking the medical men who'd been called in, and the nurse who'd been put on the case.

"Why, gentlemen, you could read his mind as plainly as though he had bared it to you in a sworn and signed affidavit. No doubt he'd calculated, in the natural course of things, to outlive her. His expectations of doing that were good; he had the advantage of ten or fifteen years' difference in age on his side. But he had reconciled himself to the prospect of a long endurance test—of putting up with life with her and with life in this town for years perhaps. His current recompense while she lived would be the spending of what he could get out of her, and in the end his reward would be a fortune that would be his to do with as he pleased. But that meant patience, it meant a waiting game. By his standards it meant dullness and being bored and annoyed and irked by her presence. And now, then, she had been stricken down; was already the same as a dead woman. Why couldn't she have the decency to die then and leave him free—free to go on back where he came from and squander his legacy in what way he chose? No need for him to utter the thought aloud; he uttered it all the louder for keeping it locked in his brain. Merely as a study in degeneracy it's interesting to observe the workings of that sort of mentality. That is to say, it would be interesting if it weren't so nauseating; if only the observer could bury his natural instincts to destroy such a worm in the psychological aspects of the case.

"If wishes could kill she'd have died a hundred times a day, I'll warrant you. From his perverted standpoint the situation was decidedly aggravating, I'll admit. Between him and his capital prize there stood only a faint flickering spark to be snuffed out—but the trouble was he didn't have the courage to snuff it out by his own deliberate act. He had the impulses, all right, but he lacked the nerve which a murderer has. At least, that's the way I appraised his qualifications. As a matter of personal taste, I believe, on the whole, I'd have a higher respect for a man willing to commit murder to gain his object than for the one who thinks murder and dreams murder and craves murder, yet can't force his craven hands to tackle the job.

"He lacked something else besides the nerve, too—he lacked the opportunity. And here's where the old woman, Aunt Jurdina, that Judge Priest mentioned a while back, comes into the picture. That old creature—and a rough-talking, high-tempered old piece she was too—had been a fixture of the Bray household for nearly fifty years or more, I guess. She was one of the old-fashioned, faithful type that are pretty nearly extinct these days. She'd nursed Miss Cordelia as a baby; she'd mothered her on up through her childhood. And if there was one person on this earth who loved her with an unselfish, unquestioning love it was this selfsame old Aunt Jurdina. There was a trained nurse in attendance, as I said just now; a competent one, too, but really she wasn't needed. Nobody knew just when that old black woman slept; there was hardly a minute, day or night, from the time the patient was stricken down, when she didn't seem to be at the bedside studying her mistress' face out of those brooding, sullen, bloodshot eyes of hers; tending her, feeding her, sometimes singing to her—singing one of those curious, crooning, wordless songs that these old-time darkies favor—but more often just crouched there by the bed, silent and watchful. Watchfulness! That's the word that sums up her attitude. Whatever it was she had at the back of her head—dread or suspicion or fear—she showed it only by that vigilant posture of hers. She never voiced it in words. But let anybody at all—even one of the doctors or the nurse—come near the bedside, and old Jurdina never took her hostile gaze off of them, whoever it was. Small chance for Gaffney to work any mischief with that old terror on guard, even if he'd had the will to screw himself up to the sticking point!

"Well, this sort of thing went on for two weeks or more, with the sick woman lying there like a statue, with the old negress forever standing ward over her, with Gaffney eternally hangdogging about, hoping and fearing and—as it turned out—scheming. One morning when his plans had ripened he showed his hand. He wasn't satisfied with the treatment his poor dear wife was getting; that's what he came out and said. The intimation plainly was that he doubted the ability and the skill of resident physicians to handle the case. I think he used the words 'country doctors.' He had decided—he, mind you, this cheap little adventurer—he had decided to call in an eminent specialist of his acquaintance from Chicago, a certain Doctor Champion, who had achieved wonderful results in the treatment of paralysis by an electrical method of his own devising. In fact, he had already wired to Doctor Champion and had an answer back. Doctor Champion would arrive by the evening train, bringing his own expert nurse with him. He had said, though, in his telegram that he must have absolutely a free hand in his handling of the invalid; by all accounts Doctor Champion stood for no interference by lesser men of the profession—the patient must be turned over entirely to this miracle man. And so, would the local practitioners kindly be prepared to step down and out when Doctor Champion arrived? Or words to that general effect.

"Well, the local practitioners didn't wait for night and Doctor Champion to come. They just reached for their hats and got right out then and there."

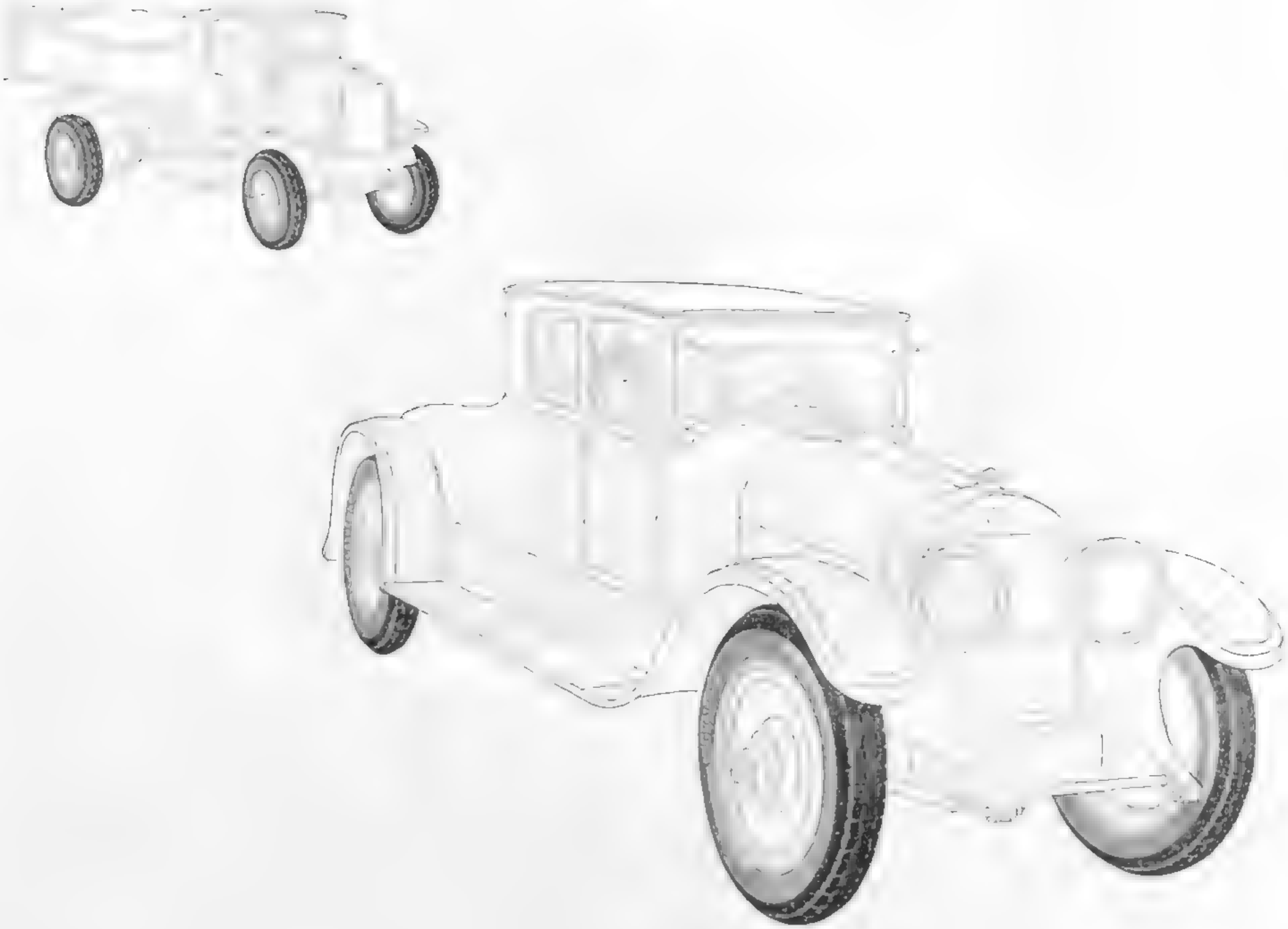
"You mean they quit the case knowing, or thinking they knew, what was in that man's mind?" I asked.

"What was there for them to do?" he answered grimly. "There's such a thing as professional etiquette in our calling, and in any calling there should be such a thing as self-respect. What else? The woman's husband, her legal next of kin and the head of the house, as good as invited them to step out from under its roof. They might think what they pleased of his private motives, but by every recognized law he had the final say-so. Just consider for a moment how well fortified in his position he was. Even if the outcome was fatal to his wife he could plead solicitude, zeal, husbandly affection. And if it came to a showdown, wouldn't the world have to accept his decision as an honest one? Private opinion based on surmise, on suspicion, on personal

"'I Want You to Help Me,' He Sez. 'I Tried to Get to the Telephone,' He Sez, 'But I Fell—I Couldn't Make It'"

(Continued on Page 88)

THE
GENERAL
CORD TIRE



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Another record-breaking increase

This year's demand now double last

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Your success with tires—your ability to get the most service that the market affords—depends on finding the tire that is leading *today*—not yesterday.

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Car owners *alone* are responsible for every success that the General has won. Invariably sold through tire dealers—never coming on new cars as "original factory equipment"—the General is the choice of the car owner. Its unique leadership is the talk of the tire trade.

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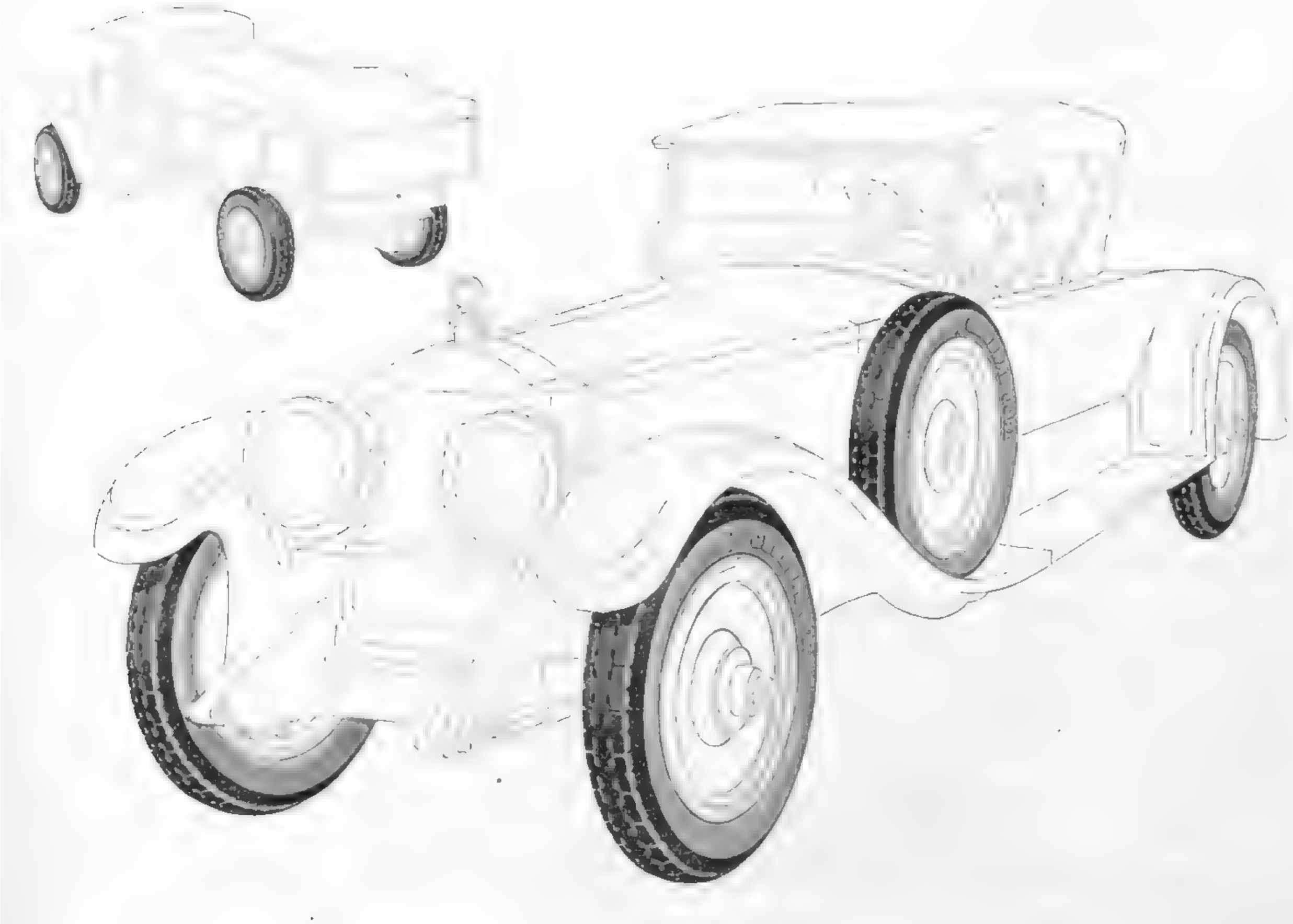

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"Yes, that's the best work I ever saw; I wonder how they do it."
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- Richardson-Phenix Oil Circulating and Filtering Systems and Force Feed Lubricators.

Write for Booklets

BOWSER ESTABLISHED 1885

ACCURATE MEASURING PUMPS

(Continued from Page 85)

prejudice and personal dislike, is one thing; evidence fit for a jury is another, as you'll agree. Besides, these home doctors knew one thing for certain—they knew that, come hell or high water, Gaffney would never get rid of old Jurdina by any method short of killing her outright. She'd stick right there on the job; they could rest assured of that. Anyhow, she was as good a nurse as you'd ask for, even if she couldn't read or write her own name. And in the last analysis, nursing was really all that the patient needed: practically all, for the time being, anyone could give her. So they packed up their little kits and they got out and left the field to the great man from Chicago.

"He rolled in at six that evening with his cabinet of tricks and his beautiful life-size side whiskers and his own nurse and all—and a fine large picture of a charlatan and a poser he was; hiding monumental ignorance under a nice thick covering of dignity and assurance. Or at least that's what I decided in my own mind the only time I ever saw him and talked with him, which was several days later. Gaffney was waiting for him at the train and hurried him out to the house, and in half an hour after they got there he had his conjuring box all rigged up and was in sole charge.

"Afterwards certain people here learned certain things about him. I rather took it on myself to make a few private inquiries. Probably it was none of my business, but I had a curiosity and I took steps to gratify it. The man had always been a sort of hanger-on at the ragged edges of the profession; not exactly disreputable, you understand, and yet, measured by the ethics, not exactly reputable, either. Years back he'd advertised to reduce ruptures without an operation, guaranteeing a cure or your money back—you know the sort. When that line petered out on him he set up as a cancer specialist, and more recently he'd switched again and was professing to cure pretty nearly everything, but especially palsy and epilepsy and paralysis, by some sort of electrical penny peep-show. These, briefly, appeared to have been the high lights in his career. He was, I figure, just an ignorant, greedy pretender, trading on the credulity of the hopelessly afflicted and the hopelessly crippled. Mind you, though, I don't say, even so, that he was a conscious criminal. There was no record of his ever having been accused outright of malpractice or anything of that nature. Indeed, I'm inclined to think that he had his moments of sincerity, when he really and honestly believed he was doing good—he was probably ignorant enough even to have confidence in himself. And certainly outright murder was not his specialty."

"But I gathered that you rather inferred Gaffney brought him down here with the idea of making an actual coconspirator of him?" I said.

"Then you gathered wrong. That wasn't my meaning at all. Here's how I reason it out: I imagine that Gaffney must have known him long before this. They'd naturally be drawn to each other if ever they'd met, each being in his particular field a sort of shabby adventurer. You know the saying: 'Birds of a feather ——' And Gaffney had a sort of low animal cunning, as I've tried to make you see. No doubt he had read through Champion's pretensions; no doubt he'd figured him out to be an impostor of sorts at the least. Well, with an incompetent and a bungler on the job, wasn't there a pretty fair prospect that the stricken woman, already as good as dead, might be got out of the world sooner than would be the case if responsible men were in attendance? Her life hung by a thread. If this faker, with his hocus-pocus, should unwittingly snap the thread in short order, who could show even a color of deliberate intent on the part of either one of them? Or maybe it was that Gaffney wanted no potentially hostile witnesses about—that is, assuming he was contemplating actual violence himself. Still, I'm inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt and assume, for the sake of argument, that he depended on stupidity and quackery and perhaps unintentional neglect to do the trick."

"But how about this old black woman?" I asked. "Surely you wouldn't call her a friendly witness? Why didn't he get rid of her when he was getting rid of the others?"

"Remember this, son," said Doctor Lake: "Gaffney was a Northerner. He didn't know her race. He'd be likely to figure that all this show of electrical mummery and all those high-sounding long words which Champion used would deceive her into accepting him as a great man who might be able to save the patient. I'm not saying she mightn't have been deceived, either, if only her apprehensions hadn't been sharpened by her love for her mistress—and other things she'd noticed. And, in any event, he couldn't shelve her without a pitched battle, no matter how much he might want to do it. Ethics meant nothing to her. She was her own code of ethics and, as I told you just now, yoked oxen couldn't have dragged her away from her post. So he just let her stay; he had to, that's all.

"Never mind about that, though, for the moment. I'll get along to the next real development. The very next afternoon after Champion appeared on the scene Gaffney himself was taken ill with gripes in his abdomen—suddenly and violently and painfully ill. His eminent friend, the imported specialist, said it was an attack of acute nervous indigestion brought on by distress over his wife's condition, and gave him a treatment—an electrical treatment, I suppose—and put him to bed. Nervous indigestion—bah! Any six months' medical student should have known better.

"For a whole night and well on into the next day he lay there suffering the agonies of the damned—and only this pet faker of his to attend him. He must have had a premonition—people very often do when they're like that. Oh, I guess he knew—he must have known; he could feel Nemesis taking hold of his vitals. We can imagine his sensations; he was no fool. By his own trick and device he'd delivered himself into the perilous keeping of a man that he knew was an ignoramus and a charlatan. I can almost see him—writhing and tearing at the bedclothes when the pains gripped him, and between spasms tortured by thoughts of the fix he'd got into. He'd dug a deep pit for another—and had fallen to the bottom of it himself.

"And on that second day of his illness, getting worse all the time, he —— But here, Billy, you take up the story from now on. The final chapter is yours by rights anyway."

And the old judge took it up:

"It wuz the next day, ez Lew sez, about four o'clock in the evenin', that he managed to git up out of bed—he wuz in a room on the top floor of the house—and drag himself through the hall and git down the stairs. How he done it, in the fix he wuz in, is a marvel. Mebbe desperation and skeer give him an onnatchel strength. Anyhow, he didn't have to come all the way down the stairs—he crawled part way and rolled the rest. Layin' there at the foot of the steps moanin' and whimperin', wuz where old Jurdina found him.

"It happened she wuz alone fur the time bein', settin' alongside Miss Cordelia in the big bedroom on the main floor, and she heared him when he tumbled, and then she heared his groans and she went out in the hall to investigate, and there he wuz. She went up to him and stood over him, with her hands on her bony old hip joints, lookin' down at him and not no more compassion in her face than whut you'd expect to find in one of these here African idols.

"'Whut you want?' she sez to him.

"'You,' he managed to gasp; 'I want you.'

"'Whut you want wid me?'

"'I want you to help me,' he sez. 'I tried to get to the telephone,' he sez, 'but I fell—I couldn't make it. But you'll do.'

"'Do whut?'

"'Get me a doctor,' he sez. 'I must have a doctor right away!'

"'Whut's de matter wid dis yere high-toney doctor you done fotch on f'm de Nawth?' she sez. 'Ain't he right yere on de premises handy to yo' beck an' call?'

"'But I want some other doctor,' he sez, pleadin' hard. 'I want one of the doctors that we had here last week—both of them, if they'll come. I tell you I need help.'

"'You done turn dem doctors off,' she sez.

"'But I want 'em called back in,' he sez; and by now he's cryin' in a kind of a weak, whisperin', pantin' way. 'I'm awfully sick,' he sez. 'I tell you I'm a terribly sick man. There's something frightfully wrong with my side here.'

"'An' how 'bout my Li'l' Miss?' she sez. 'Ain't she turr'ble bad off too? Ef dat Chicago man is fitten to 'tend her all alone by hisse'f howcome he ain't fitten to 'tend you? Tell me dat.'

"'But I'm sick in a different way,' he sez; 'you don't understand. Oh, for God's

sake,' he sez, 'don't stand there tormenting me with questions! Do something to help me!'

"'Oh, yas, I does un'erstand,' she sez, and with that she stoops down alongside him so that her blazin' eyes air glarin' right into his, and her words come frum her hissin' hot. 'Oh, yas, I does un'erstand, Mister Mealy-mouf Man. I un'erstood frum de fust minute ever you set foot inside dat frunt door yonder, five months ago. You could fool my Li'l' Miss—you could fool other folkses. But not me! An' I un-'erstands now. An' it's high time you un'erstood me. Lissen: You done med de nest—you gwine lie in it. Whut's good 'nuff fur my Li'l' Miss is good 'nuff fur you. Whut she's got to tek, you teks too. Whut she gits, you git; only ef I'm ary jedge, you gits yourn fust an' you gits it quick.'

"She wuz readin' him his death warrant and he knew it, and he tried to shove her away from him and git up. She shoved him back.

"'Lay still an' lissen to me,' she sez. 'You know whut I'm gwine do? I'm gwine tek you in dese two arms of mine an' I'm gwine tote you back up dem steps an' put you in yo' baid in dat room w'ich you jes' left, an' dar you gwine stay, effen I has to stand at de do' an' bar de way. An' ef I cain't be dere on guard, my husband Silas, he'll be dere in my place, an' ef he stirs f'um dere, ur lets you stir, I'll skin him alive, an' he knows it. Try to git to de telefome—jes' try,' she sez, tauntin' him. 'Try to yell fur help outen de winder effen you wants to—'tain't nobody gwine heah you an' 'tain't nobody gwine heed you; dey's ten acres of ground round dis place, an' yo' voice is departin' f'um you mouty fast.'

"It must have been jest about then that he fainted away, because the only sound he made ez she heaved him up and drug him back upstairs wuz by his feet bumpin' on the steps. And frum then on it seems he wuz never more than half conscious; plumb out of his head when he wuzn't layin' in a stupor-like. I reckin her words had been enough to drive him out of his wits anyway, weak ez he wuz. She wuz enough to drive him out of 'em. I bet you the original Jezebel couldn't a-been a more furious sight or a more dauntin' one than whut she wuz ez she squatted down there by him in that old dark hall, spittin' out the sentence that spelled his doom fur him."

"It was his finish, then?" I asked.

"It wuz his finish," answered Judge Priest soberly.

"How soon after that did he die?" I pressed.

"Oh, not right away; not till the next night. But I'll let Lew supply you the details of his finish. It's more properly his job."

"Might have been my job, you mean," said Doctor Lake crisply. "I got there in a hurry about dusk of the following evening, answering to an emergency call. One look at him and I realized there was nothing I could do—acute appendicitis of the fulminating type. He was moribund by then, and past helping. He must have been sinking fast all through that day and he was just about gone. No use to try doing anything, and I knew it. Still, a man hates to quit. I had 'em rig up a kitchen table and I laid out my instruments, but he flickered out while I was getting ready to etherize him.

"Taken in time, he could have been saved, and would have been. Organically he was sound, and he was strong, too—he proved how strong he was by lasting as long as he did with all that poison spreading inside of him. A prompt operation at the outset, or even an operation twenty-four or thirty-six hours earlier, before his appendix burst, and he'd have been alive today. I'm certain of that. But he isn't—thanks to that old black woman."

"Did she finally relent? Was it she who sent for you?" I asked.

"She relent? Not a chance! It was the eminent Doctor Champion himself who sent for me, most urgently. The man got frightened. Even he could see—when it was too late—that Gaffney was dying. And anyhow, I suppose he had a trace of a conscience concealed somewhere inside of him—rudimentary, perhaps, but still a trace. So he called me up and begged me to come. I could tell by his voice over the telephone that he was in a blue funk of panic. It was neither human nor professional for me to refuse to go. So I went, and I stayed on, as it happened. Because he got out—gathered up his batteries and dynamos and things, and took his nurse with him and pulled out. He'd had one patient die on his hands; it was plain to be seen he didn't want another doing the same thing. So the late Mr. Gaffney was buried next morning in the Bray family lot out at Elm Grove Cemetery, and just two weeks later his wife followed him there.

"And now you know all the whys and wherefores of that fine big memorial hospital you saw dedicated today. And it's time I was getting along home to bed. We've been palavering away here too long as it is." He rose up from his chair.

"There's just one point that still isn't clear in my mind," I said. "I can understand, Doctor Lake, why you knew at first hand the things you've been telling me—you must have been one of the two physicians that had Miss Cordelia's case at the start; that's plain enough. But, Judge Priest, I don't quite see how you came to know part of what you've been telling me. For instance now, take your description of the scene between Gaffney and old Aunt Jurdina, after he fell down the stairs and she ——"

"Oh, that?" said the judge. "Why, she told me about it."

"She?"

"Yes, shorely—old Jurdina told me. Where else could I 'a'-got the straight of it but frum her? You see, son, fur some reason or other, there's quite a passel of people in this town who come to me frum time to time when I'm not settin' on the bench and tell me things that ain't exactly in the line of my judicial duties. It's got to be a kind of a habit with some of 'em round here. I don't know why it is, but such is the case. Moreover, in this instance, I'd knowed old Jurdina fur goin' on fully fifty years, I reckin, and then besides, right soon after her mistress died she'd come to me instid of goin' to a practicin' lawyer, ez she should, to ask me some questions about her legacy. By the terms of the will she and old Silas come in fur a nice little sheer of money and a comfortable house to live in. So I jedge she felt that she wuz entitled to bestow her confidences on me; and here about ten months ago, when she come to die herself, she sent a messenger to me sayin' that she had something mighty important to say to me fur the peace of her soul and would I please come right away. So when court had adjourned that evenin' I went out there to the little cottage on Harrison Street where she lived. And after they'd propped her up on a pillow and when, at her request, I'd shooed all the other darkies out of the room, she told me this thing about her farewell dealin's with the late Gaffney, in jest about the words I've used in tryin' to tell it to you. You might call it a deathbed confession, because that's practically whut it wuz.

"But don't misunderstand me and go away frum here thinkin' that she had any regrets fur the part she'd played in the matter. No, suh, not that old woman! There wuzn't a regret in her system. Right up to the last breath she drawed, she gloried in it. It's hard sometimes, even fur us that've lived all our lives amongst these black folks, to fathom the workin's of their minds, but ez a matter of fact I'm inclined to think it wuz a sort of pride that made her send fur me when she realized she wuz about due to pass away. And pride is no kin to remorse. You see, son, she really believed she'd killed Gaffney. Mebbe she had, too—Lew, here, seems to think she contributed to the result, jedgin' by his remark of a minute or so ago—but that wuzn't the sense in which she meant it. She thought she'd had a direct hand in his takin' off. And I figger she didn't want to go without intrustin' her precious secret to somebody who'd carry on the memory of it. So she picked on me. Yes, suh, she wuz firmly convinced, that old woman, that she'd been directly responsible fur his death, and ef I'm pressed I'll have to admit I didn't try to tell her no better either. Appendicitis didn't mean a thing to her—to her it wuz merely an effect and not a cause. No, her firm conviction wuz that she'd had him put to death by hoodoo."

There was a scuffling of feet behind me and I became aware of Jeff Poindexter. Listening to the two old men, I had altogether forgotten that Jeff was still present. He stepped nimbly backward and fumbled at the jamb of the front door. An electric bulb set in the porch ceiling flashed on, flooding the spot where we sat with radiance.

"Who turned on that there light?" demanded Judge Priest querulously.

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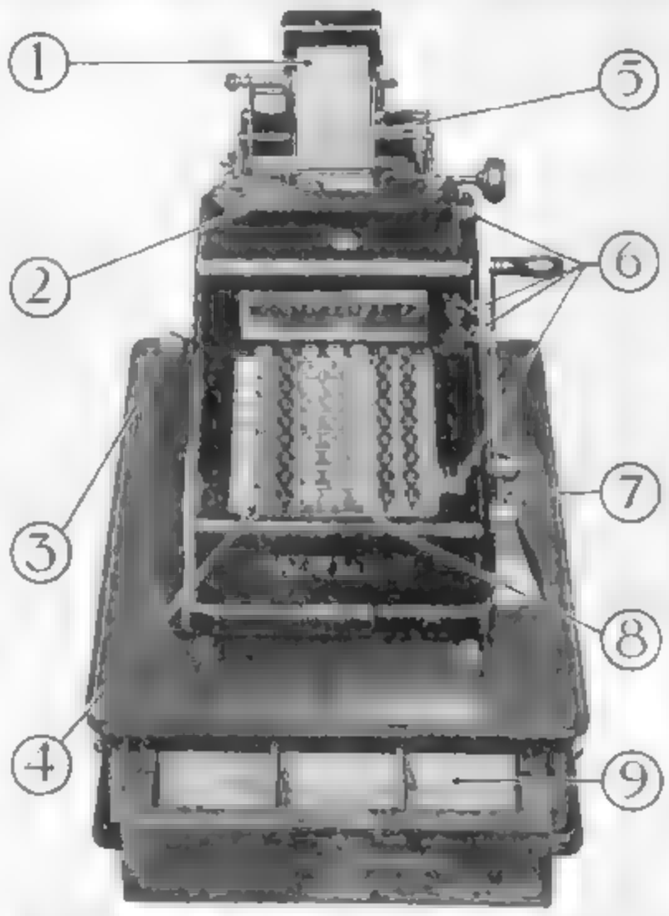

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"Me, suh—I done it," said Jeff, and it struck me there was a quick and nervous quaver in his voice. "Hit seemed lak, wid de moon goin' down, 'twould—'twould—er—be gittin' kinder dark out yere fur you gen'l'men."

"Well, turn it off again," said his master. "Whut you want to do—draw all the mosquitoes in the county?"

Jeff obeyed, but I observed that he was now withdrawn well inside the door. There was a small light in the hall.

Judge Priest went on as though he had not noted this byplay: "Yes, suzz, that wuz it—she thought she'd done it by havin' him witched to death. Propped up there in her bed, ashy gray and breathin' so loud she sounded like a leaky bellows, she told me about it. It seemed whilst Gaffney wuz plottin' agin her mistress she'd been plottin' agin him. She hated him with an onquenchable hate to begin with. Then after Miss Cordelia wuz stricken down she'd read his true feelin's the same ez Doctor Lake and Doctor Boyd, his associate on the case, had read 'em. So she put off to old Daddy Hannah. You'll remember him—the old nigger conjure-doctor that used to live out yonder in that darky settlement on Plunkett's Hill. She found him in his cabin and she told him—not namin' any names though—that she aimed to put a deadly spell on a deadly enemy. So he told her, she said, to manage to git holt of a lock of hair out of the candidate's head some way or other and fetch it there to him. Which she did. She bided her chance and she slipped into Gaffney's room when he wuzn't there and she collected some little red wisps out of a fine-tooth comb he used, and taken 'em back to old Daddy Hannah. And he said some conjure words over that wad of hair and then he tied it up in a little piece of blue cotton rag along with a white rooster feather that had been dipped in blood, and a dried frog's leg, and one thing and another, and he told her, she said, to take it back home with her and bore an auger hole in a growin' tree close to where her enemy lived and stick the charm in the hole and seal it up with a plug. He told her that inside of a month the tree would wither and die and the man that'd owned the hair would die along with it. He charged her twenty dollars fur his professional services; she payin' it gladly and reguardin' it ez reasonable at the price.

"So she went home and she followed after his instructions. She stuck the rag in a hole she made in a big sycamore standin' in the yard close up to the main house, and then she settled back, waitin' fur results. She didn't have long to wait. So fur ez Gaffney wuz concerned, she and Daddy Hannah wuz ten days ahead of their schedule. Fur Gaffney wuz dead and buried in jest twenty-one days; she kept close track. Of course it wuz jest a coincidence, but nobody could have convinced her of that. And she died happy in the belief that she'd sent him where he's gone to.

"Curious thing, there wuz another coincidence, too—an even more strikin' and remarkable one," added Judge Priest musingly, and although I could not see his face a whimsical undernote in his voice told me that for sufficient reasons he was now departing from the strict truth and drawing on his fancy. "I asked her about the sycamore tree and, believe it or not, she gave me her solemn, dyin' word that frum the very hour he sickened, the leaves on that tree begun to fade and wither, and that ——"

He was interrupted by a scurry of quick retreating footsteps behind him; then we heard the sound of a door slamming somewhere at the back of the house; and by these things we knew that Jeff Poindexter, for once forgetting his manners and the proprieties of the occasion, had summarily and suddenly quit the company.

THE RING-TAILED GALLIWAMPUS

(Continued from Page 13)

account with us for the amount. Perrin says our cashier needed the twenty-five to marry on, and Donovan says that Perrin's bookkeeper probably needed twenty-five for alimony and neatly charged it to us. What can you do with a thing like that?"

"You tell me!" said Joe.

"Well," said the bookkeeper, "you've had your try, same as most all of us. The boss don't expect more, so I'll just give this back to him."

Young Merrill flushed. "Oh, no, you don't," he said, holding out his hand for the bill. "Course of sprouts, you said. They made a fool of me, all right, asking me to wait a half minute, putting me up on a throne, and laughing at me up their polite taffeta sleeves. Give it here. It's my grouch now; my own private grouch."

The high priestess, when he went back there after doing a half day's hustling so as to allow himself plenty of time, appeared graciously charmed to see him again. Besides which, there was now an added terror in the person of a young novitiate of the temple. She must have been having a day off the day before, but she was entirely here now, however. Her duties seemed to consist principally in putting on hats, so that customers could see how pretty the hat would look on them if they were as pretty as she was when the hat was on her. Nothing in all the paraphernalia of commerce could be more insidiously unfair. It induced an ecstasy of temporary aberration, for under one of the establishment's articles of merchandise the ravishing girl was so piquant and demure by turns that a woman would have pawned her soul for the hat, and a man hisn for the girl.

Joe Merrill, presently transfixed on his throne, was unable to decide which of the bewildering succession of hats she looked prettiest under. It would have been a hopeless case for a jury of trapped Joe Merrills.

"Wup!" she exclaimed in a silvery bubble of mirth when the high priestess said something to her in an undertone, at the same time nodding towards Joe. "Wup, another one!"

Merrill didn't like the look that girl gave him. It was as though she had paid admission and the show was meeting every expectation. She was under a poke bonnet at the moment, though he didn't know it from a turban, and he uneasily detected saucy deviltry twitching at the lovely demure lips. He hated her the most bitterly of all. She stole glances at him, too, and once he caught her at it, when her rose-petal cheeks puffed out alarmingly and she pirouetted round, turning her back.

"That's right—laugh!" he hissed inwardly.

Except that he suffered more, he was precisely as successful this second day as he had been the day before. He couldn't be rude, he couldn't be insistent—not against the downy politeness that smothered him under. He couldn't even get out—till closing time. Course of sprouts? He reckoned so!

He had to let the third day go by, to catch up on his regular collecting, but by four o'clock of the afternoon of the fourth day he was ready for another try, and he hated it worse than a well-remembered appointment with a dentist, when a tooth was to come out and there'd be no laughing gas—only the cold, cold forceps. He was, besides, no nearer a plan of campaign than at first. How, indeed, attack thin air, where there was nothing to hit? Still, he would try again. A streak of stubbornness in him somewhere was solidifying. The novitiate—that girl—made it hardest. The way he dreaded her, and the interested look in her big demure brown eyes, as though he were coming up to expectations, were breaking into his sleep. He faced two hours of slow torture, going back, but he procured a shine and a haircut and went back.

The high priestess, in her first pleasure at seeing him, greeted him almost as an old acquaintance, her gracious manner subtly giving him to feel that she was flattered at the continued honor of his presence in her salon. And off in the middle background, where the novitiate was demonstrating a wonderful toque for a stylish stout dowager, two big brown eyes brimmed with sly mirth and welcome. Her day was to be brightened after all, it seemed.

Merrill was discouraged. The oftener he came the better they liked it. He envisaged no sign of regarding him as a

(Continued on Page 92)

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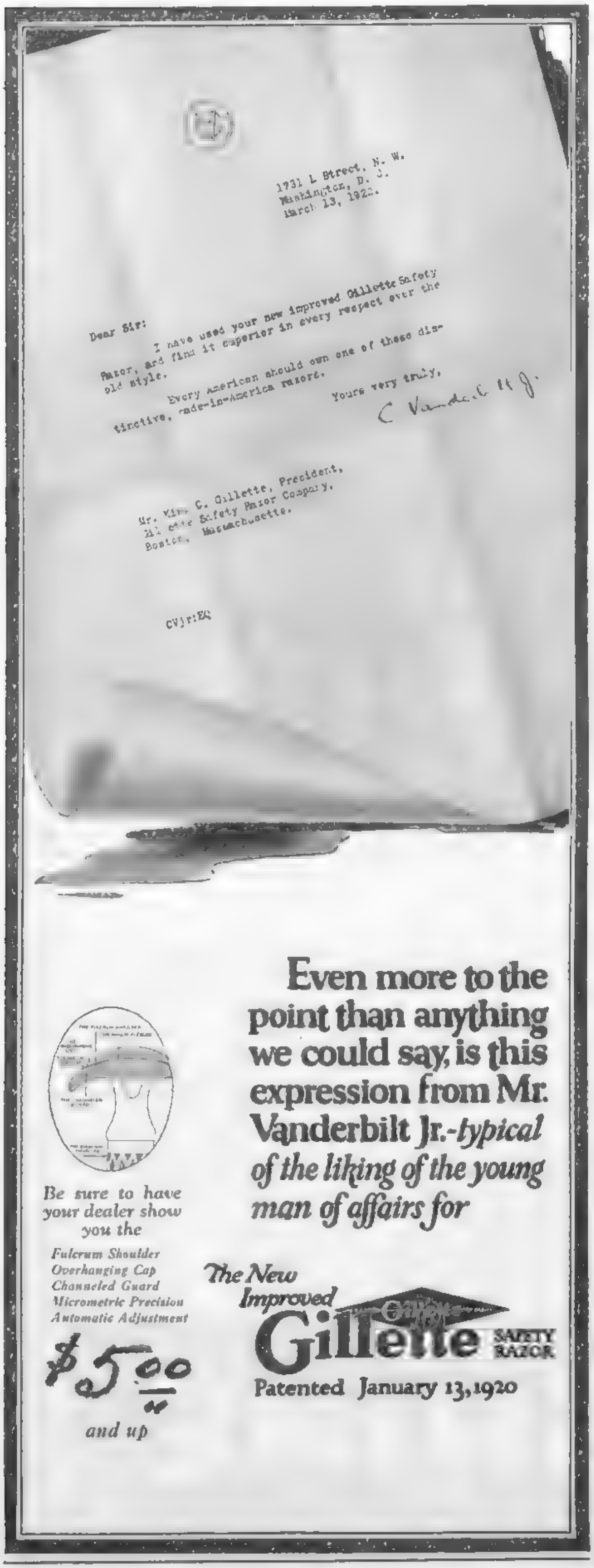
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(Continued from Page 90)

nuisance, of crumbling before his dogged persistence. Nevertheless, as the high priestess came smiling towards him her delicate nostrils quivered. Two richly gowned customers going out paused abruptly near him, and the nostrils of each did a quick triple sniff. A shade of horror crossed their features, and with a significant glance at the high priestess they hurried out. A something was pervading the softly fragrant atmosphere of Perrin et Cie., breaking down even the awed hush. Another customer, haughty as a duchess, with a spaniel in her arms, caught the aroma as she entered.

"Phew, smells like a barber shop!" she ejaculated.

Clearly she had blundered into the wrong temple. Nose in air, she swished about face and went out again.

Joe knew now. It was the bay rum. He had a weakness for bay rum. It smelled cool and clean and comforting. He always had the barber use it. But to delicate nostrils here it was a coarse and plebeian odor. How the lady who had just gone out associated it with barber shops he did not know. Perhaps she had started being a lady as a manicurist.

The high priestess did not ask him to be kindly seated for just a moment. So Merrill said, "I'll just sit down for a moment."

There was an acidulated tinge in the dulcet intonation as the high priestess replied, "So sorry, but it would be useless. Mr. Perrin—no one—is here."

Merrill poignantly felt the attention he was attracting, and it required all his new obstinacy, but he said, "That's all right. I'll wait. I don't mind being seated for only a minute or two," and he started towards the high-backed ceremonial chair.

"Yes, yes," said the high priestess hastily. She turned to the brown-eyed novitiate. "Rhoda, dear, won't you see if he is in? Yes, quickly, please!" Then to Merrill, almost prayerfully: "You may go with her if you wish. Yes, yes, do."

That monosyllable of surrender—"Yes, yes!" For the first time in days the fun-loving light that pertained by nature to the intruder's light gray eyes broke through the sulky mist of his countenance. The impalpable first line of defense had given way before the assault of forthright, honest bay rum, and the bay leaves of victory should crown him next. At last he was to meet a man.

He followed the slender fairy figure of Rhoda dear into cloistered depths to a tapestried, boudoirlike little office, and here, at least, was something in pants anyway. It was dapper and tubby, with a minute mustache and brightly animated little eyes, and it was wreathed in smiles of welcome.

"You Mr. Perrin?" Merrill began

The little pet of a man turned his palms up deprecatingly. No, he was not Monsieur Perrin, but he would endeavor to answer for Monsieur Perrin. And to what might he ascribe the honor ——

"This little bill, if you please," and Joe presented it.

The tubby little person looked, and he started slightly. Ah, quite so, but this little account was liquidated quite many weeks ago, with exception of the sum of eleven cents. If monsieur would accept the sum of eleven cents, and give a receipt ——

"No," said Merrill, again interrupting, "it's not paid, but payable."

"Payable?" echoed the other, letting his inflection rise with a faintest tinge of irony.

"Payable," Merrill repeated tersely, but rather ashamed. This antagonist was as fragile as the ladies in the temple. He felt like a horrid rough brute.

Still, he added, "And it will keep on getting more payable until it is paid. Might I see the check—you know the one I mean—that canceled check you flash at us instead of a receipt?"

"Oh, but Monsieur Perrin has that. He always has that for the purpose—as you say—to flash at Monsieur Donovan when those two monsieurs each other encounter. I am veritably desolated that I can do no more for you, monsieur."

Rhoda dear, waiting, let him out by a side door upon a side street. Before she closed the door she said, "It was good while it lasted. Only it lasted too quick."

Her voice tripped with laughter; and flushing, he retorted, "But it's not over yet."

"No?" she echoed, making a rosebud of her mouth, but before he could retort again the lock of the door had clicked.

On the side street he moodily kicked the shine off one shoe with the other shoe. "If the bay rum brought up the manager," he reflected, "I wonder how high-powered a smell it will take to bring up Perrin himself. Say it with scents, say it with scents!"

He pondered earnestly. "Barber shops?" he mused, working out his odor scheme. "I wonder how about a nice, rich, lingering hospital smell. Chloroform? No. Iodoform? Ha—iodoform!"

The next day was Sunday, and he rested that day, but Monday he went primed to bring Monsieur Perrin himself to the surface of events. However, he did not pass the threshold of Perrin et Cie. He perceived instead what Rhoda dear perhaps had had in mind at their parting two days before when she had mockingly regretted that it was all over. A vast giant in plum-colored livery stood in the doorway. The man's courteous deference to incoming and outgoing patronesses was of a piece—or better, of a flavor—with the overawing atmosphere of the establishment. Obligingly he himself would receive the little bill that Merrill mentioned, and have it conveyed to the manager; but he would not, it seemed, give place, step aside, make gangway. He was a polite and refined giant, but to all intents and purposes Perrin et Cie. had hired a low-browed bouncer. He was par excellence the antidote to bay rum.

All this was making a grievously harassed boy of Joe Merrill. The thing had become an obsession, a life's ambition, a career, tensing every breath he drew. He returned to the printing office and asked the bookkeeper for Monsieur Perrin's initials. T. D. they were. Then he looked up T. D. Perrin's residence in the telephone book. He'd pass the plum-colored monument, over, under or through, if he had to, but first he'd try a flank movement—tackle Monsieur Perrin under his own rooftree and pull his probable French imperial.

He went that same night. It was in a neighborhood of wide lawns and houses built large enough for the servants. Monsieur T. D. Perrin's house, when Merrill had located it, was festively ablaze with lights. Party, eh? Joe hurried home, changed into evening clothes and came back.

Stowing his hat and topcoat under an ornamental shrub he sauntered in among the guests with the manner of having just stepped out for seven puffs at a cigarette. So far as he had any definite plan, he meant to waylay the butler or a maid and say, "Oh, by the by, have you seen Mr. Perrin in the last minute or two? I'd like ——" And then, before he needed to finish, the servant would likely say, "Why, yes, right over there, sir," and point him out. After which, having identified his host, he would maneuver for a chance to speak with him, alone if possible. But the young man was in for a series of jolts first.

He was standing with a group watching the dancing, when a radiant fairy shape among the dancers caught his eye, and he forgot why he had come. And then, as she turned, she saw him. The big brown eyes of the novice of Perrin et Cie. rounded wonderingly in recognition, and he wished he were somewhere planting cabbages. Nor would she let him escape. He had all but gained the front door when he heard a racing scurry of slippered feet behind him, and there she was. More formidably than the massive giant she barred the way, regarding him with an expression of puzzled inquiry. And yet she seemed ready to be friendly and hospitable. So far she was giving him the benefit of the doubt.

"I—I'd like to see your employer," he managed to say.

"My —— Oh, you mean daddy. I am Miss Perrin."

"You? But ——"

She knew what was bothering him. Inextricably she was fixed in his confused wits as a demonstrator of hats.

"Why not?" she demanded. "It's going to be my store some day. I'm the C-i-e—the Compagnie—already."

"I—I'd like—this little bill "

Her wonderment mounted to a sort of helpless admiration.

"You haven't -haven't come to collect that bill -here?"

He nodded, since he was well caught in any case.

"My land sake's alive!" she breathed. It was fervent invocation of powers beyond

her own to account for this gift of brass-bound nerve within an exterior so blushing and shy.

"I'd like ——" he began again.

"You—you wouldn't mind being killed, would you?" she asked him then. Clearly she was easing her conscience of consequences; shifting the responsibility on him.

He smiled feebly, and yet it was a flash of genuine humor.

"That's all right," he assured her. "It—it would be a sort of change."

"Then come." Under her breath he heard her add "Poor lamb!"

Naturally she idolized her father, he reflected, yet after all, how much killing does one usually expect from a man milliner? And then, ushered by her into a den-like retreat beyond the library, he found himself gaping at a square-browed, rock-jawed citizen with a battler's eye.

"Old Donovan!" he thought; but Miss Perrin called him daddy.

"Daddy," she said, "this gentleman wishes or did wish to see you about—well, about a little matter of business."

"Business?" the man grunted, ominously shifting in the large leather armchair where he sat, turning a vast acreage of shirt front and iron gray beetling brows on the intruder. No, he wasn't old Donovan, Joe now perceived, but he almost was. "Business? Huh, must be all-fired urgent if it can't wait till morning!"

"Oh, but daddy," said Miss Perrin sweetly, "only wait till you hear what it is."

Then with a glance she gave Joe Merrill the floor, so to speak, while dancing imps in her eyes offered him up for a ghastly immolation. Joe hesitated, but because the great bear was not alone in his den. Another sat with him, his broad back towards the door. Two cronies they were, evidently, who had slipped away from the general frivolity for a quiet smoke and drink of Scotch.

"If I might speak with you privately, sir," Joe began, but got no farther.

At sound of his voice the broad back of Mr. Perrin's crony had upheaved, and Joe was blinking agape at another square-browed, rock-jawed countenance. But there was no error this time. It was old Donovan himself.

"Oh, but Uncle Larry will want to hear it too," Miss Perrin protested in her voice of sweet, childlike naïveté.

Again there was no error. She meant Donovan. Donovan for his part had been staring at Joe, and as he stared a gleam of unregenerate joy scintillated in the battler's eye.

"Hell's bells!" he murmured reverently. Then he nodded approvingly at the girl. "Sure thing, Puss; I'll want to hear it too."

Joe contrived to swallow.

"It's about a little bill, sir," he explained, and handed the statement to Perrin, while Donovan took a long, satisfying pull at his cigar and waited.

Others had given a slight start, but by comparison Mr. Perrin went up into the air and came down with both feet. Almost literally he did just that. He opened his mouth for a smashing oath, but gave over the attempt with a hopeless gesture more eloquent yet. No oath could be adequate. A gloating rumble in Donovan's throat brought him hard round on his late crony.

"It's you, Larry—it's you who set this infernal pest to dunning me in my own house!"

Choking for utterance Donovan waved the hand with the cigar.

"Not so," he retorted. "I gave the lad the bill to collect, that's all. But if he's got to work after hours to collect it, the more shame to you. D'you want the name of a dead beat before all your elegant guests?"

"The bill's been paid, as well you know!" Perrin roared. "Here's the check—look again! No, I'd not trust it in your hand. And the eleven cents—I'm not disputing the eleven cents. Take them!"

Out of a pocket of his white vest he dug them and showered them over Donovan's head. The two men glared at each other like twin grizzlies.

The girl cried severely "Oh, tut, tut!" as at two rowdy boys. Merrill put out his hand.

"Might—might I see that check, sir?"

But Perrin rumpled it back into his pocket. Let his word be questioned by every printer's devil that Donovan minded to hound him with? Show the check? He'd be damned!

"Timothy Donovan Perrin!" said Donovan sternly. "Aw—aw, language, Tim! Language! From a ladies' milliner too! Dear, oh, dear, I'm that shocked! I shouldn't have come!"

"You call off this perambulating dun, that's all! He's driving away my trade till that he-doll manager of mine threatens to resign. Call him off or I'm telling you flat, Larry—he'll get hurt."

From under pent brows Donovan shot a swiftly appraising glance up at Merrill before he replied. Then he said, "That depends on the young divil himself, Tim. He can quit—lay down—any time he's a mind to."

"If I might see that check, if—if you please," Joe persisted.

Perrin made a motion of fighting for air. "Talk—talk about one-track minds! No, you don't see the check. And you let my hat store alone too. Ladies' milliner? Godfrey's goat! Listen, my young friend, I'm in the coal-and-wood business, and I took that hat store over for a bad debt—rent six months overdue and a winter's coal bill. I gave the joint a name and tone, hired experts in hokum, and ——"

"Yes, sir, but speaking of a bad debt——"

Joe had to stop there, for Perrin was twisting a coal heaver's fist under his nose.

"Now you scoot on out o' here! If ——"

"Would it be all right," said Joe, backing off, "if I came to see you down to your coal-and-wood yard?"

"Eh, what? Ha, do!" Perrin shouted cordially. "Yes, and bring all the bay rum you want. My lily-fingered teamsters won't mind at all. But if you ever get past those jokers—look here, my boy, there's no real wish on my part to see you worked into shredded hash, so I'm warning you. I ——"

"If I do get past the jokers, sir, will you show me the check?"

Perrin's hands dropped to his side. He looked beaten. "Godfrey's goat!" he whispered.

"Then you will show him the check, Tim?" Donovan asked.

Perrin nodded helplessly. "Yes—if! Boy"—he turned to Joe—"don't hurry. Stay and dance and be merry. I'd like to be able to remember that your last evening on earth was a pleasant one."

Five minutes later Joe was dancing with Rhoda. She had seconded her father's invitation.

"Hard to tell them apart," he observed.

"It's hard to keep them apart," she replied, "but it's easy to tell them apart. One says 'Hell's bells,' and the other says 'Godfrey's goat.'"

But he was still mystified. "They're mighty chummy to be having a scrap."

"And why not? Where'd be the fun in it if they didn't get together? Poor darlings, they do love their scraps so, ever since they were boys!"

They had been boys together, then—those two with the conqueror contour of piano movers, as alike as two blocks of granite. But Donovan could not be Rhoda's Uncle Larry. Joe mentioned this.

"Pretty nearly," she laughed. "They're double cousins, and that's the same as brothers. You've got to go back to their mothers and fathers. Well, then, a brother and sister named Perrin married a sister and brother named Donovan, after which there were two consequences. One was Timothy Donovan Perrin, and the other was Lawrence Perrin Donovan—otherwise dad and otherwise Uncle Larry. Clear now?"

It was clear now.

"Their scraps are such fun," said Rhoda musingly.

"For me, yes," Joe agreed with a grimace.

She became serious, and now it developed that her hospitality was not without a motive. She wished to warn him. He was not to go near the coal yard. He was only a pawn in the fierce game of the two cantankerous old darlings, and he'd get hurt. Yes, really.

He thanked her, losing step in their dance. A coal yard would be a relief after that hat shop full of women.

"Then you intend to go anyway?" she exclaimed, and he did not mind, now, the way she looked at him. He lost two steps.

"Do you suppose—oh, won't you," she cried eagerly, "call by for me when you go? I—I should like to see the last of it."

He became suspicious. Was she wanting to protect him? He flushed to the roots of his hair and caromed awkwardly from one couple to a second. Being now stopped entirely, he stammered that he was a rotten dancer and guessed he'd better be going.

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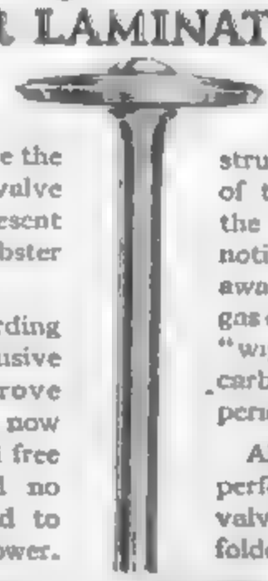

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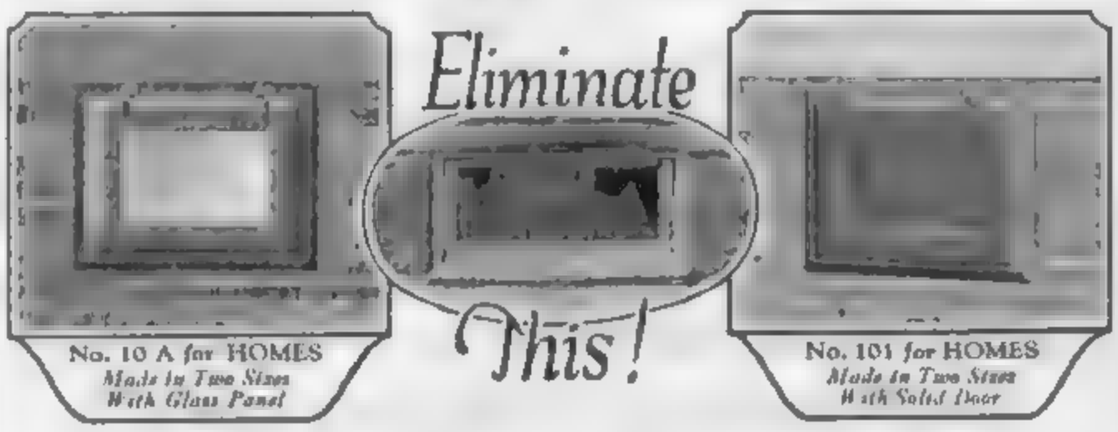

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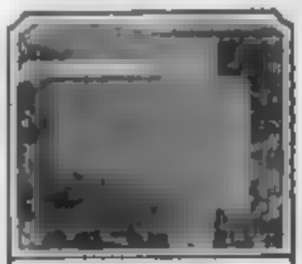

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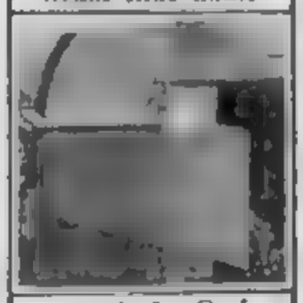

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THERE is a MAJESTIC Coal Window or Coal Chute designed especially for every type of house or building. For example, the MAJESTIC Grade Line Chute is for buildings with little or no foundation above the ground. And the MAJESTIC Store Chute is for store or office buildings. It does away with the sidewalk coal hole—no need to put up a bond. And each MAJESTIC protects against damage—and saves you money. Sold by 3,500 hardware, building supply and lumber dealers. Write for catalog and your dealer's name.

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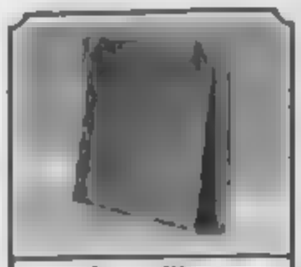
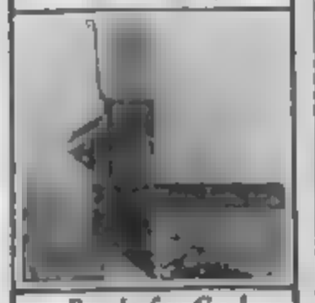


Store Chute



Ready for Coal

The Mark of a Modern House or Building

He went, taking with him his new problem—how to assault a coal yard. Back home he grinned wryly at his recently laid-in stock of ammunition, the package of iodoform, picturing a reception committee of coal heavers pleasantly awaiting him. She wanted to protect him, did she—or to laugh?

His whole manhood seemed wrapped up in this piffling item of a twenty-five-dollar bill. It was a symbol and a possessing fiend. Off on the sidelines he would have laughed with the other bystanders, but being himself enmeshed in burlesque only intensified his feeling of helplessness and at the same time hardened his obstinacy by making him angry. He thought of going in disguise, but discarded the notion as impracticable. He dismissed other fantastic notions. This was not comedy to him. It was serious. In its significance it was mortal combat. With no sense of the comic had he conceived any of his notions. He was in earnest every time. Now then, how to assault a coal yard?

He decided on artifice, as of necessity, to oppose to brute force, and so hit on a bit of strategy as simple as it was neat. There'd be the fiddler, the brute force momentarily tricked and therefore enraged, to pay afterwards, but he must risk that.

The idea dropped on him like ripened fruit next day while he stood in a lost hypnotic state, watching a Consolidated Fuel Company's wagon being unloaded down a sidewalk manhole in front of a department store. The Consolidated was Perrin's company, and the word aptly expressed Perrin. The big blackened truck, the big blackened driver, and the big span of black mules in heavy, brass-mounted harness—the sight of these, representing so much in his young life that day, had cast a spell over him.

Finally the driver tossed his scoop into the empty wagon and disappeared within the store. He would be quite some minutes finding the proper person to sign his receipt for the coal, and it was then that the idea made contact with Joe Merrill's brainpan. Here was at once a conveyance and a passport. He swung himself up to the seat of the wagon, seized the reins and was off. Through the dense traffic he turned the mules at the first corner.

Remembering then a lady's whim, he drove around to Perrin et Cie., some four blocks away. He crowded to the curb between a limousine and a taxicab. Already fairly grimy he sprang to the sidewalk and confronted the uniformed giant in the doorway, whose statuesque urbanity was rocked to its pedestal as Joe, making no attempt to enter, proffered this request:

"Say to Miss Perrin that I've come."

"But—but ——" began the giant lucidly.

Argument might have ensued except that Miss Perrin herself, not a great way from the door, had heard her name. She looked and saw and came. She came in a beautiful leghorn picture hat that she had been demonstrating, and under the brim the brown eyes danced and sparkled.

"I'm going now," Joe told her.

"My land!" she squealed, amazed. "In one of dad's own coal wagons?"

"If you really must come you can take a tax."

"No; wait!"

She passed him, skipping across the sidewalk to the wagon. He caught her by the arm.

"If you come—no interference? You promise?"

She saw how serious he was.

"Oh, well, then—I promise."

He helped her over the wheel, picture hat and all. Perched upon the high seat, she was as dainty as a Cherokee rose, as saucy and brightly expectant as a Shasta daisy. She might have been one of Marie Antoinette's exquisite dairymaids transported to a coal wagon.

"This coal dust," he said, climbing up beside her, "you're going to get badly mussed up."

She shot him one of her swift glances. "Nothing to the mussing you're in for." After a moment she added quietly, "There's still time to back out."

He drove on, gaze focused straight ahead, brows drawn to a moody scowl. She said no more, but sat subdued, like a good little girl being taken for a ride.

A traffic policeman held up his wand, but the bumping coal wagon kept coming. Joe drew upon himself the officer's attention before he pulled leather. He would embroider his original idea a bit.

The cop checked a warm stream of vituperation as a something incongruous about the offending outfit percolated.

"Say, you two up there, going to a pink tea or what?" he demanded. "Anyway you don't look like you belong with them mules and wagon. I gotta find out."

Detaining them he blew his whistle, and another of the force, a broad, florid-faced roundsman, presently appeared at a flat-footed lope.

"Yeah, good work," said the roundsman to his colleague. "This team's been reported stolen. Think I'll join you in your little joy ride, young fellah."

He climbed aboard, and they were now three on the high seat—the boy, the girl and the policeman.

"Drive round to the coal yard first," ordered the policeman, and Joe nodded. It was according to his idea. Rhoda shot him another swift look from under the picture hat, and the brown eyes narrowed comprehendingly.

The coal yard was down by the railroad tracks, and they came to it through a district of shanties. Merrill drove through the open gateway. Three burly gentleman tossing bundles of kindling wood into a cart looked up, and recognized the team.

"Butch!" one of them called. "Hey, Butch! Here's your wagon come back."

The screen door of the office—a long low frame shack at one side—slammed open, and a grimy figure excitedly emerged. Obviously he had lost no time in returning to the office to bewail his loss. He identified wagon and mules in a truculent bellow.

"I remember that guy too. He was loafing round, watching me unload."

"Might be the cuss the old man was wanting us to lay for," another suggested. "Slim, clean-shaved, gray eyes—bet my hat! Hey, hey everybody!"

Everybody seemed to be coming—the crew of a motor-driven saw under a shed; a muscular clerk with sleeves rolled up, from the office; a stable man; two teamsters from the coal bins. Joe had not stopped. He lashed the mules, heading for the scales in front of the office door. Here the man Butch grabbed the bridles and brought the team to a standstill.

"Now let's have him!" said Butch, and Joe looked down on sooty forearms reaching for him.

"Quit ut!" the policeman interfered, vaulting to the ground. "I got this lad in charge. Where's your boss?"

They pointed to the office. A moment before, Merrill had seen Perrin's bulk appear at the dust-streaked window and vanish.

"In you go," ordered the policeman. Keeping off Perrin's jokers with a loosely swinging club, and holding open the screen door, he herded his two prisoners before him into the office.

This was not the establishment of Perrin et Cie. A film of consolidated bituminous lay over battered, obsolete office equipment and weighted the sagging cobwebs. The ogre of the dingy cavern, T. D. Perrin in person, stood straddle legged, chewed cigar clamped between teeth, and glumly reviewed the entering procession. Joe Merrill spoke first:

"It's about that little bill, Mr. Perrin." And he handed Mr. Perrin the bill.

The latter mechanically crumpled the statement in his heavy fist and let it drop to the floor. He vented a low, rumbling snort of contempt.

"Humph! Had to come in under the arm of the law, I notice."

"Under arrest, you mean," the policeman, not minded to be ignored, put in. "You people reported a stolen rig. Well, them two"—he ducked a cleft chin towards Merrill and the girl—"they had it, joy-riding down Main Street. Want to know if you'll prefer charges; then I'll be taking them along."

"Godfrey's goat!" said Perrin. "Look here, man, the young lady is my daughter!"

The broad, honest face of the officer was wiped blank of expression.

"But—but the wagon was stolen, wasn't it?"

Before answering, Perrin looked at his daughter. But Rhoda had promised not to interfere. She wandered about the room, peering at the ceiling, humming a little tune. She neglected to meet her father's eye. Most dearly Perrin would have loved to send Donovan's pesky collector on to jail for the joy of sending Donovan there afterwards to bail him out. But seemingly the lady, his daughter, must go along too. He had to frame his reply accordingly.

(Continued on Page 96)

To-night! In 10,000,000 homes—they are asking this question—

"I wonder if that picture is worth while?"

An important question—when you realize that about three million dollars will be spent this afternoon and evening for tickets to the "movies" all over the country! Well spent if the entertainment is refreshing and inspiring . . . wasted when the pictures are not worth seeing.

The Latest Photoplay News

How the quarters can save the dollars! Not more than two-thirds of the pictures are worth your time and money. The average price of admission to the pictures is twenty-five cents. Suppose two million of the readers of this page should pay a quarter for Photoplay to find out about the worth-while plays. . . . In the next four weeks they could save at least four quarters, ordinarily wasted on pictures that disappoint. A possible saving of $1,500,000.00! Read "The Shadow Stage"

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You can double your enjoyment of motion pictures by knowing the people who play in them, those who make them—and how they are made. The "personality stories" in Photoplay about your screen favorites are true stories. They are not the "imaginings" of "press agents." Photoplay is recognized throughout the industry as a substantial home magazine, representing the public first, last and all the time. Hence, its sources of information are authentic, individual and unbiased. Read about Harold Lloyd and many others in the August issue, on sale Saturday, July 15th.

It's in PHOTOPLAY

Well, what *is* the matter with motion pictures? Producers, scenario-writers and theatre owners have told us this and that. . . . Photoplay thought it was about time to find out what the people who buy the tickets think about it! So we asked our readers to tell us—and 20,000 answered. You will be just as surprised and gratified as the editors, with the keen, intelligent, constructive letters, published in the August issue. This composite "answer" of the people is "not the usual sort of thing"—so, of course,

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Stolen?" he repeated. "Of course not! There's some mistake. Here, officer, have a smoke." From a box on his desk he swept a handful of cigars into the policeman's hand. "Have a long one."

Deftly the officer was started on his way, beaming. Perrin turned back into the office and faced the two young people. He fixed the twain with twitching brows.

"I don't know how," he said, "but somebody's slipped something over here. Rhoda ——"

"Not a word, daddy—not to me," Rhoda cut him short. "He's the one." She nodded brightly at Joe. "Whatever's done, he did it, all out of his own head. I never said a word from start to finish. I—I'm only just among those present."

"H'm," said Perrin doubtfully. "That'll take some explaining too. But not now. Young man"—his tone changed ominously as he brought Joe under fire—"young man, you're here and I gave my word. You're to have a look at the check. There—take it. Now look your fill."

The young man was yet looking his fill when Perrin pushed open the screen door, and as one revealing a delightful surprise he indicated his strong-arm cohort expectantly waiting there.

"I'll grant that you're here, and I've kept my word, but not for that would I disappoint you," continued Perrin. "There's still a diverting time ahead—still the getting away again, and no policeman, either. Bringing along cops and daughters and using one of my own wagons for it—how do I know what you'll do next? Nay, nay, I've had enough."

Gripping Merrill by the arm he stepped outside with him.

"Boys"—he addressed the grinning pack—"among other little things you do to him, I'd just recommend this—shear off his pants at the knees. 'Tis a long, long sprint to the nearest clothing store."

Empty hands were uplifted. "Throw him to us, boss! Throw him to us!"

And that, indeed, was what the boss was about to do. Joe Merrill knew he could never live it down, not in the eyes of the girl. No matter how many years after, seeing him again, she would see him with pants sheared off at the knees, sprinting for the nearest clothing store.

"Wait!" he said, pulling back. "I want another minute to study this check. I've risked enough for the chance."

The minute was accorded by Perrin, with watch in hand.

Merrill scanned the paper with burning gaze, his heart thumping in his throat. The check seemed all right, all that Perrin claimed, made out on the private lithograph form of Perrin et Cie.; yet here, on this slip of paper, if anywhere, he must ferret out the clew to salvation.

"Minute's up!"

Joe nodded, and returned the check to Perrin. He was flushed to the cheek bones, but his eyes were steady as they met Perrin's and as he said, "That check, sir, was never given in payment of our bill, nor for any part of it."

"Bosh, bosh! Bosh, bosh and fiddlesticks!"

"You pay all company bills out of your bound check books, don't you?"

"Certainly we do! What ——"

"And the checks are numbered. They are bound first into books and then numbered on our numbering machine."

"Yes, sure; but I'd like to know ——"

"Now look at that check in your hand. If you please, Mr. Perrin, look especially at the number."

Mr. Perrin looked, and as he looked his eyes goggled and his jaw sagged.

"The damned thing ain't got a number!"

Joe did not say anything. He waited.

"Here—you tell me—how'd I get it? How ——"

But Joe lifted his shoulders. How was he to know?

"Of course!" Perrin suddenly exploded. "Don't tell me I don't remember. My memory's as good as anybody's. That cashier of Donovan's who got married she found me a loose one. She got it out of stock for me. Larry lithographs 'em by the quantity and binds them up as I need 'em. Don't tell me I don't remember! I—uh—I was needing a little change that day and when I says to Larry's cashier ——"

"Daddy!" exclaimed Rhoda in shocked reproof. "Oh, daddy—dad-dy!"

Daddy's color slowly mounted until his square-browed visage was of the rich, empurpled congestion of a beet. A dozen of poor Joe's blushes overlaid wouldn't have equaled it.

"Not—not a word!" he said to his accusing daughter, and bolted into the office. When he reappeared he handed Joe Merrill a newly drawn check for twenty-five dollars and eleven cents. Then he seemed to see his cohort of jokers for the first time.

"Why aren't you bums at work?" he roared. "Now scatter—get to your jobs! Don't one of you smile, either. Godfrey's goat, can't you see the show's over?"

"Your receipt, sir," said Merrill, "and thank you very much," he added as per routine.

"You tell Larry Donovan," Perrin ordered, "that if my credit is good now, I'll give him my printing again."

"I was going to mention that, sir. Though I'm only a collector, still ——"

"Only a collector?" Perrin snorted indignantly. "You're a ring-tailed galliwampus, and I hope to the pearly gates I've got nothing else you'll be coming around to collect."

But his glance happening to alight on the lady, his daughter, he was stunned as by a flash of revelation.

"Godfrey's goat!" he muttered prayerfully under his breath.

It is true that her being among those present still needed a deal of explaining.

The managing partner of the Donovan-Merrill Printing Company swung genially round in his chair when the foreman of the composing room entered.

"Well, Joe," said the foreman, "I had to let that Burke kid go home."

The boss looked unhappy.

"You mean he blew up—lay down?"

"No-o," said the foreman. "He not only set up the pi but he found himself a marked case and distributed it. He'd been at it all night, so I told him to go home to bed."

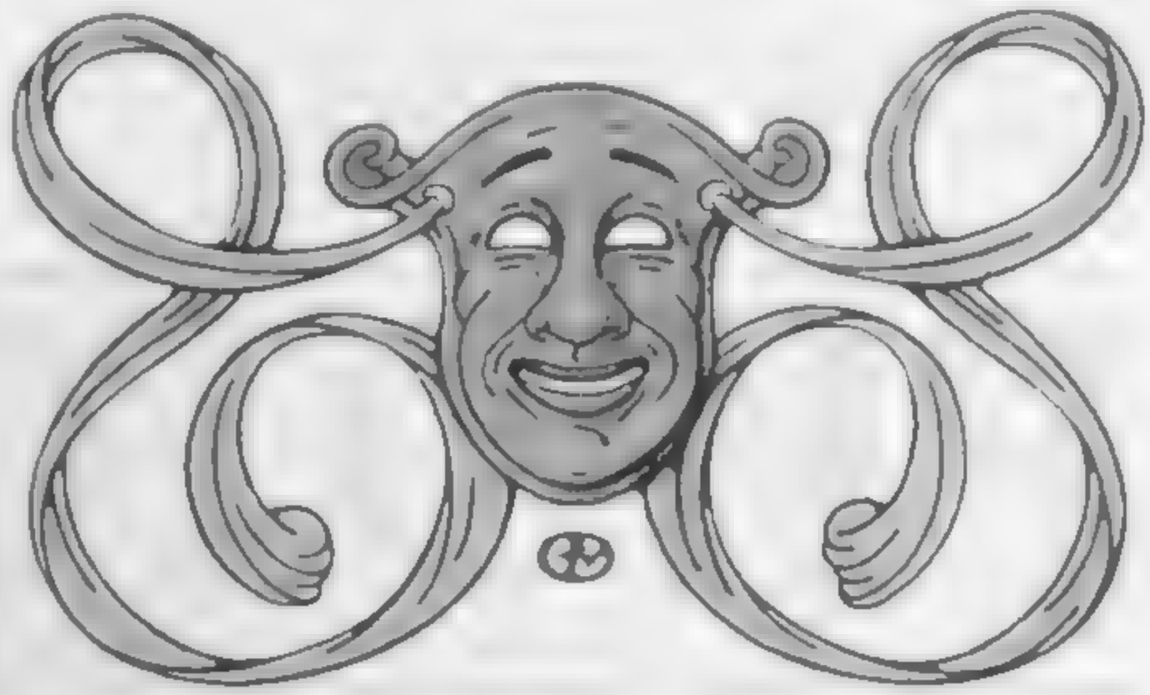
The boss looked pleased.

"That's fine, Sam. That's fine."

"Maybe," said Sam. "I told him what you said—that no man could set up that pi in a day—and the son of a gun wanted to bet that he'd have it distributed as well by ten this morning. Of course we all of us give him long odds. Gosh, the hole he made! He got five of my smackers."

The boss did not know how to look.

"Hell's bells and Godfrey's goat!" he said.



THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 19)

the courage of his convictions but the intelligent patience to sit tight.

"Disregarding the big swing and trying to jump in and out was fatal to me. Nobody can catch all the fluctuations. In a bull market your game is to buy and hold until you believe that the bull market is near its end. To do this you must study general conditions and not tips or special factors affecting individual stocks. Then get out of all your stocks; get out for keeps! Wait until you see—or, if you prefer, until you think you see—the turn of the market; the beginning of a reversal of general conditions. You have to use your brains and your vision to do this; otherwise my advice would be as idiotic as to tell you to buy cheap and sell dear. One of the most helpful things that anybody can learn is to give up trying to catch the last eighth—or the first. These two are the most expensive eighths in the world. They have cost stock traders, in the aggregate, enough millions of dollars to build a concrete highway across the continent.

"Another thing I noticed in studying my plays in Fullerton's office after I began to trade less unintelligently was that my initial operations seldom showed me a loss. That naturally made me decide to start big. It gave me confidence in my own judgment before I allowed it to be vitiated by the advice of others or even by my own impatience at times. Without faith in his own judgment no man can go very far in this game. That is about all I have learned—to study general conditions, to take a position and stick to it. I can wait without a twinge of impatience. I can see a setback without being shaken, knowing that it is only temporary. I have been short one hundred thousand shares and I have seen a big rally coming. I have figured—and figured correctly—that such a rally as I felt was inevitable, and even wholesome, would make a difference of one million dollars in my paper profits. And I nevertheless have stood pat and seen half my paper profit wiped out, without once considering the advisability of covering my shorts to put them out again on the rally. I knew that if I did I might lose my position and with it the certainty of a big killing. It is the big swing that makes the big money for you."

Market Lessons

"If I learned all this so slowly it was because I learned by my mistakes, and some time always elapses between making a mistake and realizing it, and more time between realizing it and exactly determining it. But at the same time I was faring pretty comfortably and was very young, so that I made up in other ways. Most of my winnings were still made in part through my tape reading because the kind of markets we were having lent themselves fairly well to my method. I was not losing either as often or as irritatingly as in the beginning of my New York experiences. It wasn't anything to be proud of, when you think that I had been broke three times in less than two years. And being broke is a very efficient educational agency.

"I was not increasing my stake very fast because I lived up to the handle all the time. I did not deprive myself of many of the things that a fellow of my age and tastes would want. I had my own automobile and I could not see any sense in skimping on living when I was taking it out of the market. The ticker only stopped Sundays and holidays, which was as it should be. Every time I found the reason for a loss or the why and how of another mistake, I added a brand-new don't to my schedule of assets. And the nicest way to capitalize my increasing assets was by not cutting down on my living expenses. Of course I had some amusing experiences and some that were not so amusing, but if I told them all in detail I'd never finish. As a matter of fact, the only incidents that I remember without special effort are those that taught me something of definite value to me in my trading; something that added to my store of knowledge of the game—and of myself!

"In the spring of 1906 I was in Atlantic City for a short vacation. I was out of stocks and was thinking only of having a change of air and a nice rest. By the way, I had gone back to my first brokers, Harding Brothers, and my account had got to be pretty active. I could swing three or four thousand shares. That wasn't much more than I had done in the old Cosmopolitan shop when I was barely twenty years of age. But there was some difference between my one-point margin in the bucket shop and the margin required by brokers who actually bought or sold stocks for my account on the New York Stock Exchange.

"Do you remember I told you about that time when I was short thirty-five hundred Sugar in the Cosmopolitan and I had a hunch something was wrong and I'd better close the trade? Well, I have often had that curious feeling. As a rule, I yield to it. But at times I have poohpoohed the idea and have told myself that it was simply asinine to follow any of these sudden blind impulses to reverse my position. I have ascribed my hunch to a state of nerves resulting from too many cigars or insufficient sleep or a torpid liver or something of that kind. When I have argued myself into disregarding my impulse and have stood pat I have always had cause to regret it. A dozen instances occur to me when I did not sell as per hunch, and the next day I'd go downtown and the market would be strong, or perhaps even advance, and I'd tell myself how silly it would have been to follow the blind impulse to sell. But the next day there would be a pretty bad drop. Something had broken loose somewhere and I'd have made money by not being so wise and logical. The reason plainly was not physiological but psychological."

A Mysterious Hunch

"I want to tell you only about one of them because of what it did for me. It happened when I was having that little vacation in Atlantic City in the spring of 1906. I had a friend with me who also was a customer of Harding Brothers. I had no interest in the market one way or another and was enjoying my rest. I can always give up trading to play, unless of course it is an exceptionally active market in which my commitments are rather heavy. It was a bull market, as I remember it. The outlook was favorable for general business and the stock market had slowed down, but the tone was firm and all indications pointed to higher prices.

"One morning after we had breakfasted and had finished reading all the New York morning papers, and had got tired of watching the sea gulls picking up clams and flying up with them twenty feet in the air and dropping them on the hard wet sand to open them for their breakfast, my friend and I started up the Boardwalk. That was the most exciting thing we did in the daytime.

"It was not noon yet, and we walked up slowly to kill time and breathe the salt air. Harding Brothers had a branch office on the Boardwalk and we used to drop in every morning and see how they'd opened. It was more force of habit than anything else, for I wasn't doing anything.

"The market, we found, was strong and active. My friend, who was quite bullish, was carrying a moderate line purchased several points lower. He began to tell me what an obviously wise thing it was to hold stocks for much higher prices. I wasn't paying enough attention to him to take the trouble to agree with him. I was looking over the quotation board, noting the changes—they were mostly advances—until I came to Union Pacific. I got a feeling that I ought to sell it. I can't tell you more. I just felt like selling it. I asked myself why I should feel like that, and I couldn't find any reason whatever for going short of U P.

"I stared at the last price on the board until I couldn't see any figures or any board or anything else, for that matter. All I knew was that I wanted to sell Union Pacific and I couldn't find out why I wanted to.

"I must have looked queer, for my friend, who was standing alongside of me, suddenly nudged me and asked, 'Hey, what's the matter?'

To Which Group Do You Belong?

PURCHASERS of gas mantles are divided into three groups—Those who merely ask for gas mantles; those who ask for Welsbach Mantles and take anything given them, because they think every gas mantle is a Welsbach Mantle; and lastly those who know there is a difference and insist on getting genuine

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50 " "	5.00	" "		next fifty " " "
50 " "	2.00	" "		next " " " "
100 " "	1.00	" "		next 100 " " "

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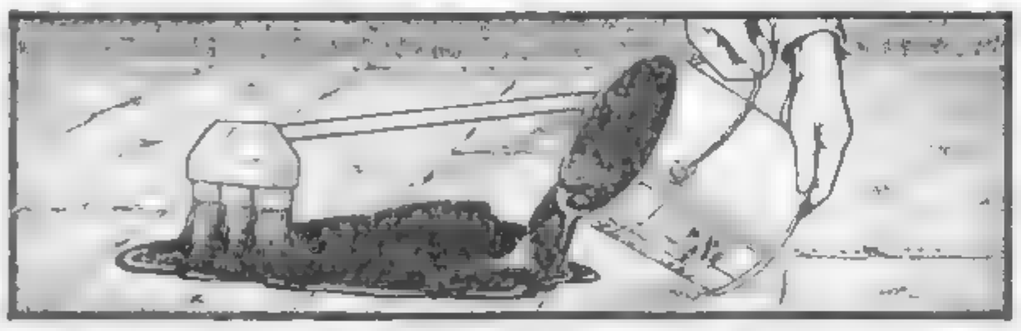

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"'I don't know,' I answered.

"'Going to sleep?' he said.

"'No,' I said. 'I am not going to sleep. What I am going to do is to sell that stock.' I had always made money following these hunches.

"I walked over to a table where there were some blank order pads. My friend followed me. I wrote out an order to sell a thousand Union Pacific at the market and handed it to the manager. He was smiling when I wrote it and when he took it. But when he read the order he stopped smiling and looked at me.

"'Is this right?' he asked me. But I just looked at him and he rushed it over to the operator.

"'What are you doing?' asked my friend.

"'I'm selling it!' I told him.

"'Selling what?' he yelled at me. If he was a bull how could I be a bear? Something was wrong.

"'A thousand U P,' I said.

"'Why?' he asked me in great excitement.

"I shook my head, meaning I had no reason. But he must have thought I'd got a tip, because he took me by the arm and led me outside into the hall, where we could be out of sight and hearing of the other customers and rubbering chair warmers.

"'What did you hear?' he asked me.

"He was quite excited. U P was one of his pets and he was bullish on it because of its earnings and its prospects. But he was willing to take a bear tip on it at second hand.

"'Nothing!' I said.

"'You didn't?' He was skeptical and showed it plainly.

"'I didn't hear a thing.'

"'Then why in blazes are you selling?'

"'I don't know,' I told him. I spoke gospel truth.

"'Oh, come across, Larry,' he said.

"He knew it was my habit to know why I traded. I had sold a thousand shares of Union Pacific. I must have a very good reason to sell that much stock in the face of the strong market.

"'I don't know,' I repeated. 'I just feel that something is going to happen.'

"'What's going to happen?'

"'I don't know. I can't give you any reason. All I know is that I want to sell that stock. And I'm going to let 'em have another thousand.'

"I walked back into the office and gave an order to sell a second thousand. If I was right in selling the first thousand I ought to have out a little more."

The Subconscious Urge

"'What could possibly happen?' persisted my friend, who couldn't make up his mind to follow my lead. If I'd told him that I had heard U P was going down he'd have sold it without asking me from whom I'd heard it or why. 'What could possibly happen?' he asked again.

"'A million things could happen. But I can't promise you that any of them will. I can't give you any reasons and I can't tell fortunes,' I told him.

"'Then you're crazy,' he said. 'Stark crazy, selling that stock without rime or reason. You don't know why you want to sell it?'

"'I don't know why I want to sell it. I only know I do want to,' I said. 'I want to, like everything.' The urge was so strong that I sold another thousand.

"That was too much for my friend. He grabbed me by the arm and said, 'Here! Let's get out of this place before you sell the entire capital stock.'

"I had sold as much as I needed to satisfy my feeling, so I followed him without waiting for a report on the last two thousand shares. It was a pretty good jag of stock for me to sell even with the best of reasons.

"It seemed more than enough to be short of without any reason whatever, particularly when the entire market was so strong and there was nothing in sight to make anybody think of the bear side. But I remembered that on previous occasions when I had had the same urge to sell and didn't do it I always had reasons to regret it.

"I have told some of these stories to friends, and some of them tell me it isn't a hunch but the subconscious mind, which is the creative mind, at work. That is the mind which makes artists do great things without their knowing how they came to do them. Perhaps with me it was the cumulative effect of a lot of little things individually insignificant but collectively powerful. Possibly my friend's unintelligent bullishness aroused a spirit of contradiction and I picked on U P because it had been touted so much. I can't tell you what the cause or motive for hunches may be. All I know is that I went out of the Atlantic City branch office of Harding Brothers short three thousand Union Pacific in a rising market, and I wasn't worried a bit.

"I wanted to know what price they'd got for my last two thousand shares. So after luncheon we walked up to the office. I had the pleasure of seeing that the general market was strong and Union Pacific higher.

"'I see your finish,' said my friend. You could see he was glad he hadn't sold any.

"The next day the general market went up some more and I heard nothing but cheerful remarks from my friend. But I felt sure I had done right to sell U P, and I never get impatient when I feel I am right. What's the sense? That afternoon Union Pacific stopped climbing, and toward the end of the day it began to go off. Pretty soon it got down to a point below the level of the average of my three thousand shares. I felt more positive than ever that I was on the right side, and since I felt that way I naturally had to sell some more. So, toward the close, I sold an additional two thousand shares."

Does the Tape Ever Lie?

"There I was, short five thousand shares of U P on a hunch. That was as much as I could sell in Harding's office with the margin I had up. There was no telling what might happen and I thought I'd better be Johnny-on-the-Spot.

That was too much stock for me to be short of, on a vacation; so I gave up the vacation and returned to New York that very night. There I could move quickly if I had to.

"The next day we got the news of the San Francisco earthquake. It was an awful disaster. But the market opened down only a couple of points. The bull forces were at work, and the public wasn't responsive. You see that all the time. If there is a solid bull foundation, for instance, whether or not what the papers call bull manipulation is going on at the same time, certain news items fail to have the effect they would have if the Street was bearish.

"It is all in the state of sentiment at the time. In this case the Street did not appraise the extent of the catastrophe because it didn't wish to. Before the day was over prices came back.

"I was short five thousand shares. The blow had fallen, but my stock hadn't. My hunch was of the first water, but my bank account wasn't growing; not even on paper. The friend who had been in Atlantic City with me when I put out my short line in U P was glad and sad about it.

"He told me: 'That was some hunch, kid. But, say, when the talent and the money are all on the bull side what's the use of bucking against them? They are bound to win out.'

"'Give them time,' I said. I meant, prices. I wouldn't cover because I knew the damage was enormous and the Union Pacific would be one of the worst sufferers. But it was exasperating to see the blindness of the Street.

"'Give 'em time and your skin will be where all the other bear hides are stretched out in the sun, drying,' he assured me.

"'What would you do?' I asked him. 'Buy U P on the strength of the millions of dollars of damage suffered by the Southern Pacific and other lines? Where are the earnings for dividends going to come from after they pay for all they've lost? The best you can say is that the trouble may not be as bad as it is painted. But is that a reason for buying the stocks of the roads chiefly affected? Answer me that.'

"But all my friend said was: 'Yes, that listens fine. But I tell you, the market doesn't agree with you. The tape doesn't lie, does it?'

"'It doesn't always tell the truth on the instant,' I said.

"'Listen. A man was talking to Jim Fisk a little before Black Friday, giving ten good reasons why gold ought to go down for keeps. He got so encouraged by his own words that he ended by telling Fisk that he was going to sell a few million. And Jim Fisk just looked at him and said, "Go ahead! Do! Sell it short and invite me to your funeral."'

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 98)

"'Yes,' I said; 'and if that chap had sold it short, look at the killing he would have made! Sell some U P yourself.'

"'Not I! I'm the kind that thrives best on not rowing against wind and tide.'

"On the following day, when fuller reports came in, the market began to slide off, but even then not so violently as it should. Knowing that nothing under the sun could stave off a substantial break I doubled up and sold five thousand shares. Oh, by that time it was plain to most people, and my brokers were willing enough. It wasn't reckless of them or of me, not the way I sized up the market. On the day following, the market began to go for fair. There was the dickens to pay. Of course I pushed my luck for all it was worth. I doubled up again and sold ten thousand shares more. It was the only play possible.

"I wasn't thinking of anything except that I was right—100 per cent right—and that this was a heaven-sent opportunity. It was up to me to take advantage of it. I sold more. Didn't I think that with such a big line of shorts out, it wouldn't take much of a rally to wipe out my paper profits and possibly my principal? I don't know whether I thought of that or not, but if I did it didn't carry much weight with me. I wasn't plunging recklessly. I was really playing conservatively. I could read the tape very plainly. There was nothing that anybody could do to undo the earthquake, was there? They couldn't restore the crumpled buildings overnight, free gratis for nothing, could they? All the money in the world couldn't help much in the next few hours, could it?"

Words of Warning

"That was no plunge. I was not betting blindly. I wasn't trading recklessly. I wasn't a crazy bear. I wasn't drunk with success or thinking that because Frisco was pretty well wiped off the map the entire country was headed for the scrap heap. No, indeed! I didn't look for a panic. Well, the next day I cleaned up. I made two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was my biggest winnings up to that time. It was all made in a few days. The Street paid no attention to the earthquake the first day or two. They'll tell you that it was because the first dispatches were not so alarming, but I think it was because it took so long to change the point of view of the public toward the securities markets. Even the professional traders for the most part were slow and shortsighted.

"I have no explanation to give you, scientific or childish. I am telling you what I did, and why, and what came of it. I was much less concerned with the mystery of the hunch than with the fact that I got a quarter of a million out of it. It meant that I could now swing a much bigger line than ever, if or when the time came for it.

"That summer I went to Saratoga Springs. It was supposed to be a vacation for me, but I kept an eye on the market. To begin with, I wasn't so tired that it bothered me to think about it. And then, everybody I knew up there had or had had an active interest in it. We naturally talked about it. I have noticed that there is quite a difference between talking and trading. Some of these chaps remind you of the bold clerk who talks to his cantankerous employer as to a yellow dog—when he tells you about it.

"Harding Brothers had a branch office in Saratoga. Many of their customers were there. But the real reason, I suppose, was the advertising value. Having a branch office in a resort is simply high-class billboard advertising. I used to drop in and sit around with the rest of the crowd. The manager was a very nice chap from the New York office who was there to give the glad hand to friends and strangers and, if possible, to get business. It was a wonderful place for tips—all kinds of tips, horse-race, stock-market and waiters'. The office knew I didn't take any, so the manager didn't come and whisper confidentially in my ear what he'd just got on the q. t. from the New York office. He simply passed over the telegrams, saying, 'This is what they're sending out,' or something of the kind.

"Of course I watched the market. With me, to look at the quotation board and to read the signs is one process. My good friend Union Pacific, I noticed, looked like going up. The price was high, but the stock acted as if it were being accumulated. I watched it a couple of days without trading in it, and the more I watched it the more convinced I became that it was being bought on balance by somebody who was no piker, somebody who not only had a big bank roll but knew what was what. Very clever accumulation, I thought.

"As soon as I was sure of this I naturally began to buy it myself, at about 160. It kept on acting all hunky, and so I kept on buying it, at five hundred shares at a clip. The more I bought the stronger it got, without any spurt, and I was feeling very comfortable. I couldn't see any reason why that stock shouldn't go up a great deal more; not with what I read on the tape.

"All of a sudden the manager came to me and said they'd got a telegram from the office—they had a direct wire of course—asking if I was in the office, and when they answered yes, another came saying: 'Keep him there. Tell him Mr. Harding wants to speak to him.'

"I said I'd wait, and bought five hundred shares more of U P. I couldn't imagine what Harding could have to say to me. I didn't think it was anything about business. My margin was more than ample for what I was buying. Pretty soon the manager came and told me that Mr. Ed Harding wanted me on the long-distance telephone.

"'Hello, Ed,' I said.

"But he said, 'What the devil's the matter with you? Are you crazy?'

"'Are you?' I said.

"'What are you doing?' he asked.

"'What do you mean?'

"'Buying all that stock.'

"'Why, isn't my margin all right?'

"'It isn't a case of margin, but of being a plain sucker.'

"'I don't get you.'

"'Why are you buying all that Union Pacific?'

"'It's going up,' I said.

"'Going up, hell! Don't you know that the insiders are feeding it out to you? You're just about the easiest mark up there. You'd have more fun losing it on the ponies. Don't let them kid you.'

"'Nobody is kidding me,' I told him. 'I haven't talked to a soul about it.'

"But he came back at me. 'You can't expect a miracle to save you every time you plunge in that stock. Get out while you've still got a chance,' he said. 'It's a crime to be long of that stock at this level—when these highbinders are shoveling it out by the ton.'

"'The tape says they're buying it,' I insisted.

"'Larry, I got heart disease when your orders began to come in. For the love of Mike, don't be a sucker. Get out! Right away. It's liable to bust wide open any minute. I've done my duty. Good-by!' And he hung up."

A Cheap Lesson

"Ed Harding was a very clever chap, unusually well-informed and a real friend, disinterested and kind-hearted. And what was even more, I knew he was in position to hear things. All I had to go by, in my purchases of U P, was my years of studying the behavior of stocks and my perception of certain symptoms which experience had taught me usually preceded a substantial rise. I don't know what happened to me, but I suppose I must have concluded that my tape reading told me the stock was being absorbed simply because very clever manipulation by the insiders made the tape tell a story that wasn't true. Possibly I was impressed by the pains Ed Harding took to stop me from making what he was so sure would be a colossal mistake on my part. His brains and his motives were not to be questioned. Whatever it was that made me decide to follow his advice, I cannot tell you; but follow it I did.

"I sold out all my Union Pacific. Of course if it was unwise to be long of it, it was equally unwise not to be short of it. So after I got rid of my long stock I sold four thousand shares short. I put out most of it around 162.

"The next day the directors of the Union Pacific Company declared a 10 per cent dividend on the stock. At first nobody in Wall Street believed it. It was too much like the desperate maneuver of cornered gamblers. All the newspapers jumped on the directors. But while Wall Street hesitated to act the market boiled over. Union Pacific led, and on huge transactions made a new high-record price. Some of the room traders made fortunes in an hour and I

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remember later hearing about a rather dull-witted specialist who made a mistake that put three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in his pocket. He sold his seat the following week and became a gentleman farmer the following month.

"Of course I realized, the moment I heard the news of the declaration of that unprecedented 10 per cent dividend, that I got what I deserved for disregarding the voice of experience and listening to the voice of a tipster. My own convictions I had set aside for the suspicions of a friend, simply because he was disinterested and as a rule knew what he was doing.

"As soon as I saw Union Pacific making new high records I said to myself, 'This is no stock for me to be short of.'

"All I had in the world was up as margin in Harding's office. I was neither cheered nor made stubborn by the knowledge of that fact. What was plain was that I had read the tape accurately and that I had been a ninny to let Ed Harding shake my own resolution. There was no sense in recriminations, because I had no time to lose; and besides, what's done is done. So I gave an order to take in my shorts. The stock was around 165 when I sent in that order to buy in the four thousand U P at the market. I had a three-point loss on it at that figure. Well, my brokers paid 172 and 174 for some of it before they were through. I found when I got my reports that Ed Harding's kindly intentioned butting in cost me forty thousand dollars. A low price for a man to pay for not having the courage of his own convictions! It was a cheap lesson."

Livingston's Trading Methods

"I wasn't worried, because the tape still said higher prices. It was an unusual move and there were no precedents for the action of the directors, but I did this time what I thought I ought to do. As soon as I had given the first order to buy four thousand shares to cover my shorts I decided to profit by my own tape reading, and so I went long. I bought four thousand shares and held that stock until the next morning. Then I got out. I not only made up the forty thousand dollars I had lost but about fifteen thousand besides. If Ed Harding hadn't tried to save me money I'd have made a killing. But he did me a very great service for it was the lesson of that episode that, I firmly believe, completed my education as a trader.

"It was not that all I needed to learn was not to take tips but follow my own inclination. It was that I gained confidence in myself and I was able finally to shake off the old method of trading. That Saratoga experience was my last haphazard, hit-or-miss operation. From then on I began to think of basic conditions instead of individual stocks. I promoted myself to a higher grade in the hard school of speculation. It was a long and difficult step to take.

"I never hesitate to tell a man that I am bullish or bearish. But I do not tell people to buy or sell any particular stock. In a bear market all stocks go down and in a bull market they go up. I don't mean of course that in a bear market caused by a war, ammunition shares do not go up. I speak in a general sense. But the average man doesn't wish to be told that it is a bull or a bear market. What he wants is to be told specifically what particular stock to buy or sell. He wants to get something for nothing. He does not wish to work. He doesn't even wish to have to think. It is too much bother to have to count the money that he picks up from the ground.

"Well, I wasn't that lazy, but I found it easier to think of individual stocks than of the general market, and therefore of individual fluctuations rather than of general movements. I had to change and I did. The story is too long to tell tonight."

Livingston made an end of speaking and stared questioningly at me.

I said: "Very well. But you once made a remark I'd like to ask you about. You said you always bought on a rising market. I think you said it was the most comfortable way of buying stocks."

"Yes. The point is not so much to buy as cheap as possible or go short at top prices, but to buy or sell at the right time. When I am bearish and I sell a stock, each sale must be at a lower level than the previous sale. When I am buying, the reverse is true. I must buy on a rising scale. I don't buy long stock on a scale down, I buy on a scale up."

"Why?" I asked Livingston.

"Let me tell you how I operate: Suppose I am buying some stock. I'll buy two thousand shares at 110. If the stock goes up to 111 after I buy it I am, at least temporarily, right in my operation, because it is a point higher; it shows me a profit. Well, because I am right I go in and buy another two thousand shares. If the market is still rising I buy a third lot of two thousand shares. Say the price goes to 114. I think it is enough for the time being. I now have a trading basis to work from. I am long six thousand shares at an average of 111¾, and the stock is selling at 114. I won't buy any more just then. I wait and see. I figure that at some stage of the rise there is going to be a reaction. I want to see how the market takes care of itself after that reaction. It will probably react to where I got my third lot. Say that after going higher it falls back to 112¼, and then rallies. Well, just as it goes back to 113¾ I shoot an order to buy four thousand—at the market of course. Well, if I get that 4000 at 113¾ I know something is wrong and I'll give a testing order—that is, I'll sell one thousand shares to see how the market takes it. But suppose that of the order to buy the four thousand shares that I put in when the price was 113¾ I get two thousand at 114 and five hundred at 114½ and the rest on the way up so that for the last five hundred I pay 115½. Then I know I am right. It is the way I get the four thousand shares that tells me whether I am right in buying that particular stock at that particular time—for of course I am working on the assumption that I have checked up general conditions pretty well and they are bullish. I never want to buy stocks too cheap or too easily.

"I remember a story I heard about S. V. White when he was one of the big operators of the Street. He was a very fine old man, clever as they make them, and brave. He did some wonderful things in his day, from all I've heard. I think I've heard you say you knew him very well. I don't have to tell you anything more about him.

"It was in the old days when Sugar was one of the most continuous purveyors of fireworks in the market. H. O. Havemeyer, president of the company, was in the heyday of his power. I gather from talks with the old-timers that H. O. and his following had all the resources of cash and cleverness necessary to put through successfully any deal in their own stock. They tell me that Havemeyer trimmed more small professional traders in that stock than any other insider in any other stock. As a rule, the floor traders are more likely to gum up the insiders' game than to help it."

Deacon White's Tip

"One day a man who knew Deacon White rushed into the office all excited and said, 'Deacon, you told me if I ever got any good information to come to you at once with it and if you used it you'd carry me for a few hundred shares.' He paused for breath and for confirmation.

"The deacon looked at him in that meditative way he had and said: 'I don't know whether I ever told you exactly that or not, but I am willing to pay for information that I can use.'

"'Well, I've got it for you.'

"'Now, that's nice,' said the deacon, so mildly that the man with the info swelled up and said, 'Yes, sir, deacon.' Then he came closer so nobody else would hear and said, 'H. O. Havemeyer is buying Sugar.'

"'Is he?' asked the deacon quite calmly.

"It peeved the informant, who said impressively: 'Yes, sir. Buying all he can get, deacon.'

"'My friend, are you sure?' asked old S. V.

"'Deacon, I know it for a positive fact. The old inside gang are buying all they can lay their hands on. It's got something to do with the tariff and there's going to be a killing in the common. It will cross the preferred. And that means a sure thirty points for a starter.'

"'D'you really think so?' And the old man looked at him over the top of the old-fashioned silver-rimmed spectacles that he had put on to look at the tape.

"'Do I think so? No, I don't think so; I know so. Absolutely! Why, deacon, when H. O. Havemeyer and his friends buy Sugar like they're doing now they're never satisfied with anything less than forty points net. I shouldn't be surprised to see the market get away from them any minute

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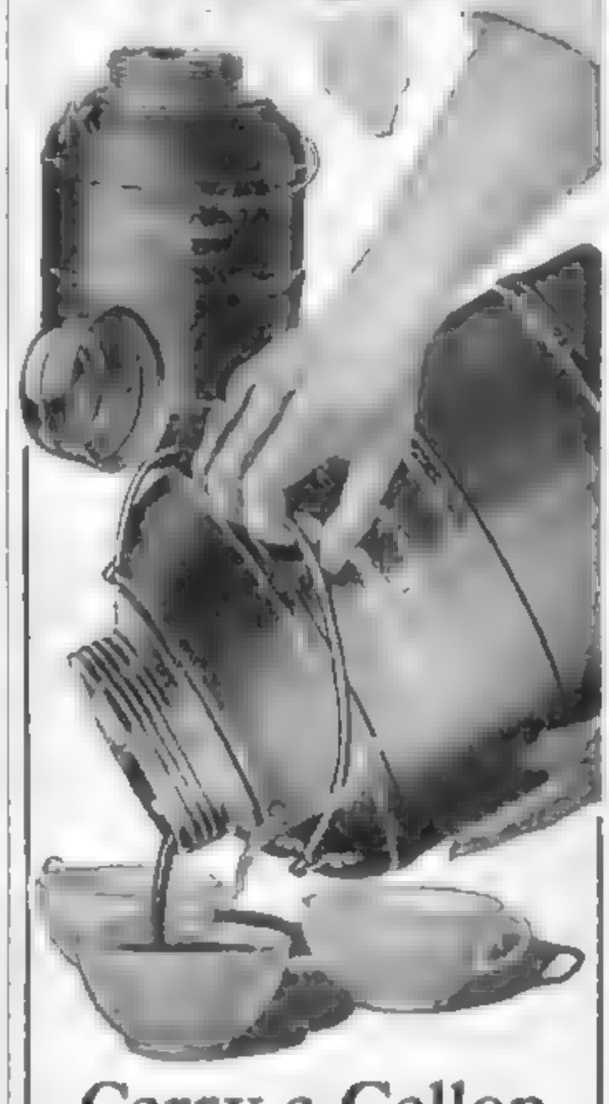

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and shoot up before they've got their full line. There ain't as much of it kicking around the brokers' office as there was a month ago.'

"'He's buying Sugar, eh?' repeated the deacon absently.

"'Buying it? Why, he's scooping it in as fast as he can without putting up the price on himself.'

"'So?' said the deacon. That was all.

"But it was enough to nettle the tipster, and he said, 'Yes, sir-ree! And I call that very good information. Why, it's absolutely straight.'

"'Is it?'

"'Yes; and it ought to be worth a whole lot. Are you going to use it?'

"'Oh, yes. I'm going to use it.'

"'When?' asked the information bringer suspiciously.

"'Right away.' And the deacon called: 'Frank!' It was the first name of his shrewdest broker, who was then in the adjoining room.

"'Yes, sir,' said Frank.

"'I wish you'd go over to the board and sell ten thousand Sugar.'

"'Sell?' yelled the tipster. There was such suffering in his voice that Frank, who had started out at a run, halted in his tracks.

"'Why, yes,' said the deacon mildly.

"'But I told you H. O. Havemeyer was buying it!'

"'I know you did, my friend,' said the deacon calmly; and turning to the broker: 'Make haste, Frank!'

"The broker rushed out to execute the order and the tipster turned red.

"'I came in here,' he said furiously, 'with the best information I ever had. I brought it to you because I thought you were my friend, and square. I expected you to act on it ——'

"'I am acting on it,' interrupted the deacon in a tranquilizing voice.

"'But I told you H. O. and his gang were buying!'

"'That's right. I heard you.'

"'Buying! Buying! I said buying!' shrieked the tipster.

"'Yes, buying! I understood you,' the deacon assured him. He was standing by the ticker, looking at the tape.

"'But you are selling it.'

"'Yes; ten thousand shares.' And the deacon nodded. 'Selling it, of course.'"

The Deacon in Action

"He stopped talking to concentrate on the tape and the tipster approached to see what the deacon saw, for the old man was very foxy. While he was looking over the deacon's shoulder a clerk came in with a slip, obviously the report from Frank. The deacon barely glanced at it. He had seen on the tape how his order had been executed.

"It made him say to the clerk, 'Tell him to sell another ten thousand Sugar.'

"'Deacon, I swear to you that they really are buying the stock!'

"'Did Mr. Havemeyer tell you?' asked the deacon quietly.

"'Of course not! He never tells anybody anything. He would not bat an eyelid to help his best friend make a nickel. But I know this is true.'

"'Do not allow yourself to become excited, my friend.' And the deacon held up a hand. He was looking at the tape. The tip-bringer said bitterly:

"'If I had known you were going to do the opposite of what I expected I'd never have wasted your time or mine. But I am not going to feel glad when you cover that stock at an awful loss. I'm sorry for you, deacon. Honest! If you'll excuse me I'll go elsewhere and act on my own information.'

"'I'm acting on it. I think I know a little about the market; not as much, perhaps, as you and your friend, H. O. Havemeyer, but still a little. What I am doing is what my experience tells me is the wise thing to do with the information you brought me. After a man has been in Wall Street as long as I have he is grateful for anybody who feels sorry for him. Remain calm, my friend.'

"The man just stared at the deacon, for whose judgment and nerve he had great respect.

"Pretty soon the clerk came in again and handed a report to the deacon, who looked at it and said: 'Now tell him to buy thirty thousand Sugar. Thirty thousand!'

"The clerk hurried away and the tipster just grunted and looked at the old gray fox.

"'My friend,' the deacon explained kindly, 'I did not doubt that you were telling me the truth as you saw it. But even if I had heard H. O. Havemeyer tell you himself, I still would have acted as I did, for there was only one way to find out if anybody was buying the stock in the way you said H. O. Havemeyer and his friends were buying it, and that was to do what I did. The first ten thousand shares went fairly easily. It was not quite conclusive. But the second ten thousand was absorbed by a market that did not stop rising. The way the twenty thousand shares were taken by somebody proved to me that somebody was in truth willing to take all the stock that was offered. It doesn't particularly matter at this point who that particular somebody may be. So I have covered my shorts and am long ten thousand shares, and I think that your information was good as far as it went.'

"'And how far does it go?' asked the tipster.

"'You have five hundred shares in this office at the average price of the ten thousand shares,' said the deacon. 'Good day, my friend. Be calm the next time.'

"'Say, deacon,' said the tipster, 'won't you please sell mine when you sell yours? I don't know as much as I thought I did.'"

Livingston paused. I nodded my approval of the story. He went on.

Timing Operations

"That's the theory. That is why I never buy stocks cheap. Of course I always try to buy effectively—in such a way as to help my side of the market. When it comes to selling stocks it is plain that nobody can sell unless somebody wants those stocks.

"If you operate on a large scale you will have to bear that in mind all the time. A man studies conditions, plans his operations carefully and proceeds to act. He swings a pretty fair line and he accumulates a big profit—on paper. Well, that man can't sell at will. You can't expect the market to absorb fifty thousand shares of one stock as easily as it does one hundred. He will have to wait until he has a market there to take it. There comes the time when he thinks the requisite buying power is there. When that opportunity comes he must seize it. As a rule he will have been waiting for it. He has to sell when he can, not when he wants to. To learn the time, he has to watch and test. It is no trick to tell when the market can take what you give it. But in starting a movement it is unwise to take on your full line unless you are convinced that conditions are exactly right. Remember that stocks are never too high for you to begin buying or too low to begin selling. But after the initial transaction, don't make a second unless the first shows you a profit. Wait and watch. That is where your tape reading comes in—to enable you to decide as to the proper time for beginning. Much depends upon beginning at exactly the right time.

"I don't mean to be understood as advising persistent pyramiding. A man can pyramid and make big money that he couldn't make if he didn't pyramid of course. But what I meant to say was this: Suppose a man's line is five hundred shares of stock. I say that he ought not to buy it all at once

"Suppose he buys his first hundred, and that promptly shows him a loss. Why should he go to work and get more stock? He ought to see at once that he is in wrong; at least temporarily.

"That of course is really a method of betting your money. It is what I did in roulette at Gridley's in Palm Beach, that I told you about. It is a matter of simple arithmetic to prove that it is a wise thing to have the big bet down when you win, and when you lose to lose only a small bet. And of course placing the bets the way I say, a man will always be in position to cash in on the big bet."

Livingston rose and said, "That's enough. You must be bored stiff."

"Can't you tell me what was the lesson that the Saratoga incident taught you which changed your method of trading?"

"For one thing it taught me to stop piking. It paved the way for big money. I never should have made my first million if it hadn't been for that."

"How old were you then?"

"Twenty-six. Come on! Some other time."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

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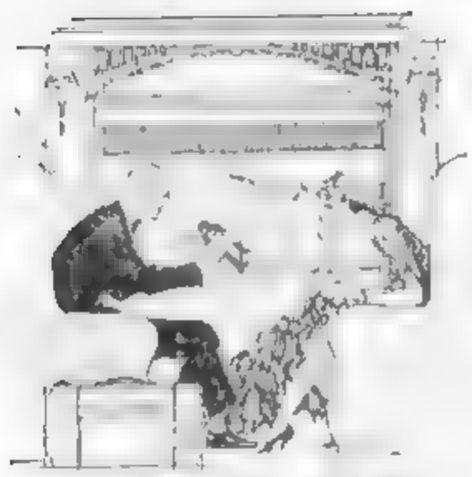

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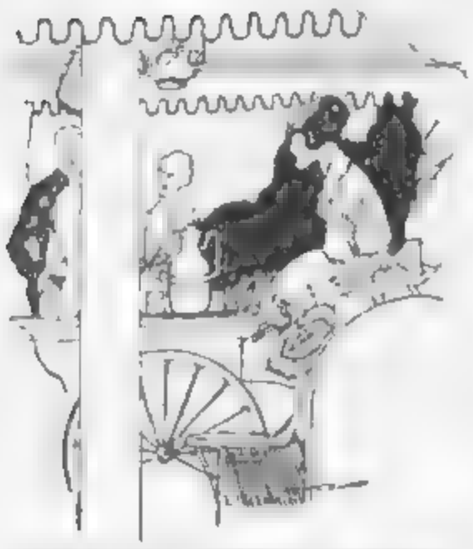

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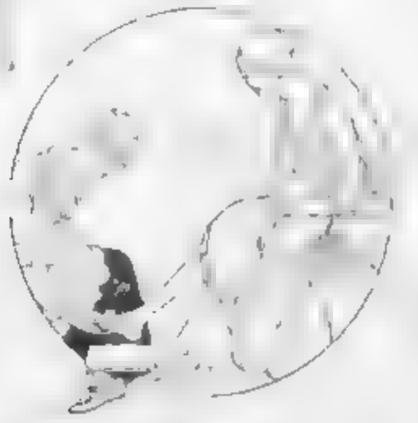

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THE WATER FIGHTERS

(Continued from Page 9)

An enormous trough, brimful of water, ran down the middle of this continent. On either side lay farms and towns and homes, ten to thirty feet lower than the rim of the trough. The rim is not made of steel or wood, but of mellow dirt that dissolves like sugar. And if that rim should break more water will pour out than Niagara ever dreamed of.

Such was the menace at Arkansas City. In May the water in front of town stood two feet higher than the crest of their levee, being kept out only by a topping of dirt-filled sacks. The rains fell and the storms raged, and the waves dashed against it. It seemed that puny man could never hold the line in defiance of a maddened river. Perhaps not, but they'd try. First they towed some heavy barges loaded with logs and moored them along shore to break the wave wash, while volunteers waded in the river itself, nailing together a plank revetment outside the levee.

Inch by inch, as the bubbling waters climbed, the people stacked up sacks and more sacks, fighting like rats to keep from drowning. But they were loading too much weight on their levee, already weakened by its soaking, with water creeping through every pore and converting it into slush. Engineers realized this, levee officials knew it, and looked for their superstructure to tumble down like a house of cards. It did—or tried to.

On the night of the crisis—such calamities always occur about two o'clock A.M.—the levee began to slough—pronounce "sluff." This means that their ridge began to cave on the land side, to slide like mush, and sink. Should that embankment collapse, by tomorrow morning there might be a lake fifty feet deep where Arkansas City once stood, and no vestige of a town. Scared? Of course they were scared, with a terror that makes men clench their jaws and die hard.

Yet the girl in the drug store, thirty feet below, never batted an eye as she inquired "Sassapriller? Choc'late? Strawberry?" The hotel business kept going as usual; most of it was going, for skittish traveling men declined to occupy rooms on the ground floor, and departed. Townsfolk set up scaffoldings in their homes, hoisted babies to the second story, and wired Little Rock for more convicts. Nobody slept. Folks didn't seem to be tired. Convicts and college professors, lawyers and laborers and ladies, everybody worked knee-deep in mud on the levees.

A sloughing levee is the delirium tremens of the water fighter. While the banquette stands firm as a rock he can pile sacks on top and keep three seconds ahead of strangulation. But when the water-sogged embankment wabbles like a bowl of gelatin and begins to spread at the base he gets squeamish in the pit of his stomach, for the top is fixing to crumble, and a torrent come rushing through.

The Hero of Issaquena

With a terrific pressure of water against it their slushy levee kept sliding, and must be stopped stopped right now. A water fighter never pesters his head about red tape, he uses the first thing that comes handy, no matter who may own it or who protests. In this case of emergency they grabbed a railroad track which ran along the banquette, just inside the levee and some twenty feet below its top. Somebody had several carloads of coal standing on this track. Long beams of wood were braced against them, and the tottering top of the levee held in place. This makeshift would serve for a while, but might give way at any moment; the entire structure must be made more substantial. A sand-and-gravel company had been dredging up sand from a bar in front of town. There stood the idle dredge, and here were empty barges. Tugboats got busy, the dredge began to work, pumping material into the barges—90 per cent solid matter, the water being allowed to run off. At the danger point a force of convicts and citizens filled their sacks with sand, hundreds of thousands of sacks, and piled them at the base of the embankment. This adds weight and steadies the wavering mass.

During that crucial night eleven hundred tons of material were sacked by hand and piled in the slush to make it firm. And the levee held. By all fair rules of courtesy it should have held, as a testimonial to the grit and tenacity of those indomitable people. After this flood goes down nobody can look at that rickety ridge without taking off his hat to the men who defended it against every power of the river. At this point the waters rose some sixty-five feet above their lowest level.

Crevasses, however, are not always caused by water pouring over the levee's top. Their crests can generally be kept above the flood by a topping of sacks; loose earth does no good, but the covering of cloth prevents it from dissolving and washing. These sacks are so carefully laid and trampled down that surprisingly little seepage water comes through. Seepage is always a problem and often a peril. Every schoolboy thrills at The Little Hero of Haarlem who stopped a leaky dike with his finger and got himself immortalized in a poem, but poets are unfair, and fail to record every deed of valor. On our Issaquena levee a far more gallant exploit has gone unsung for lack of a local poet. It was an anonymous hero who discovered not a trickling leak but a miniature crevasse, two feet wide and three feet deep, far too big for anybody's finger. The Hero of Issaquena had no coal cars, no sacks, no sand-and-gravel company. He had only himself, and used his material by squeezing into the crevasse. He saved his country, yet no songster has garlanded his feat in poesy—which might be difficult. "Hero's finger" rimes with "lovers linger" and "spring's harbinger"; but the broad Hero of Issaquena didn't stop that crevasse with his finger; he sat down in it.

The Cure for Sand Boils

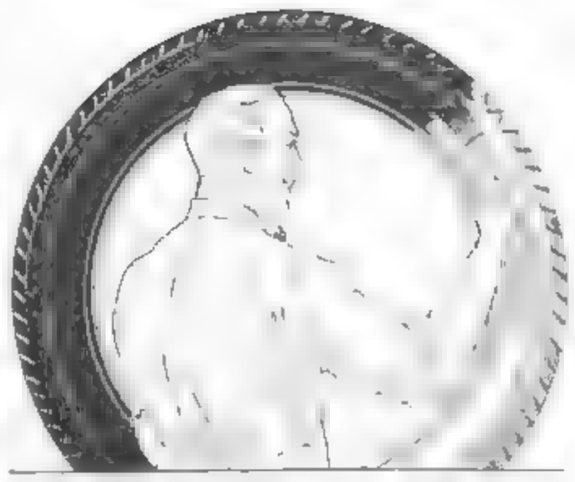
If Issaquena's hero hadn't sat down on the psychological spot, in ten minutes this overtop station would have passed beyond control. Which sometimes happens, but more frequently the pressure of water searches out a stratum of sand far below the levee, or a pocket of decayed vegetable matter. The levee itself may have been constructed across the bed of a lake, one of those cast-off coils that was anciently a channel for the capriciously changing river. Through crevices or crawfish holes the water is forced beneath a levee that seems more solid than the Republican majority in Vermont, until it bursts up like a fountain in the rear. This warns the engineer of an underground stream, and he immediately diagnoses a sand boil. A boil hurts, but there's no sense in damming it, although hot-tempered engineers use this treatment while they apply other remedies. Dams only irritate a sand-boil, and make it break out somewhere else.

An undiluted gunny sack is to a levee doctor what calomel and quinine are to the country practitioner—first aid in every case. His prescription to cure a sand boil calls for thousands of sacks, full of dirt, copiously applied in a ring around the boil—like a corn plaster, leaving the center open. The doctor applies these sacks in a circle, erecting a hollow leak-proof tower, and lets the water rise within. This creates a column of water inside the levee to counterbalance the column outside. Theoretically the inside column should rise to a level with the river. But it doesn't. Yet it checks the underground current and minimizes friction until the boil ceases to bring up mud. Then the doctor knows that interior caving has stopped.

Such a sand boil, violent and terrifying, broke loose behind the Vaucleuse levee at two A.M. This boil spouted like a geyser three feet across, and tossed a cypress stump four feet into the air, just to show how strong it was.

The night patrol instantly detected it, and summoned the fighters with a barge of sacks. It seems queer to meet again upon an Arkansas levee the same little trench sacks that protected our lads in France. Soldiers and water fighters get mighty chummy with their efficient friend who stops a bullet or an overflow.

The malignant boil at Vaucleuse was ripping the very bowels out of their levee. Round and round its festering head the experts placed their sacks, accurately as a skilled mason lays his bricks. But the marsh behind it threatened other boils or an even more disastrous slide. So two small sublevees were hurriedly built, inclosing the entire area. In this precarious



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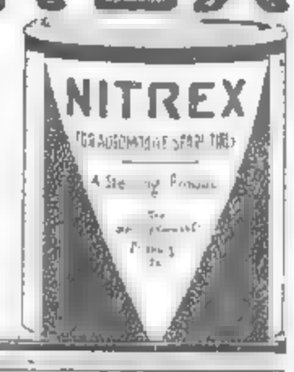

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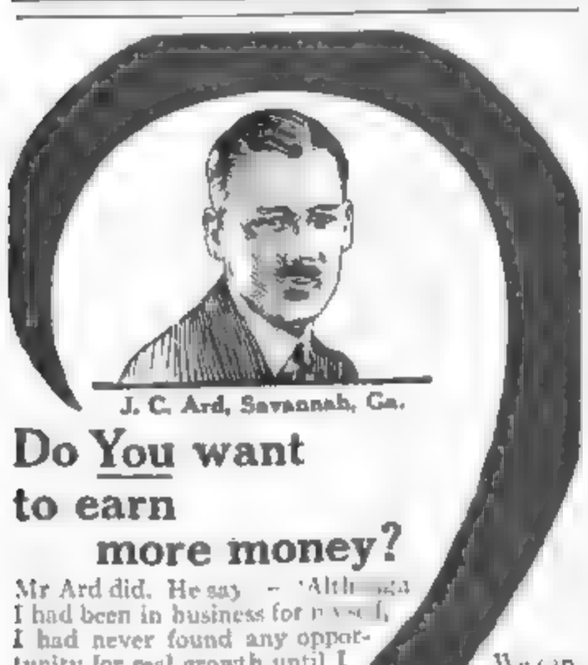

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Fuller

situation a levee needs weight, quick weight, substantial weight behind it. The most available commodity is water, siphoned over the main levee from the river, and filling the sublevee. Tons upon tons of water were pumped across to offset the pressure outside. Human intelligence and courage had saved the levee at Vaucleuse.

Perhaps our most ticklish fright came at Fulton Lake. Here the levee crosses low ground, an extraordinarily high embankment that lays an enormous load upon its soft foundations. The flood had been standing against it for weeks, and the water-soaked ridge began to slide. An avalanche slipped off from the inside, leaving only a thin barrier of dirt, fourteen inches thick at the top. A one-legged grasshopper might have kicked this over, yet that flimsy wall alone stood between the country and destruction. Another hour, another minute, top, base and sides might be washed away together, overflowing seven thousand square miles of cotton and sugar lands—about the area of Connecticut added to Delaware.

But the line did not break, for determined men were guarding it. The top must be held, the base, the sides, everything done at once, for the entire levee seemed rotten to its core. As a good general holds ready his reserve, an ample force, principally convicts, rushed forward and built a double bulkhead of timbers across the weakest point. This had to be set in the river itself, for the levee's top was practically gone. Between bulkheads they filled in sand from the barges, while other men swarmed like ants below to strengthen the foundation. Sacks, sacks, sacks; more sacks, additional sacks, tier upon tier of sacks—were stuffed with sand by the convicts, sent whizzing down the chutes, and laid along the base of the threatened levee. Again the levee held, again the river was beaten.

During a water fight the United States assistant engineer is busier than a one-armed man with the itch that continually breaks out in a new place. His telephone tingles. Another sand boil? The spur at Ashbrook? A hurry call for sacks? No. The sheriff.

"Hello! Hello! Say, I've got to do something about your fellow in jail."

"What fellow?" The engineer had forgot.

"The man you grabbed for pasturing hogs on your levee."

"Oh! That fellow?"

"Sure," the sheriff explained. "I've held him for two weeks without a warrant. He's getting peevish. Send up your witnesses and have a trial."

"Can't spare a man. Hold him. Goodby."

Constitutional rights are apt to get sidetracked when folks are wrestling with an overflow. This backwoodsman had waded out of the swamp with his drove of hogs—an Arkansas razorback being more sacred than cats in Egypt. With his hogs he fetched a steel blue eye and a wicked-looking rifle. Levees are also sacred. Hogs root them up and cause crevasses. But this drove didn't make a crevasse; they made pork chops.

Shifting Waters

During a previous low water the official inspection steamer had gone chugging up White River, raising waves that jostled the shanty boats. A fisherman's boat is his castle; the rains may beat upon it, and the winds may whistle through it, but no stiff-necked brass-buttoned fellow is allowed to jostle it. Fishermen opened fire on the pilot and the official steamer slowed down.

Which is only their simple-hearted method of asserting a fisherman's low-water rights. High-water rights, however, must be construed more strictly. At the very crest of this flood a bank began caving on the Mississippi side. Men and material hurried there in a barge to find that a shanty-boat man had already preempted the locality. A long-bearded river rat shooed them off with his rifle—for ten minutes. He is now a jail rat, while the caving bank has been revetted.

This cannibal propensity to eat his own banks is what makes the maintenance of levees a never-ending job. If old Father Mississippi would settle once for all just where he wants to run, and stay there, we could possibly complete our levee system and be done with it. But the river is a restless person, who always craves to ramble somewhere else. This year he meanders along the Mississippi shore, throwing up a big sand bar and letting willows grow on the western side, as if he had no intention of ever consorting again with Louisiana. Next year he takes a notion to hug Louisiana some more, picks up the sand bar, and deposits it next to Mississippi, a few miles down stream. The willows he uproots and totes away for souvenirs. He swings round in a long bend and hurls his power against Louisiana as if to wipe that state off the map. By constant gnawing he reaches the levee and eats it up, unless the engineers stop him by sinking a mattress or revetting the banks with rocks. Usually these methods will save a levee, but sometimes it must be abandoned for a new line a thousand yards to the rear. This character of repair work will probably continue indefinitely—or until the river gets old enough to lose its pep.

Caving banks frequently cause what is called a cut-off, where the tortuous river carves a brand-new channel for itself through some narrow neck of land, and lops off a portion of its own length.

For ages this process has been going on, and many detached fragments of Louisiana now lie east of the river, while sections of Mississippi find themselves divorced on the west.

In 1863, for instance, the Mississippi River at Vicksburg twisted itself into a bend nine miles long. The Confederates held fortified positions above and below the city, which General Grant found it costly if not impossible to pass with his gunboats. So Grant attempted to dig a canal and make an artificial cut-off. But the Mississippi River, for malicious motives of its own, declined to patronize Grant's Canal, and the project failed. Thirteen years later, in 1876, after consulting with nobody, Father Mississippi chose a route that pleased him and made a cut-off to suit himself, which now became his main line of march. This left the horseshoe Lake Centennial of stagnant water, and demoted Vicksburg to the rank of an inland town; for the ends of Lake Centennial filled up.

The Fight for Ashbrook Spur

The Yazoo River at that time emptied into the Mississippi, twenty miles above. To provide a water front for Vicksburg, and improve navigation, the Government constructed a canal, built dams and dredged the channel. This forced Yazoo water down what was formerly the Mississippi and gave Vicksburg the added distinction of being the only great city on earth that has moved from one river to another without budging a foot.

Father Mississippi is now trying his same old tricks of cut-up and cut-off just above Greenville, Mississippi, which would erase Greenville from the list of water towns and necessitate a rearrangement of levee lines on both sides of the river. To prevent such a cut-off a spur had been constructed at Ashbrook neck, hoping to deflect the current. But when Father goes on a rampage it takes a lot to divert him. He rose in his wrath and attacked the spur, not only by tearing at its end but by a sloughing in its middle. The end crumbled, the center caved, and tidings of disaster went over the land that "Ashbrook is caving! Ashbrook is lost!" For weeks the fight to save Ashbrook spur was one of the dramatic spectacles of our flood. Thousands of sacks filled with gravel were sewed together on wire cables, the cables being securely moored before the sacks were sunk. Engineers dropped line after line of gravel sacks into the torrent, causing the waters to hesitate and become irresolute, which gave them time to protect its end. Ashbrook spur is saved, and the sacks are now held in position by cables as taut as those that support the Brooklyn Bridge.

Every foot of levee is being watched every minute. Keen-eyed men patrol its crest and its banquette and its base. By night hundreds of lanterns swing low against the ground like ignes fatui that hover about the swamps. The slightest weakness is marked, and the inspector sees little stakes flying a white flag; not the flag of surrender but the flag of fight. He examines each tiny rivulet of seepage or soggy spot or depression.

For every trickle there's a man with a spade, testing it out, seeing where it comes from, and leading it away by a trench. Clear leaks do no harm; but when they bring mud, showing an interior erosion, the defenders mobilize.

It is deplorably true that a levee did break on the Louisiana side nearly opposite

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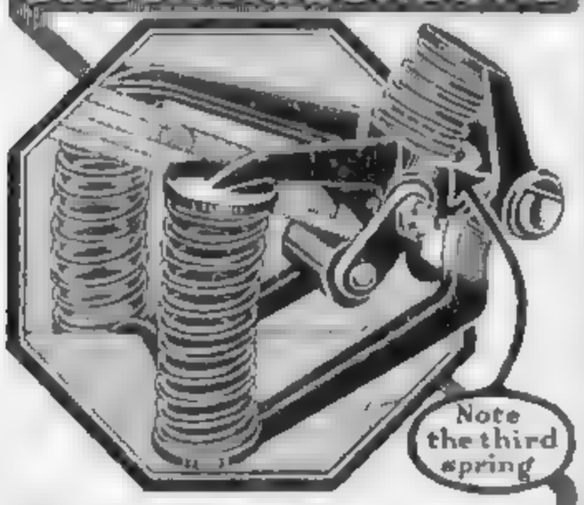

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to Natchez, Mississippi, and another crevasse occurred below New Orleans, at Poydras. There were also two other breaks on the Atchafalaya. It is true that five thousand square miles in Southeastern Louisiana and Western Mississippi are now under water, that enormous property damage has been done, with loss of life, and that forty thousand people are refugees. Yet these distressing facts only emphasize another fact—the levees that gave way were not up to "commission grade and section." Engineers did not expect them to afford protection against such unprecedented water. And they have not. On the contrary, no standard levee has broken, shown weakness or given serious trouble. Behind those standard levees the plowman now works unafraid. His livestock has not been drowned, his property has not been swept away; no child is homeless and fed by charity. Thousands of square miles are being successfully cultivated that would otherwise be under water, a protection that experienced men insist can be extended to our entire valley.

The partial overflow in the state of Mississippi is not due to levees breaking. Our inundated section lies at the junction of the Yazoo and Mississippi rivers, at the southernmost angle of our delta. The Yazoo River is not leveed, and backwater stands upon its unprotected lands. No trouble whatever came from the Mississippi River front, where all embankments held intact.

The Y. & M. V. Railroad traverses this country where back water invades its coaches, and the pilots' union kicks like a mule because locomotive engineers are permitted to navigate tributaries of the Mississippi River without a pilot's license.

An adventurous traveler observed a section foreman climb into the train and hitch his skiff behind. The traveler got into the skiff alone, and enjoyed the novelty of being towed by a northbound express—until they reached a higher stretch of track, and his skiff went bumping over crossties.

Throughout this fight our railroads have rendered notable service. For example: The Government had four million sacks stored in a warehouse at Schenectady, New York, doing nobody a particle of good. So a trainload was shot along its route to Greenville, Mississippi, fourteen hundred and fifty miles away. Limited specials sulked on the sidings, and millionaires waited while the humble sacks went by, the shipment reaching our levees in eighty-nine hours—a world's record for the movement of freight. Hard-headed jurors who used to soak the soulless corporations are now holding love feasts and passing flowery resolutions; while cynics wonder if their Damon-and-Pythias performance will last until the next term of court.

In this sweet and gentle springtime old folks discuss the levees, and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of river control. Behind receding waters the usual crop of crossroads theorists is sure to germinate. Each one presents a sizzling panacea, and writes a piece to the editor, writes to every editor. They orate at public meetings, get red in the face, and sweat like a negro under oath, seeking to convince a bunch of stupid professionals who persist in doing the wrong thing. These reformers are even more earnest than some of our junior civilian officers during the late war, who invented brand-new plans for revolutionizing strategy—unaware that their patents had been plagiarized and discarded by Alexander the Great. We hear a lot about spillways, and the resuscitated error that levees make the bottom of our river fill up. The wiseacre on Pike's Peak is positive. But the trained engineer who has chosen the Mississippi as his life's work, who takes accurate soundings year by year and compares records—this engineer reports that the channel shows no tendency to fill; on the contrary it is scouring deeper. Innocent bystanders can also remember when boats used to tie up at Natchez in low water, because they could go no higher; and pilots were always wondering whether they could cross a certain bar. Boats now proceed to St. Louis, for navigation is far better than it was fifty years ago.

After all, the outstanding feature of this flood is how an undaunted people rallied to the fight. In leisure hours they may squabble; but, like good Romans, they get together when the barbarians hammer their gates. Hill men helped the valley men; the planter left his plow in the fields, the merchant closed his shop and went to the levee. Everybody worked and everybody won. Now we turn to the future with more than hope that we shall have a standard levee system to the Gulf, strong as that which conducted, without a break from St. Louis to Natchez, the highest flood in recorded history.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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